MONTEREY LIBRARY
3 7442 0003 8703 6

MONTEREY

A LOCAL HISTORY

1847 · THE SESQUICENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY · 1997

225 Stockbridge Road, Great Barrington

~

244 Main Street, Great Barrington

~

1 Park Street, Lee

~

37 Main Street, North Adams

~

Park Square, Pittsfield

~

Old Town Hall, Pittsfield

~

Allendale Shopping Center, Pittsfield

~

165 Elm Street, Pittsfield

~

Main Street, Sheffield

~

Main Street, Stockbridge

~

Depot Street, West Stockbridge

BERKSHIRE BANK

Member FDIC/DIF • Equal Housing Lender

THE
MONTEREY GENERAL STORE

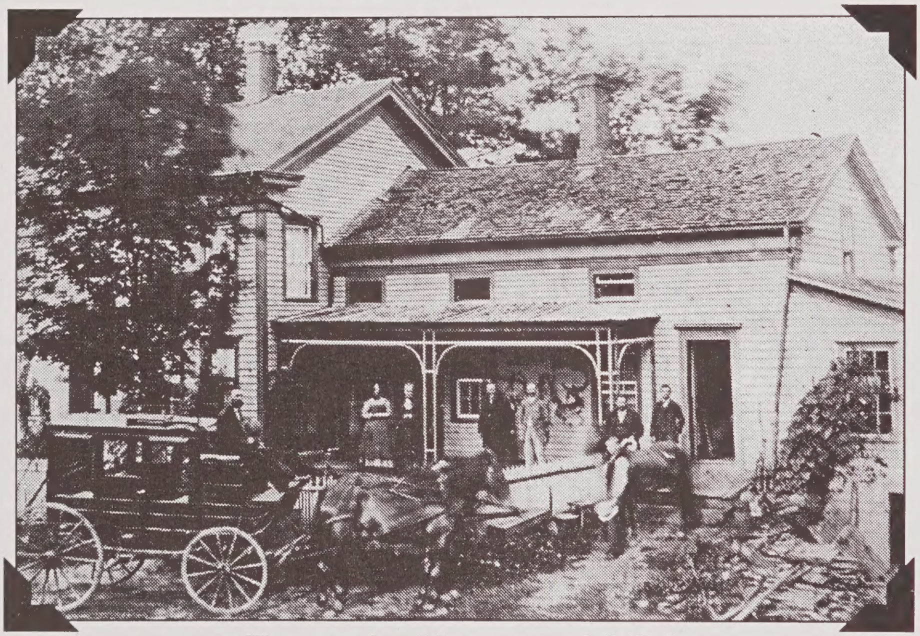
SINCE 1780

LEW & JOYCE SCHEFFEY
MAYNARD & GALE FORBES

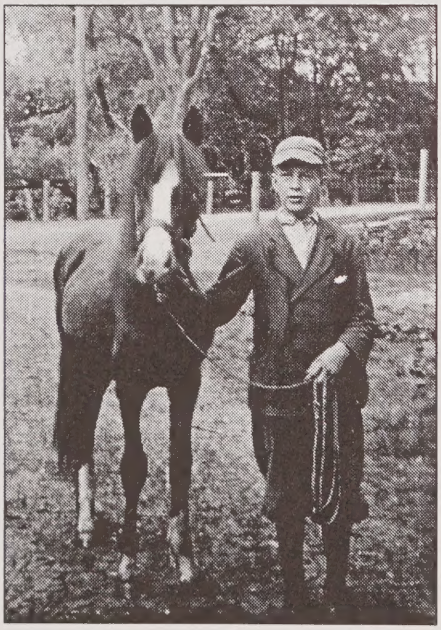
CONGRATULATIONS MONTEREY!

from The Ray Tryon Family

Caleb
Dolly
Amanda
Edwin
Bertha
Louise
Delmar C.
Martha J.
Della
Frances
Nina
A. Wallace
Delmar J.
Marguerite
Raymond



TRYON'S HOTEL, 1876



A. WALLACE TRYON, 1906

MONTEREY PARADE, 1989

150 YEARS

"Tis the people that
make the place."

Albert
Fannie
Alice
Ida
Mary
Bert
Lilia
Josephine
Wendy
Shaun
Leigh
June
Kathie
Christopher

MONTEREY

~ A LOCAL HISTORY ~

Peter Murkett
Editor

Ian Ross Jenkins
Associate Editor

Kim Hines
Production Editor

1847 Published by the Town of Monterey in celebration of its sesquicentennial anniversary. 1997

MONTEREY **A LOCAL HISTORY** is published by the Town of Monterey, Massachusetts. Edited by Peter Murkett, with Ian Ross Jenkins, Associate Editor, and Kim Hines, Production Editor.

Copyright 1997 by The Town of Monterey. All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reprinted without permission of the Town of Monterey, Monterey, Massachusetts, 01245.

First edition: June 1997

Printed in the United States of America.

CONTENTS

Chapter One ON THE LAND 2

Chapter Two SETTLERS 14

Chapter Three THE NEW TOWN OF MONTEREY 28

Chapter Four A VILLAGE CALLED THE CITY 38

Chapter Five TEACHING OUR CHILDREN 76

Chapter Six AFTER GARFIELD 100

Chapter Seven FROM THE LAND 154

Cover art: Lewis C. Scheffey, landscape, oil on canvas.
A view to the west toward Livermore peak from fields off Wellman Road.
Photographic reproduction by Tom Rosenthal.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book is the work of many people.

First thanks go to Ray Tryon, Chair of the Monterey Sesquicentennial Celebration Committee. He and the entire committee (Anita Carroll-Weldon, Secretary, Dean Amidon, Peter Brown, Kim Hines, Ian Ross Jenkins, Muriel Lazzarini, Richard Nault, Jack Ryder, and the Rev. Keith Snow) have supported this project from the beginning, and stuck with it as the scope our undertaking doubled. They encouraged our best effort, and maintained their confidence in us.

I could not have signed on alone. The commitments of Kim Hines, Ian Jenkins, and Mari Makuc made a notion into a live project. Ian brought publishing expertise, and added to it an understanding of editorial goals that kept the book on track, then for good measure he conceived and generated several articles. He has been a partner in shaping this book. Kim tamed the advertising as well as a formless stream of graphics from many sources. She gave us her perspective on Gould Farm, and opened the lines of communication with Gus Gustitus at ArrowPress. He didn't blink when it was clear that our book, if long on enthusiasm, might be short for time. Mari Makuc carefully tracked the money. Ever upbeat, tireless and well-organized, Dean and Fran Amidon sold the advertising space, and Jane Kessler filled in for them at the right time. Our thanks to those who bought space in the book, adding to the record of our own times and helping to make this a lively presentation. The Monterey United Church of Christ, in the persons of Keith Snow and Bob Emmel, graciously loaned us the church copier in the crucial final week of production. Maggie Leonard reinforced us with her cheerful competence at many tasks in the late stages—running errands, writing, photography, and research.

As we gathered material, we drew on a huge number of Monterey people and institutions. June Tryon has an archive of photographs, clippings, and documents of local interest which combine with living family memory to make a rare resource. She and Ray were trusting and generous in putting all they had to our use. Monterey Historical Society President Barbara Tryon and her colleague Cynthia Weber opened the General Knox Museum to us, and Barbara's daughter Cindy Hoogs provided an authoritative resource when she compiled her book "Cemetery Inscriptions, Monterey, Massachusetts." Monterey Librarian Anne-Marie Makuc and Assistant Librarian Mark Makuc were forthcoming with library resources. The *Monterey News*, a true journal of Monterey life, lent its support. Bernie Drew, the premier local historian in Great Barrington, shared information with us.

At The Bidwell House Museum we pulled on the white gloves to look over ancient documents thanks to Director Anita Carroll-Weldon. She answered questions, wrote for the book, and steered us toward other sources. Lisa Simpson, past Bidwell House Director, maintains her interest in Monterey history; her comments were instrumental in shaping the early chapters. The Berkshire County Historical Society generously allowed us to reproduce Blue Bidwell's drawings.

Maynard Forbes, Mickey Jervas, Eleanor Kimberley, Arnie Hayes, Judy Hayes, Charlene Lambert, Tom Rosenthal, John Seirup, Richard Smith, Alice and Arthur Somers, Town Clerk Barbara Swann, and Linda Thorpe all made contributions to material appearing in this book. Many others were in touch; there was never room for every story, document, and photograph, but all the information offered helped us form a complete picture.

For their roles in our oral history video sessions, we thank Tim and Grace Burke, Mick Burns, Wayne Burkhart, Marjorie Day, Sally Fijux, David McAllester, Jana Shepard, Marion Thomson, Lyman Thomson, Barbara, Dick, and Roger Tryon, and Henry Wolfer.

Ellen Pearson, temporarily absent from Monterey but always glad to be in touch, led us to a colorful discovery in the diary of Elihu Harmon, and Holly Harmon of Williamstown, Massachusetts, provided additional information on her family. Mrs. Flora Brantley of Raleigh, North Carolina, generously agreed to let us use excerpts from her mother's diary. Both documents provide a picture that no camera can manage.

We have relied heavily on a few real historians. Delight Dodyk and Kathy Wasiuk combined scholarship, curiosity, and a deep affection for the town in writing for this book. They know where and how to look into the past, and what to make of the things they find. Deirdre Higgins provided valuable help at the library copier. Jana Burch Shepard drew on her own experience to fill out a picture of life on Lake Garfield.

David McAllester's knowledge of Native American culture is informed by his comfort with the natural world. He has a rare authority.

Thanks to Susan Andersen, Christine Martin, Bonner McAllester, and Mark Makuc, who willingly wrote parts of a whole that must have been hard for them to see.

Shel Fenn, Julius Miner, Wallace Tryon, and Edith Wilson may be gone, but they are alive in the hearts of many here. No one of them will be forgotten.

Thanks to the spouses and children who have stood by while we worked at this: Kim's husband Chris Hines, and their children, Mason, Madigan, and Graham; and Ian's wife Maria Carvainis.

I owe personal thanks to Verlyn Kinkenborg, who gave me timely and thoughtful direction on the writing that kept the project focused; and a special thanks to Lew Scheffey, my first and longest Monterey friend: it is always a treat to see what he sees. My family and I particluarly cherish the memory of Edith Wilson, an artist and a lady who was a personal friend as well as a friend to the town of Monterey.

Above all others, I thank my wife Michèle Miller and our son Riley Murkett for their forbearance. Michèle added her quick eye and good energy just when it was needed most; her work is on many of these pages.

When we finally delivered the book to ArrowPress in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Sheila Latura expertly retouched old documents and photographs as Gus Gustitus guided our work through the printing process with professional attention to detail. Thanks to everyone at Arrow for putting all this so neatly between covers.

Happy birthday to, and from, these and all the people of Monterey, the place that's home.

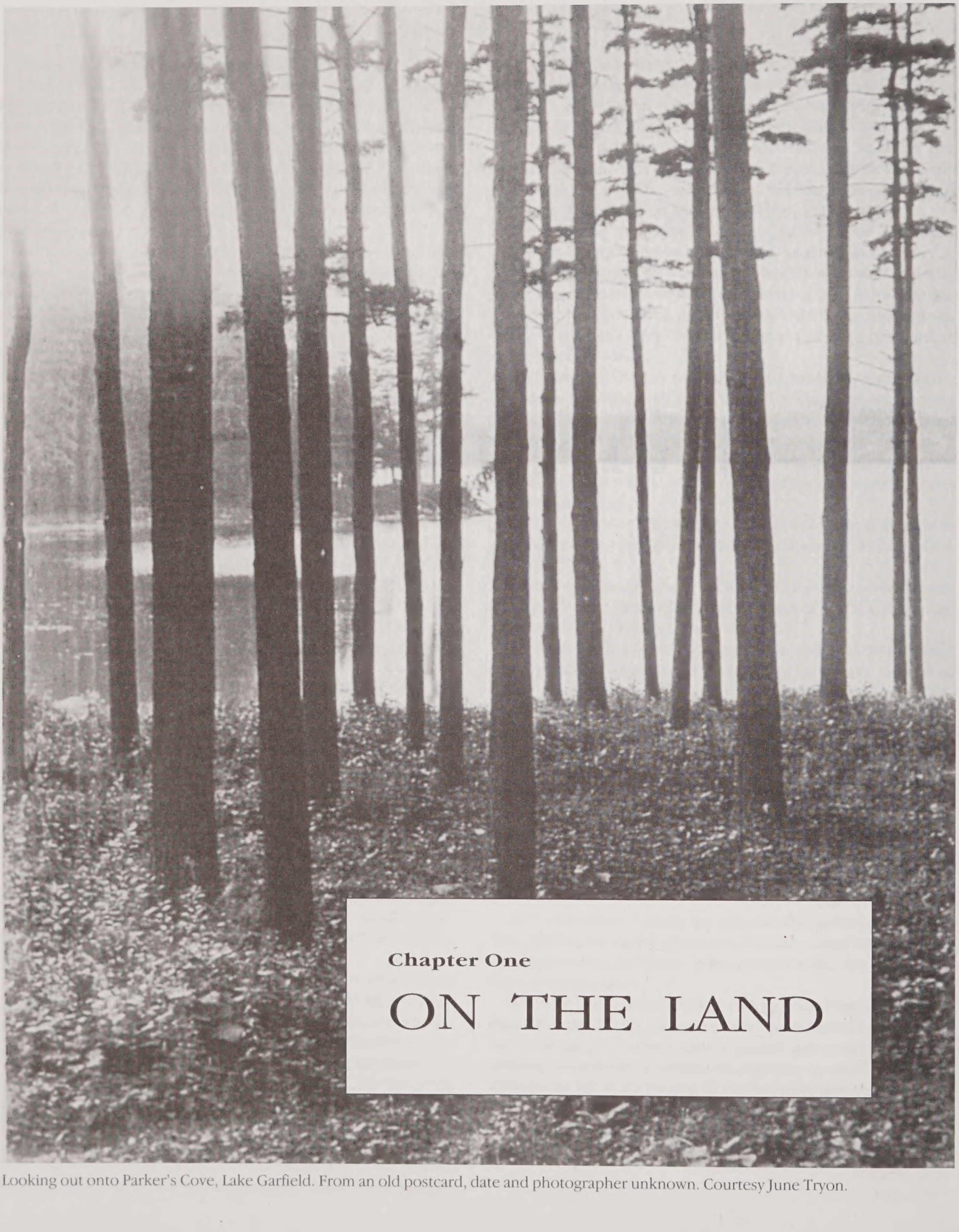
— Peter Murkett
June, 1997

MONTEREY

A LOCAL HISTORY

Chapter One

ON THE LAND



Looking out onto Parker's Cove, Lake Garfield. From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

THE FIRST CIVILIZATION

by

David McAllester

When European settlers disembarked on North American shores early in the seventeenth century, this continent had been home to many peoples for thousands of years. The Muhikonneuw (the Algonquin name for those also called Mahican) inhabited the Berkshires and parts of the Hudson River valley. Families living together in lowland villages cultivated corn, beans, and squash, the staples of their diet. Wild plants were gathered for food and medicine; hunters ranged the upland woods for game, and caught fish in the lakes and streams. Native Americans were as much at home here as the settlers were displaced and transplanted. The two cultures regarded their surroundings very differently.

1675: The Trapper

Wanumpi moved quietly through the forest on his snowshoes. He could see down the slope to where the forest thinned out and the sky opened above the broad swamp below. He hoped for one more beaver pelt to add to his pack for the trip to the trading post at Fort Orange. Sure enough, the heavy log was down in the deadfall he had built, but when he approached, he saw that he had trapped an otter. He tied a precious bit of red yarn to an alder twig for the departed spirit to find. As he removed the gleaming fur, he sang in praise of the playful marvelous swimmer, his cousin:

Faster than the fish,
You raced through the water
And fed on their flesh.

Quicker than a person,
You tobogganed through the snow
In your far travels.

My thanks for the gift:
Soft fur to buy from the trader
A new shiny kettle for Wompishu!

He looked over the marshland, breathing in the early spring air. Soon blackbirds would be singing, and the great flights of geese would be going north. When he got back from Fort Orange it would be the season for maple sap gathering. Endless flocks of pigeons would come. Salmon and shad would fill the river and the hungry time would be over.

Wanumpi did not reset the trap; he put on his snowshoes again and shouldered his pack. After one last night in his lonely hunting camp he would be on his way to Wnahtukook, the Muhikonneuw village by the river, to spend a few days with his young family, and then set out for the trading post on the Great North River. With snow still on the ground he could pull a toboggan loaded with his winter's catch.

It was a long lifetime since traders had come up the big river. Then everything had changed for the People. Wanumpi was wearing a bright wool jacket that he dearly loved and he carried a knife, gun, and small axe. These made hunting easier, but he had not been home since mid-winter and he wondered how things were with Wompishu and their two little children. It seemed the women were doing everything at home these days, while the men spent long weeks hunting and trapping, then trading for tools to do more trapping and hunting.

After struggling with the Mohawks for access to the trading post, the Muhikonneuw had been forced to move east of the Great North River. Housatonic was a good enough place to live, but now they had a long way to carry their furs.

The next day, Wanumpi moved down the western slopes in long snowshoe strides. He exulted in thoughts of home, but he also loved the quiet aisles under the immense trees. He gave a thanksgiving prayer:

Pine, hemlock, elm, white oak, red oak, maple,
We give thanks, our minds continue to hold thanks.

Birch, for our wigwams, buckets, toboggans,
We give thanks, our minds continue to hold thanks.

A movement caught his eye: a wolf trotted quietly behind him, supported on the crusted snow. Wanumpi knew that if he broke pace for a quick shot, for the rich, thick fur, the wolf would simply vanish in the trees. Anyway, he enjoyed the companionship. "Peace, trotting cousin of the beautiful coat," he sang under his breath, striding on.

Now he reached the Tended Forest, where a scattered few trees had been felled by the People so that young growth would spring up to feed the deer. His glance was drawn to a distant opening, but there was nothing there. The deer and beaver were getting scarce. Beaver was felted for hats, and buckskin made sturdy trousers for working men. There was so much trade now it was beginning to empty the forest of these animals, who had seemed to be here forever, in endless abundance. It was good to get tools and soft cloth from the Dutchmen, but these clever, strange, innumerable people from across the ocean were swallowing the plenty that sustained the Muhikonneuw.

At a tribal meeting held in January of 1735, Mahican sachems, including Konkapot and Umpachene of the Housatonic region, reached an agreement with a missionary, the Rev. John Sergeant, whereby he was allowed to establish a village at Stockbridge. By 1738, many Mahicans of the region had gathered there, where they undertook learning the English language, customs, and Christian faith.

A Mahican Glossary

awanagu A white man.

Fort Orange A Dutch fort where Albany is today.

Great North River The Hudson River.

Housatonic A name for the place "over-the-hills."

Manitou Great spirit. The term implies mystery and wonder.

pauwau A religious leader. More loosely now, the word refers to any social gathering of Native Americans.

wigwam A dome-shaped dwelling of bent poles overlaid with a covering of bark, rush mats, or hides.

Wnahtukook A Mahican village along the Housatonic River at what is now Stockbridge. Mahicans from Skatekook, another village on the Housatonic at Sheffield, relocated to Wnahtukook when John Sergeant established his mission.

1730: The Sugar Camp

There was a spirit of new life among the Muhikonneuw as they set about tapping the trees at their early spring sugar camp in the hills above the Housatonic valley. Umpachene always enjoyed the quiet industry of the People, the first warm days, the haze of woodsmoke from the fires under the bubbling sap.

He glanced at the young pale-skinned pauwau, John Sergeant, who had joined them and was still sleeping on his bed of hemlock boughs. He had come to teach them about a new Manitou, and he entertained everybody with his attempts to speak the language of human beings. But he was friendly and he joined in all the work despite his crippled arm—no wonder he was tired!

But it was troubling: how could this young man teach the People to live a good life when the other awanagus one met, the traders and soldiers, and even those old friends the Dutchmen, set such a bad example? Too many of the People were affected by the fiery drink, the brawling, the hunger for women and land.

Umpachene walked away from the camp to quiet his mind. Here was peace, among the tall trees. He paused by a small stream where a waterfall tumbled over the rocks. He thought for a long time about sap rising from the roots and the earth, sap running down to the river. Well, these would always be here to remind

MAGGIE LEONARD

Beans grown from seeds passed down through generations of Stockbridge Mahicans as they moved west. Mahicans now living in Wisconsin gave their seeds to Lawrence Hollander of the Eastern Native Seed Conservancy in Great Barrington. Tom Weldon cultivated these in the heirloom gardens at The Bidwell House.

the People of the Creator who made them.

Perhaps there was wisdom in John Sergeant's dream of a Peaceable Kingdom set aside for the Muhikonneuw on land that would not be sold, and where there would be a school to teach the People how to deal with the English as they continued to come, settling everywhere. There was no way, otherwise, to escape this flood of new people. He and Konkapot were officers in the English King's army, and had already led war parties north to harry the Frenchmen and keep them away.

Sergeant said this Muhikonneuw town could be an example of how his Manitou wanted people to live, a model of what towns should be when the English moved onto all these lands that they wanted to buy. But to give up all the Muhikkoneuw lands in exchange for one village, a church and a school? It was troubling.

A basket of ash splits made by Native Americans from the Taconic region about 200 years ago. This region covered the western slope of the mountains between the Housatonic and Hudson Rivers. Collection of The Bidwell House.

MAGGIE LEONARD

1790: The Basketmaker

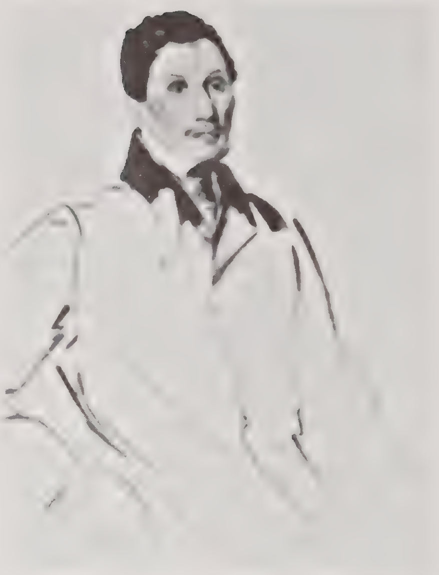
In the late spring the usual small contingent of Indians arrived for their stay near their old home in Stockbridge, once called "Indian Town." Sarah Mtohksin sat by the little wigwam she had built at the edge of the village weaving an ash-splint basket. This little group of the Muhikonneuw eked out a living by making brooms and baskets, and doing odd jobs here during the warm months. Most of their relatives stayed at Brotherton in central New York, near their friends the Oneida Indians.

Sarah remembered the April day fifteen years before, when the first men of the People answered the call of John Hancock, and marched with Captain Goodrich to join the siege of the British army in Boston. Half of the Muhikonneuw men had died in the fighting that followed, and in the years after the war many of the People had left Stockbridge feeling discouraged and unwanted. They had lost their positions in the town's government, and even the farms they lived on. Still, Sarah and some of her older friends came back, and endured the curious stares of the people who now owned Stockbridge.

Near the wigwam, the Housatonic gleamed in the sunlight. What changes this river had seen! As Sarah's sure fingers went about their task she looked up and saw a fish break the water and leave a ring of shining ripples. Sarah felt her warm kinship with the fish, the river, the wooded hills in the distance.

"They recognize it, too, the Americans," she thought. "They ask me for help, sometimes, and I show them plants that will help their pains and fevers. I can tell them how the seven hunters made those big stars in the sky." She smiled and went on with her basket.

1853: The Negotiator



John W. Quinney, 1797–1855. From an oil portrait by George Catlin dated 1830. *Handbook of North American Indians* (Volume 15, *Northeast*, Bruce G. Trigger, Volume Editor), Smithsonian Institution, Washington, 1978.

The indefatigable John W. Quinney set out yet again from the Midwest for Washington to negotiate on behalf of the Muhikonneuw and their neighboring tribes. As he rode from his home he passed the logging operations and small farms that afforded a living for the Muhikonneuw in this, their most recent new home. "This is what has kept us together," he thought, "our particular relationship to the land. We don't just take from it, but we give thanks."

Quinney had helped to shepherd his people through the latest of the removes that had begun in New England eighty years before. In 1828 he led the band from New Stockbridge in Indiana to land purchased from the Menominees and Winnebagos on the Fox River in Wisconsin. Nine years later he drafted a constitution for the tribe, and in 1846 he persuaded Congress to repeal an act that reduced the People's land holdings.

He was a slim, elegant man who dressed fashionably for his diplomatic missions, but at home Quinney looked like any other farmer in the region. He was elected Grand Sachem in 1852, and negotiated a new treaty with the Menominees which was not ratified until 1856, after his death. The treaty granted the towns of Bartelme and Red Springs to the Stockbridges and their relatives, the Munsees. Despite crushing reversals, the tiny band of Muhikonneuw managed to remain a tribal entity with their own land. They had astute leadership and an invincible spark of identity, a sense of their destiny as Native Americans.

1951: The Stockbridge Bible

A carload of Mahican Indians disembarked, and looked about curiously as they walked down Main Street in Stockbridge. The bustling Red Lion Inn, the busy galleries and tourist shops, even the quiet side streets of this New England town were a far cry from the Stockbridge-Munsee Reservation in Wisconsin. At home there were deep spruce forests, the swift waters of the Red River, and in their small, neat village stood their Church of the Wilderness, a Bureau of Indian Affairs Office, and a library with museum. Their museum in Wisconsin held an impressive collection of artifacts, as well as ethnological and genealogical information on their people, the Muhikonneuw. Their ancestors had founded this very New England Stockbridge over 300 years before.

A favorite sight for Mahican visitors was the Mission House, the restored home of John Sergeant, beloved minister and teacher of the Muhikonneuw. Sergeant had built the house when he married, in the early years of the settlement. In the twentieth century, Mable Choate had the house moved to Main Street and set it in a charming eighteenth-century garden. When James Davids, chairman of the Mahican Tribe, walked into the Mission House with his family, there was subdued excitement as they discovered a glass case containing the Stockbridge Bible. These two large, ornate volumes were a gift to the Muhikonneuw in 1745 from Francis Ayacough, Clerk of the Closet to his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales. The inscription on the flyleaf reads, in part: "To the use of the congregation of Indians, at or near Housatonic, in a vast wilderness. . . part of New England. . . and is to remain to the use of the successors of those Indians from generation to generation. . ."

The Davids family thought that the proper place for this Bible was with the people to whom it was given. Thus began long negotiations with the Trustees of Reservations, who had custody of the Mission House. The Mahicans ultimately succeeded in removing the Bible to their home in Wisconsin.

David McAllester as Chief Konkapot
Memorial Day 1997

MAGGIE LEONARD

A sense of kinship with nature sustains the Muhikonneuw. They entered upon the vicissitudes of acculturation very soon after the European newcomers landed here, yet remain Muhikonneuw to this day. A party came to Great Barrington a few years ago, and led a flotilla of canoes celebrating the start of work cleaning up the Housatonic River. When they saw the clear water of the Konkapot River in Monterey, they rejoiced. Sheila Moede, one of their number and a descendant of the sachem Konkapot, made an offering of thanksgiving to the river.

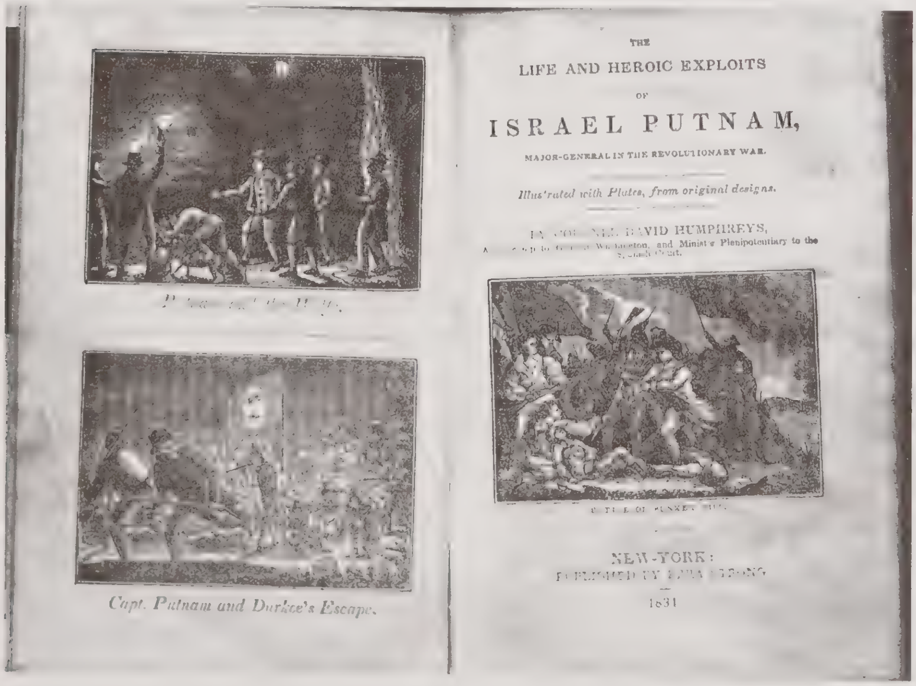
David McAllester was born in Everett, Masschusetts, in 1916. He attended the local schools, including Harvard (B.A. 1938), and got his Ph.D. in Anthropology at Columbia in 1945. He taught anthropology and music at Wesleyan University 1947-1986, and was a founder of the Society for Ethnomusicology. He first came to Monterey in 1936, and his specialty in Native American music and culture led him to include the Mahicans in his studies.

A NEW CIVILIZATION

The story quoted below has the flavor of a legend grown from a small seed of historical fact. It is repeated nearly verbatim in two historic volumes in the collection of the Monterey Library. They are small books with leather and wooden covers binding pages fragile with age. One is titled The Life and Heroic Exploits of Israel Putnam, Major-General in the Revolutionary War. *It was originally owned by Albert Tryon. The other, titled* The American Preceptor, *belonged to Jeremiah Townsend of Tyringham in 1817 (written on the inside cover). It contains various orations, poems, and stories for moral enlightenment, including the wolf-hunt story of Israel Putnam.*

The tale may be apocryphal, but it vividly illustrates that to the English settlers this could be a dark, predatory land, a fearsome place that forced confrontation and provoked a stubborn courage as they labored to make it home. This is the story as it was published in the book on Israel Putnam.

> The first years on a new farm, are not however exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building a house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheepfold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed,



Capt. Putnam and Durkee's Escape.

THE
LIFE AND HEROIC EXPLOITS
OF
ISRAEL PUTNAM,
MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Illustrated with Plates, from original designs.

[illegible] DAVID HUMPHREYS,
[illegible] and Minist's Plenipotentiary to the [illegible]

NEW-YORK:
[illegible]
1831

The title page of the inspirational biography of General Putnam which originally belonged to Albert Tryon. The book is now in the collection of the Monterey Library.

besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havoc was committed by a she wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gunshot; on being closely pursued she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

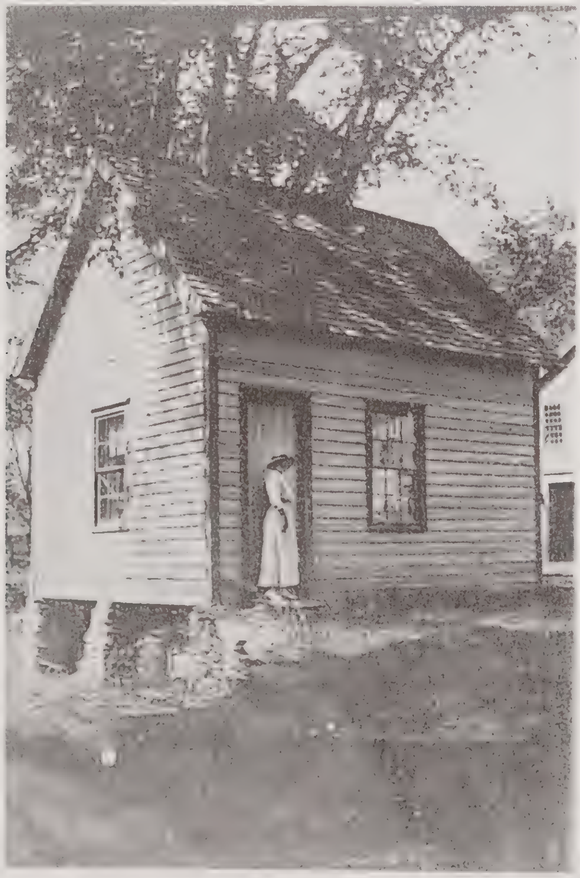
This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours, to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige, the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning, the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect; nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night, Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise: but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Del Rogers as General Knox, Memorial Day 1997. In the winter of 1775–76 the real General Knox led an ox-drawn artillery train from Fort Ticonderoga to Cambridge. The soldiers supplied General Washington with cannon captured at Ticonderoga, helping to force the British out of Boston. General Knox and his men followed present-day Route 23 through Monterey.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, in ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, becoming covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. Cautiously proceeding onward, he came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Started at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people, at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buckshot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope, the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.



Monterey's first library building, on the site of the present post office. In the late 1800s the structure was the shoe shop of W. S. Tyrrel. It became the caddy house for the Lake Garfield Golf Club after the present library was completed in 1930. Date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

The Monterey Library

Informal exchange of books among Monterey readers grew into a reading circle by the late nineteenth century. Members included Mrs. Marshall Bidwell, Mrs. George Morse, Mrs. Henry Woods, Mrs. Herbert Smith, and Mrs. Wilber Miner. This group formed the Monterey Free Library in 1891, and published a catalogue listing rules and regulations of the new library, as well as the titles of books shelved in its small building.

The town report of 1906 recorded book donors and a $50 appropriation from the town. Della Tryon was librarian, presiding over books housed in a small shop on the site of the present post office. Alice Tryon Conley, a daughter of Albert and Florilla Tryon, died in 1910, leaving 125 books and a $500 fund to the small but growing library in her home town.

By the late 1920s more space was needed. Andrew Carnegie was known for funding small-town libraries, but an appeal to the Carnegie Foundation was unsuccessful—the village of Monterey was considered too small to support expansion. Meanwhile, the town had acquired the old Langdon mill property adjoining the Langdon Store. It was to be used for a public park and library site, never to be sold. By 1929, the fund started with the bequest of Alice Tryon Conley had grown to nearly $3,000. An additional $7,000 was appropriated at town meeting, enough to erect a new building. The present Monterey Library was completed in 1930. Dick Bidwell of Monterey was the builder, and Newman Abercrombie was its first librarian.

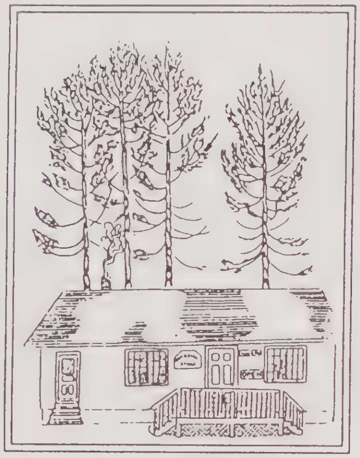
Anne Marie Makuc assisted Mr. Abercrombie for several years, then succeeded him as librarian in 1978. After taking courses in library science at Westfield State College, she passed an exam administered by the Commonwealth, earning the equivalent of a master's degree. Her son Mark Makuc is Assistant Librarian. Through the Western Region Public Library System, Monterey readers enjoy interlibrary loan of books and a wealth of reference services, including on-line computer access at the library. The Monterey Library operates today on a $25,000 yearly budget.

CRAIG F. WALKER

Pewehsen Dodge, one of a group of fifteen Mahicans who visited Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in June of 1997. He is descended from the Stockbridge Mahicans, and lives today in Bowler, Wisconsin. The group attended a service at the Stockbridge Congregational Church (originally a mission to the Mahicans) and canoed on the Housatonic River. Photograph courtesy *The Berkshire Eagle*.

The Roadside Store & Cafe

Home of the
"hubcap-sized pancake."



Open 7 Days a Week
7:30 to 2:30
Monterey, Route 23

owned and operated by the Gould Farm community

Monterey Fire Company, Ltd.
411 Main Road, Box 99
Monterey, MA 01245

MONTEREY
NEWS

27 years

of

local stories

P.O. Box 9, Monterey, Massachusetts 01245

The

BIDWELL HOUSE

One of the Berkshires' best kept secrets . . .

In the 1750's not all people slept on straw mattresses or spent their days peering cautiously through a stockade fence. Come see how an educated 'man of the cloth' might have lived with his family as the first minister of Monterey/Tyringham. Enjoy a wonderful collection of 18th century fabrics and furnishings, red ware and slipware, domestic tools and basket ware; walk through flower and period vegetable gardens; discover miles of hiking and ski trails on nearly 200 acres at one of Monterey's highest points. And treat yourself to the many special events held throughout the season.

* *

An 18th century HISTORIC HOUSE MUSEUM
Art School Road, Monterey
Open Memorial Day to October 15th, Tuesday through Sunday, 11 - 4 p.m. Admission. 413/528-6888

SUPER BLUE GREEN™
CELL TECH

SUPER BLUE GREEN ALGAE™

. . . a fundamental food, in an easy to take capsule or tablet

One of Earth's most nutritious, mineral-rich wild, organic foods
May improve your health, strengthen your immune system
and boost your energy...

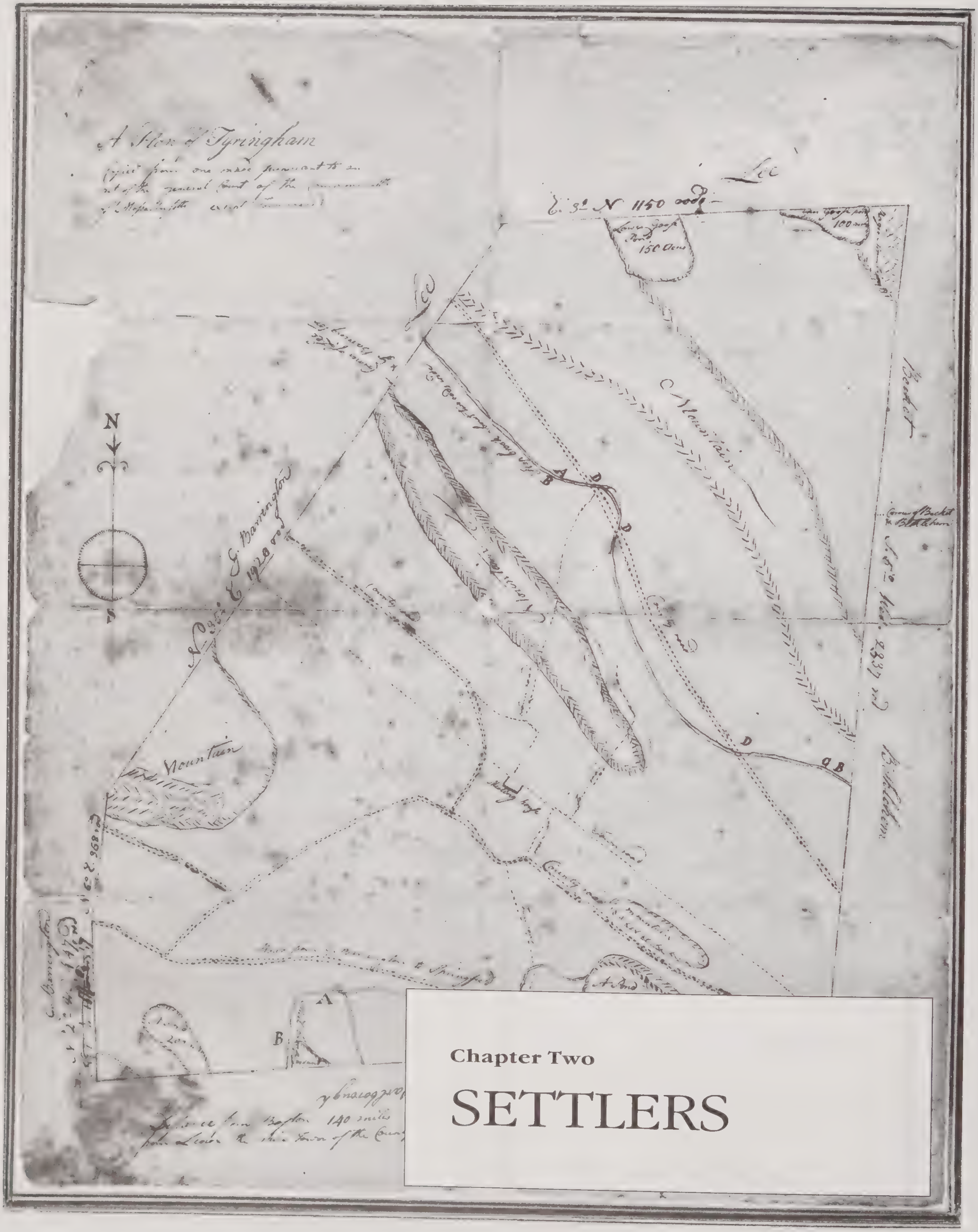
(800) 646-3239
in Monterey (413) 528-9263

Christopher Blair
DESIGN AND PLANNING

Residential Design
Kitchen/Bath Design

Construction Management
Project Representation

413.528.4960 32 Mahaiwe Street, Great Barrington, MA


A Plan of Tyringham
Lee
E. 3° N 1150 rods
150 Acres
100 acres
Becket
Corner of Becket & Bethlehem
Mountain
N
G. Barrington
N 95° E 1928 rods
S 8° Wd. 2337 rods
Bethlehem
D
B
A
Mountain
County road
G. Barrington
A
B
Distance from Boston 140 miles

Chapter Two

SETTLERS

MEETING HOUSE, CONGREGATION, TOWN

by

Kathy Page Wasiuk

The history of a New England town and of its meeting house reflect each other: the shape and location of one changes with the other. In what is now Monterey, meeting house, congregation, and town were built, shifted, and rebuilt several times over the first hundred years of European settlement. The changes occurred as ambitious Englishmen and their families sought prosperity in the deep forest that covered the hills between the Hudson and Connecticut River valleys.

Although the Dutch came up the Hudson long before the English landed at Plymouth, they eventually transferred to English claimants the right to negotiate with native inhabitants for title to these woodland hills, where Mahicans followed animal trails, fished the lakes, and hunted the game. What are now Great Barrington and Sheffield were purchased for £460, three barrels of cider, and thirty quarts of rum. (Giving cider and rum to Native Americans in payment for lands was a common practice of colonials—and a subversive one, given the debilitating effects of alcohol on a people unused to it.) A petition filed in the Massachusetts General Assembly in 1722 granted organizing rights for those two townships as Lower and Upper Housatunnuk. In June of 1737, negotiations by Ephraim Williams, Esq., and Col. Nahum Williams produced a further deed signed by Chief Konkapot, nine other Mahican men, and one woman, granting land in exchange for £300.

Although not dated, this early map must have been drawn after the incorporation of Tyringham in 1762. Before then, the settlement was known as Housatonic Township Number One. The first meeting house (lower center) was located just south of The Bidwell House Museum. Courtesy The Bidwell House Museum.

Four townships came into being in response to demands to open land to settlement along a proposed road from Westfield to Sheffield. The first town meeting of Number One (as what is now Monterey was initially known) was held at the inn of Thomas Harrington in Watertown in October, 1737. Twenty lots had been surveyed; the proprietors set aside three centrally located lots for the meeting house, and the first and second ministers.

The meeting house was a spiritual, economic, and civic necessity; it functioned as a house of worship, host to town meetings, emergency shelter, and a visible sign of amenities the new community could offer. A town could not be incorporated until a church had been built and a "learned and orthodox minister" settled and ordained there (Parker, p. 18). Voting to tax themselves for support of the proposed ministry and meeting house, the proprietors sold lots to settlers with the tax (based on acreage) attached. Thus church and commerce simultaneously organized the first plan for European settlement.

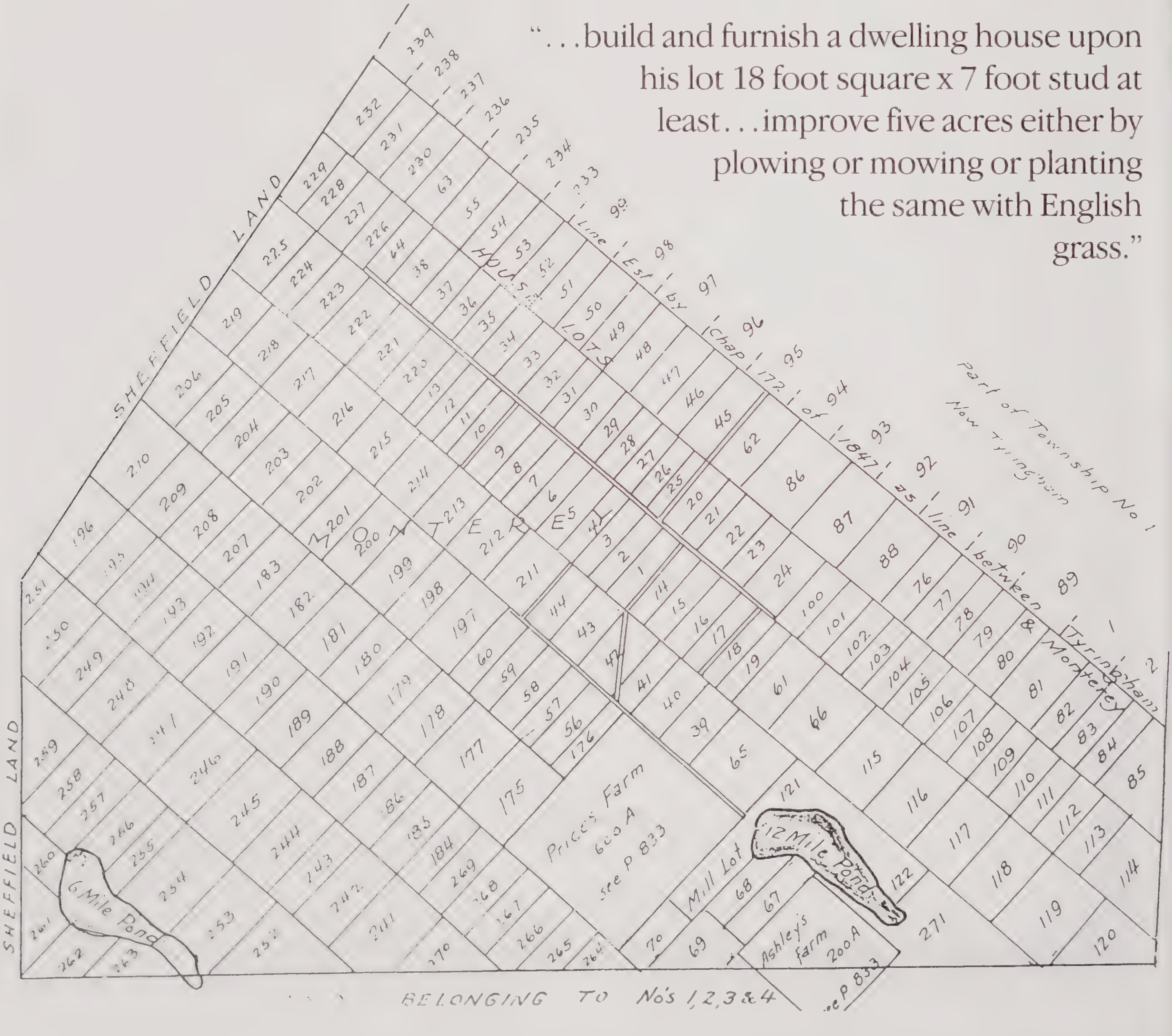
The town was subdivided into sixty-three lots, squares on paper parceled out at auctions (November 15, 1737 through February 28, 1738) to the original proprietors. Four of these were clergymen: the Rev. William Williams of Weston (who sold to Daniel Garfield), the Rev. John Cotton of Boston, the Rev. Warham Williams of Waltham (who sold to Jonas Brewer), and Jonathan Townsend of Needham. Proprietors could either retain or sell their rights to other speculators or to settlers; each head of household was required to give a £40 surety and a bond that he would "build and furnish a dwelling house upon his lot 18 foot square x 7 foot stud at least;" that within five years he would "improve five acres either by plowing or mowing or planting the same with English grass;" and guarantee to inhabit the lot (Myers, p. 5).

Grantees could also receive land in consideration of work undertaken opening a road through the Township, or for building and operating certain public utilities, like a mill.

Earliest settlement came in April of 1739 in the southern portion. The first attempts by the proprietors to sign a settler willing to establish a sawmill collapsed. The ability to saw logs was indispensible to their undertaking, so they decided to tax themselves £1.10s to pay for it, and John Brewer accepted, agreeing "to keep it in good repair and saw as cheap for ten years." He followed Isaac Garfield, Slaton, and John Chadwick to Township Number One from his home in Hopkinton, returning the next year with a pair of stones for a grist mill as well (Myers, p. 5).

Within six months wives and families followed, and with (in all probability) some slaves they began the lengthy process of turning a forest into farmsteads, meeting house, and mills. Brewer constructed his mills near the outlet of Twelve Mile Pond (now Lake Garfield). The first road, opened through the Township in 1737, was

"...build and furnish a dwelling house upon his lot 18 foot square x 7 foot stud at least...improve five acres either by plowing or mowing or planting the same with English grass."


SHEFFIELD LAND
SHEFFIELD LAND
HOUSE LOTS
Line Est by Chap 172 of 1847 as line between Tyringham & Monterey
Part of Township No 1 Now Tyringham
Price's Farm 600 A see P 833
Mill Lot
12 Mile Pond
6 Mile Pond
Ashley's farm 200 A see P 833
BELONGING TO No's 1,2,3 & 4

followed by Royal Hemlock Road to Hop Brook in the northern section in 1743, and a church building was started. The Brewer house (on the present Route 23 at its intersection with the Sandisfield Road) and the Bidwell house (now a museum on Art School Road) still stand, and portions of the first road and Royal Hemlock Road are still used. The meeting house, the first of three that would be built, is gone.

The settlers first voted to build a meeting house in 1740, and assessed each property owner ten shillings to buy "boards to be sawed and to be seasoning three months." John Brewer and Thomas Slaton were delegated to get boards for the outside "and sufficient good white pine for the inside work." After delays and further assessment, the settlers sealed up an unfinished building in 1745 against a threat of war with the French and Indians; they ordered "waterboring the mortises and underpining [sic], sticking the boards, securing the window frames and all stuff provided for use," and fortified the Brewer, Slaton, and Watkins houses. The following year they shingled the roof; itinerant preachers held occasional services.

Surviving churches of the period typically had a door centered in the longer side of the single-storey building, and windows with closable shutters on all sides. Facing the door was a pulpit, raised for visual prominence and better acoustics. The building frame was most likely local oak, with an interior of plaster and pine. Pews might have been enclosed by low doors to preserve heat and cut drafts. Foot warmers were the sole heat source, so ministers and parishioners alike wore gloves and outer coats against the cold. It was altogether a simple building, by necessity as well as by Calvinist theology.

Standing on a hill, and becoming visible from a distance as land was cleared, the meeting house dominated community life as the place for town meetings, worship, and emergencies. It could be used to store munitions, or fortified against attack. Notices were posted on its doors, and proclamations read on its front steps.

In May of 1750 the proprietors held their first meeting in the Township itself. A committee of three men, appointed to consult with neighboring ministers, brought back a favorable report on one candidate for the ministry, Adonijah Bidwell. In September of 1750, eight men of the community pledged themselves to "walk together as a church." Bidwell, one of the eight, was ordained a week later, and served as pastor for thirty-four years. He was a graduate of Yale, a former chaplain (in time of war) to Sir William Pepperel, and a recent pastor in Simsbury, Connecticut.

Bidwell's tenure was not easy. A grand house had been built on the minister's lot, but the meeting house was not completed until 1761 (Mansfield, p. 38). Baptists, Methodists, and Shakers infiltrated the area. There was a slackening of interest in religious matters generally, as newcomers focused on political and economic independence. By the time of the Revolution, tax money was being used to pay the militia, and Bidwell had to strike, claiming penury, to get his pay, which was in arrears. Church attendance reached a low ebb; the meeting house was used for town meetings and posting notices. It burned in the 1790s after years of neglect.

The original Township Number One was incorporated as Tyringham in 1762. By the turn of the century, two separate localities had emerged, and two new meeting houses were built after the demise of the first. Geography, economics, and religion were all contributing factors.

(Continued on p. 20)

Portion of an early map showing original lots. The proprietors of Township Number One divided the grant of land into house lots with little regard for terrain. One compass bearing was typically followed for a relatively long measured distance. As farmers and others lived on the land longer, subsequent transfers created parcels more closely related to topography. Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.

THE BIDWELL HOUSE MUSEUM

The first parsonage was a large Georgian saltbox built about 1750 for the Rev. Adonijah Bidwell, and expanded by two following generations of Bidwells. Adonijah the younger, the Rev. Bidwell's son, added an ell to the north of the house in 1790, and in turn his son John Devotion Bidwell added a wing on the east side when he inherited the house in 1836.

The land holdings also expanded from the original sixty-acre house lot, given at the time of settlement, to approximately 300 acres containing two large cow barns, a horse barn, corn crib, ice house, cider mill, blacksmith shop, and fruit orchard, which was all passed on to John Devotion. This indicates of the scale of prosperous southern Berkshire farms in eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century New England.

John sold the property in 1853 to one Zadock Reuwee. The property continued to be farmed, but was also used for a common southern Berkshire industry of the period, charcoal production. At some time the family of George R. Carrington began to rent the farm, and later purchased it, passing the ownership through to B. Seymour Carrington, and then W. E. Demond. The Carringtons were the last to farm the land. In 1913 the house, which had come to be known as the "Old Manse," was purchased along with surrounding acreage by the family of Raymond P. Ensign, who established an art school in partnership with Ernest Watson. They used the building to house teachers, and built other facilities for students nearby. The art school closed after the 1936 season, and the property was purchased by B. B. Gottsberger (1926-1941), and then Howard Conn (1941-1960).

SHIRLEY CLUTE

Inside the front entry of The Bidwell House Museum today. The period furnishings were collected by Jack Hargis and David Brush, who restored the house in the 1960s and '70s.

In 1960 Jack Hargis and David Brush, two New York-based designers, purchased the house, two remaining outbuildings, and the surrounding property, a total of 196 acres. Over the next twenty-six years Mr. Hargis and Mr. Brush slowly restored the house to its original remarkable aesthetic, carefully researching the time period and the Rev. Bidwell. Their vision of what the Manse had been to its first householders was informed by a thorough knowledge of history and an eye for design that was trained in the tradition of the European decorative arts.

During the restoration, Mr. Hargis and Mr. Brush began to acquire an important collection of eighteenth-

and early nineteenth-century decorative arts to fill the house, using the inventory of the Rev. Bidwell's estate to guide their collecting. They also lavished their attention on the grounds, creating beautiful perennial beds and landscaping the area around the house.

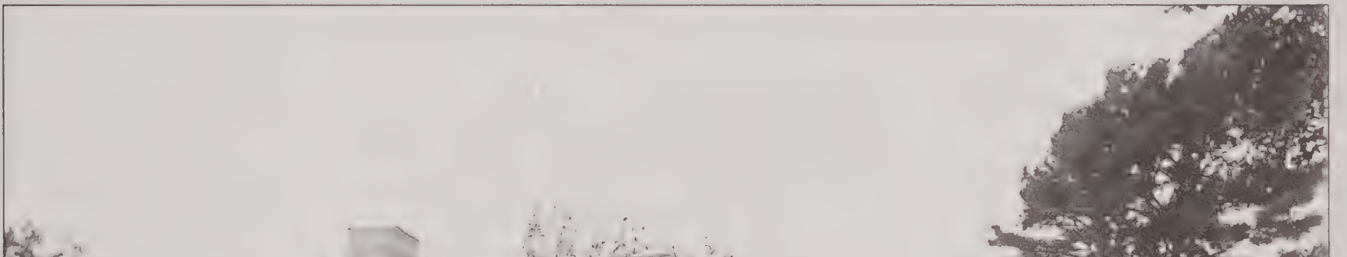
Before the death of Mr. Brush in 1983, they began to discuss their dreams of opening the house as a museum. When Mr. Hargis died in 1986, he wrote that he wished the home to become a museum. In that year The Bidwell House, Inc. was formed as a nonprofit organization whose board of directors oversees administration of the museum. In May of 1990 the museum opened to the public.

Today, in addition to its collection of rare antiques, the museum owns a substantial library specializing in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European and American decorative arts. The archives date back to the time of the Rev. Bidwell and continue into the nineteenth century; they contain many original documents relating to the Bidwell family, Jack Hargis and David Brush.

The Bidwell House is opened for tours from Memorial Day to October 15, and also offers a wide range of workshops and cultural events. Hiking trails and gardens on the property are available for the enjoyment and education of the public.

—Anita Carroll-Weldon, Director
The Bidwell House Museum

The Carrington family at the Old Manse, now The Bidwell House Museum, photographed about 1890, photographer unknown. Courtesy The Bidwell House Museum.



(Continued from p. 17)

Farms were spread throughout the town, but the two streams providing power for mills were located in valleys to the north and south of the central hill, where the first meeting house had been located. Tiny rural centers were growing up near the mills along roads that joined regional population centers. One of the two new meeting houses begun in 1796 was located at the intersection of Beartown and Carrington-Battelle Roads, a half-mile south of the first meeting house. Just as its site was close to the original, members of its congregation generally lived closer to the first-settled southern part of Township Number One near the Konkapot River (the present town center of Monterey). Parishioners who settled early along Hop Brook had always faced a long, steep climb to meeting, and this new site meant walking over the ridge and half a mile farther downhill to attend church. In this period of change for the young town in the new American republic, these people left the first church and began to build their own meeting house on a rise above Hop Brook late in 1796, becoming the first Tyringham churchgoers to come down off the hill (Bidwell, p. 613). Local geography was helping to reshape the town parceled out by proprietors in eastern Massachusetts taverns a few generations earlier. Economic change was also a factor.

Individual tax valuation and census data of the period reveal a shift from subsistence agriculture toward a market economy. The Tyringham valuation list of 1802 shows an agricultural community with considerable manufacturing capability. There were 155 dwelling houses, 164 barns, and two shops (one of which is now the Monterey General Store); the list also includes two tanning houses, four slaughterhouses, and thirteen mills (grist, saw, and "other"), as well as pearl ash and potash works. (Potash is an impure form of potassium carbonate that remains after leaching wood ashes and evaporating the lye; pearl ash is a further purification of potash. Early in the nineteenth century English woolen mills required vast quantities of this crude chemical for fulling wool to make it into softer cloth. Potash was one more product of the abundant American forests valued in England. The new Republic exported tons of it.) Nearly 300 acres were listed as "high meadow," 700 acres were in tillage, 1,300 in hay, and 1,500 in pasture; apple trees produced 535 barrels of cider. Sixteen thousand acres were calculated to be unimproved, and an additional 4,500 were considered unimprovable swamps, rocky outcrops, or steep slopes. The landscape held 331 horses, 139 oxen, 755 cows, and 522 swine to support a population of 1,712 people. In Berkshire County only Pittsfield, Sheffield, Williamstown, New Marlborough, and Great Barrington had larger human populations than Tyringham in 1802—and Great Barrington's was only marginally larger, with 1,754 souls.

Although the terms of wealth were still largely agricultural (acreage and livestock), the record reveals the beginning of change in the town's productive base. In the ten years preceding 1802, five new houses had been built, but there were twenty-five fewer barns. Some families did not practice subsistence agriculture or keep animals. The number of grist mills producing flour from grains had decreased by two-thirds, perhaps due to production economies, or less raw material, or an oversupply of millers. Land was still being cleared: 230 more acres had been put into pasture and smaller gains were made in tillage, hayfield, and meadow. Perhaps struggling settlers had also given up on some stony New England ground as too difficult to farm: more than 1,300 acres had been shifted to the

Monterey Veterans of the American Revolution 1775 – 1783

Allen, Asa
Allen, Rufus
Bentle, William
Bentley, Charles
Bird, Joseph
Brewer, David
Chadwick, Ebenezer
Chadwick, John
Cross, Benjamin
Danforth, Thomas
Fargo, Ezekiel
Garfield, Isaac
Graves, Samuel
Hale, William
Heath, Aron
Herrick, Ezekiel
Jackson, Giles
Mansfield, Amos
Markham, Daniel
Merrell, Alijah
Morgan, William
Northrup, Amos
Orten, David
Smith, Jonathan
Taylor, Stephen
Warrin, Joshua
Wheelock, Samuel
Wilson, Joseph

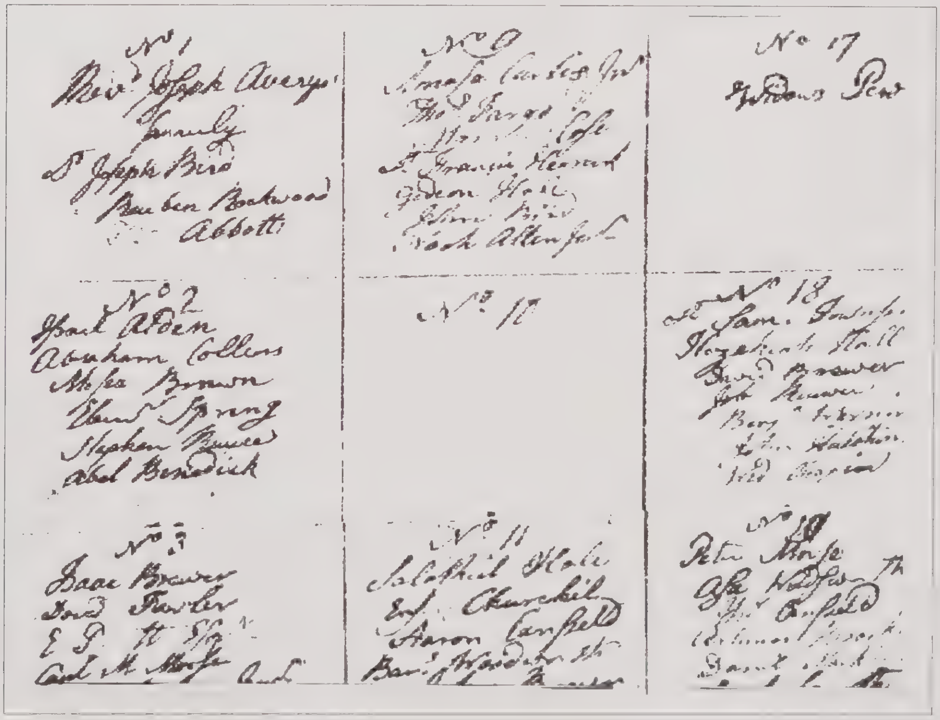
War of 1812

Price, George

unimprovable column by 1802. Despite this the town was growing in value: the $1,200 increase in total valuation represented an eighteen percent gain in ten years. The town's movement toward a market economy is further evident in the listing of such items as "$1,280 money at interest," the sum of outstanding cash loans among townspeople.

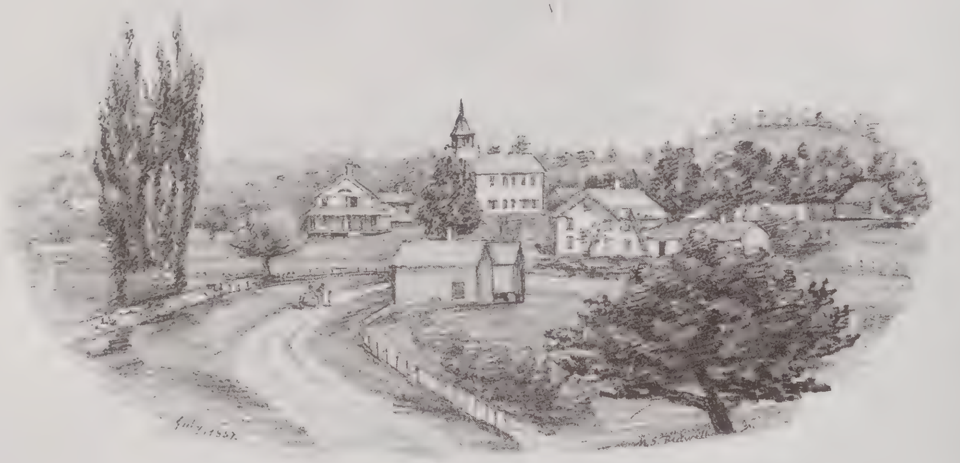
Where members of the congregation sat in church was not left to chance or individual whim in these times. Seating was planned, and plans were recorded. Combining economic data with an examination of the seating plan of 1800 for the meeting house newly built just south of the original shows that seating, decided by committee, made a public display of community status, indeed established the worthy combination of wealth with righteousness.

Consider a sampling of who sat where. There were thirty-six pews, nine rows of four pews each in the new meeting house, completed in 1798. The pew located in the upper left hand corner of the plan, designated Number One, held the family of minister Joseph Avery. The "Widows' Pew" was proximate. Alvin Taylor, privileged to sit in the front row, owned a fairly large farm of 170 acres, but he also leased an additional seventy-five acres. He had a large dairy herd, a medium herd of swine, two oxen, and a very small family of three, including his wife and a daughter under the age of ten. He and his wife no doubt produced far more than the family consumed. Abel Benedict, who sat in the second row, had a larger farm (200 acres), but was an older man whose six children, while old enough to be helpful in running his farm and caring for his thirteen cows, three horses, two oxen, and seven pigs, must have consumed their own productivity. Adonijah Bidwell, who had inherited his father's farm, was also assigned to the second row. Seated in the third row was Elisha Taylor, who farmed 150 acres, had nine horses and eleven cows, and whose family included six young children and an older man (perhaps his father or father-in-law). In the seventh row, near the back but not quite at the rear, a pew was reserved as the "Negro Pew," but no individual names are listed. The census for



No 1 Rev.d Joseph Avery's family Dr Joseph Bird Reuben Rockwood [illegible] Abbott	No 9 Amasa Curtis Jun. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Gideon Hale [illegible] Noah Allen Jun.	No 17 Widows Pew
No 2 Isaac Alden Abraham Collins [illegible] Brown Ebenr Spring Stephen [illegible] Abel Benedick	No 10	No 18 [illegible] [illegible] Hall [illegible] Brewer [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
No 3 Isaac Brewer David Fowler [illegible] [illegible]	No 11 [illegible] Hale [illegible] Churchil Aaron Canfield [illegible]	No 19 Peter Morse [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A portion of the seating plan for the meeting house from the year 1800. Courtesy The Bidwell House Museum.



The Upper Village, Monterey.

Courtesy Berkshire County Historical Society.

This original pencil drawing in the collection of the Berkshire County Historical Society shows the old town center. It was done in 1857 by Marshall Spring Bidwell, Jr. (1835-1877), also known as Blue Bidwell because he treated a "nervous disorder" with medication that turned his face blue.

The artist here was looking west over what is now Beartown Mountain Road toward the old town center, or "upper village." The second meeting house (now removed to Housatonic, where it acquired a stucco exterior and remains the Methodist church there) is at the center. Opposite the church is a house with covered porch and fanlight attic window. It is the brick house now home to Ian Ross Jenkins and Maria Carvainis. It was built about 1830 by Bidwell Brewer, a grandson of the Rev. Adonijah Bidwell. Bidwell and his brother Sylvester ran the B & S Trading Store here until about 1836, when they defaulted on their mortgage and it became the property of their wealthy uncle Adonijah Bidwell, Jr. The home was sold out of the Bidwell family in 1877, when it was bought by the Clapps, who ran it as a boarding house called The Pines. It was owned for many years in the twentieth century by Richard and Clara Lankenau.

In the time of this sketch, the house belonged to Blue Bidwell's father, Marshall Spring Bidwell Sr., a prominent lawyer in New York City who used the place for a summer home from 1856 until his death in 1872. The senior Bidwell was greatly admired by his colleagues at the bar. The law firm which he joined came to be known as Strong and Bidwell, and remains in existence today as Cadwalater, Wickersham & Taft, the oldest continuous law firm in New York City. During his career Bidwell successfully defended James Fenimore Cooper against libel.

Blue evidently was not in favor with his father. Entries in the diary of George Templeton Strong, a junior partner in the firm where Marshall Spring Sr. practiced law, indicate that the father was disappointed in Blue's marriage to his cousin Alice Cecilia Bidwell. No doubt the father was also disappointed in the professional choice of his son, who quit the study of law at Columbia University and became a pharmacist in Sheffield, as well as an artist. In the late 1970s Skinner's auctioned ten signed Blue Bidwell drawings and watercolors which have a style similar to this one. Blue received a comparatively tiny portion of the family wealth upon his father's death, and moved to Elmira, New York, with his wife. When he died there four years later at the age of forty-two, Alice Cecilia returned to Monterey, living with her cousin M. S. Bidwell at Lake Farm (in the fork where Beartown Mountain Road leaves the Tyringham Road).

Other landmarks in the drawing deserve comment. The smaller building partially hidden by the Bidwell/Clapp dwelling with porch was a schoolhouse, thought to be the first one built in town. Elihu Harmon was schoolmaster there when it closed in 1918. Elihu lived at that time in the second parsonage, which would have been beyond the church in this view, and may be the building to the right of the church with only its roof peak showing. The two-story house to the right of the church with single-story ells in back now belongs to the Wolf family, and today looks exactly as drawn by the artist 140 years ago. The two sheds in the foreground are gone.

— Lisa Simpson, Director 1993–1995
The Bidwell House Museum

that year counted five blacks, all unnamed and undifferentiated as to age, sex, or relationship. Seated toward the rear was Ebenezer Jackson, an older man with a small farm (fifty acres) and seven children, as well as one adult in addition to Ebenezer and his wife. Only one horse and six cows occupied Ebenezer's barn.

Worship remained the essential activity; where one sat to do it was a material consideration. Citizens of the young Republic were filled with enthusiasm for independence, excited about the prospects of material prosperity, and not yet set back by the economic depression that would strike in 1819.

Judy Hayes (center), Monterey resident and descendent of the Rev. Adonijah Bidwell, performs with other members of the Hill 'n' Dale Songsters. Memorial Day 1997.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Disestablishment, whereby the church ceased to be supported by funds raised through local taxation, also occurred during this period—not all at once, but through a series of troubled episodes. As early as 1777 the Rev. Bidwell's salary was in arrears, forcing a lengthy, acrimonious confrontation between the selectmen and the town's first settled minister. The record is replete with Bidwell's righteous condemnation, followed in the end by his asking "the Lord to forgive them for their sin in depriving the inhabitants of the preaching of the Gospel." The town countered that he had left his pulpit, that tax revenues went to support the militia, and that "it was not designed to wrong Mr. Bidwell out of his just due;" they cited "the affluent circumstances of his family," and the fact that he seemed to acquiesce in the default of payment. In the end Bidwell was paid, and continued as pastor to the end of his life in 1784, but the unity of the first European settlers here was a thing of the past.

The Rev. Joseph Avery, appointed in 1789, held the church together for a while. He was admired during his nineteen years of service, but the number increased of those who did not attend, yet were taxed for support of the minister. They resisted the tax, leaving the town unable to pay Avery. Fifty-three Hop Brook residents refused to pay taxes supporting the southern ministry in 1800, claiming membership in the Baptist sect. Methodists had begun preaching in the north end as early as 1791, and they would eventually build a church as well. Calvin Harlow gathered the Shakers of Tyringham in 1790, and by 1800 that community numbered fifty-three souls (Brewer, p. 232). Clearly, the church faced competition from other denominations as well as from the Hop Brook site, and the increasingly diverse population of the town was splintering the accustomed support of one church through local taxation.

In 1807 an article to dismiss Avery appeared on the warrant for town meeting; the anti-tax forces were organized, present, and voting, and the article passed by a narrow margin. Out of work and owed money, Avery sued the town successfully, but many Hop Brook residents restated their claim to membership in another denomination, and were thus not liable for the taxes due. It was a significant low point.

Construction of the second meeting house at the intersection of Beartown and Carrington-Battelle Roads, later called the "old town center," had been underwritten by subscribers, men of means seated at the front of the congregation, who pledged its use "for the accommodation of those of the inhabitants of said town who live southerly of the north end of the north range of house lots" (Subscription agreement, February 2, 1796). Now unable to support their church by taxation, men living in the old center organized themselves and paid off Avery. In November of 1808 they agreed to form a society and raise money to support "a settled Teacher of Piety and Religion" for the meeting house. Ten months later, a similar list—this time of women's names—appeared. Together they called themselves the First Congregational Society of Tyringham, and the new Society was incorporated by an act of the legislature the following June.

In the four years after the dismissal of the Rev. Avery, ninety-six people joined the church, surely a vote of confidence in the new organization and a revival of interest in things spiritual. A new minister, the Rev. J. Warren Dow, was appointed in 1811.

The Society contrived various ways each year to raise money. They accepted donations, of course, and actively solicited them. From time to time they also sold pews in the meeting house, bluntly bypassing committee evaluation of individual worth. They also relied on revivals of religious fervor, which occurred with some regularity not only in the Berkshires, but all along the eastern seaboard during the period 1815-1830. Membership in the second meeting house fell considerably during an epidemic in 1814 (fifty townspeople died, likely of typhoid fever), but swelled in 1816, again in 1818, 1821, and 1827, as religious fervor impelled people to church. Led by the Rev. Dow, church membership grew by 164 people by 1827 (Dooly et al., p. 21, 31).

Interest was strong, membership was solid, and the town was growing. The capital which had been collected became a source of loans for townspeople, and interest on it was used to pay a portion of the minister's salary. Officers invested the Society's capital in land, and there are numerous deeds recorded carrying mortgages made out to the Society. It eventually loaned money to the town in the form of bonds, and paid highway taxes to the state as well as a tax on the interest the capital generated. Prominent members contributed money to fill the gap between the minister's salary and the amount gained at interest. Although more clearly differentiated than at the time of settlement, church and town remained closely entwined.

Kathy Page Wasiuk is a third generation Monterey summer resident and has spent all her summers here since she was born in 1947. She trained at the University of Arizona (B.F.A. 1970) and Dartmouth (M.A. 1988) and presently teaches women's history at Northfield Mount Hermon School in Northfield, Massachusetts, where she is also Director of Academic Resources. She is married to Joe and the mother of Virginia. When she retires she will follow her heart back to Monterey—spring, summer, fall and winter.

Facing page: This map was designed by Raymond Ensign and drawn by Edith Wilson in 1947 for the Monterey centennial publication. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

References

* Bidwell, O. C., in *History of Berkshire County, Massachusetts,* J.B.Beers & Co., New York, 1885.

Brewer, Priscilla J., *Shaker Communities, Shaker Lives.* University Press of New England, c. 1886.

* Dooley, Rev. John, et al, eds. *History of the First Congregational Society in Monterey, Massachusetts*. Courier Book and Job Press, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, 1900.

* Miner, Julius, and Mansfield, Margery. *New England's Monterey: Stories of the Town, Its Church*. Pridemark Press, Baltimore, Maryland, 1955.

* Myers, Eloise, *A Hinterland Settlement*, Hinterland Press, Tyringham, Massachusetts, 1989.

Parker, Deborah, "The Mother Church," *Berkshire Magazine*, April/May, 1990.

Scott, John A., *Tyringham Old and New*, 1905

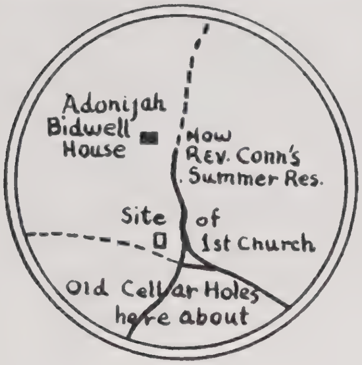
Seating plan of the second meeting house, dated 1800. (Archives of The Bidwell House, Monterey)

Subscription agreement for the second meeting house dated February 2, 1796. (Archives of The Bidwell House, Monterey)

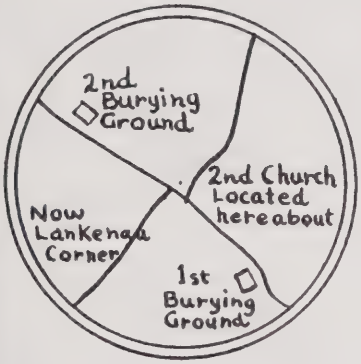
Tyringham valuation list of 1802. (Archives of The Bidwell House, Monterey)

United States Census, 1800 (Silvio O. Conte National Archives and National Records Center, Pittsfield, Massachusetts)

* In the collection of the Monterey Library.


Adonijah Bidwell House
Now Rev. Conn's Summer Res.
Site of 1st Church
Old Cellar Holes here about

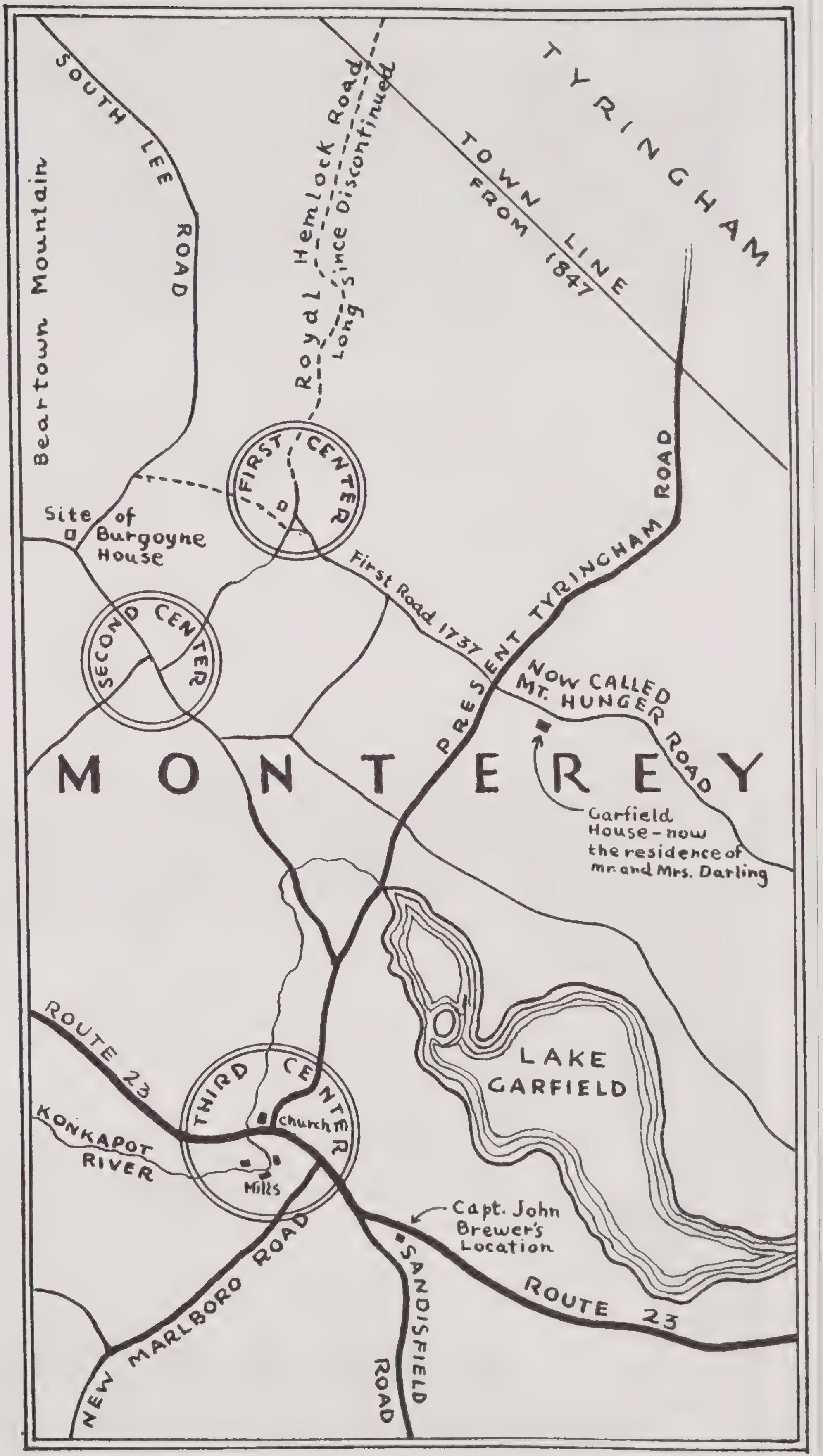
FIRST CENTER


2nd Burying Ground
2nd Church Located here about
Now Lankenau Corner
1st Burying Ground

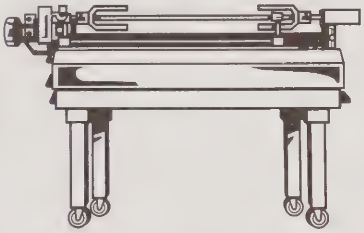
SECOND CENTER

THIRD & PRESENT CENTER

First called 12 Mile Pond
Then Brewer's Pond
Renamed LAKE GARFIELD July 4th. 1881


TYRINGHAM
TOWN LINE FROM 1847
SOUTH LEE ROAD
Royal Hemlock Road
Long Since Discontinued
Beartown Mountain
FIRST CENTER
Site of Burgoyne House
First Road 1737
PRESENT TYRINGHAM ROAD
SECOND CENTER
NOW CALLED MT. HUNGER ROAD
MONTEREY
Garfield House - now the residence of mr. and Mrs. Darling
LAKE GARFIELD
ROUTE 23
THIRD CENTER
Church
KONKAPOT RIVER
Mills
Capt. John Brewer's Location
NEW MARLBORO ROAD
SANDISFIELD ROAD
ROUTE 23

Planning a barbecue? We've got the hottest name brands.



And we've got the largest selection of tents, tables, chairs and grills to make your backyard barbecue a big success.

TAYLOR RENTAL.
Don't buy it, rent it

7 High Street
Great Barrington, MA 01230
528-1770

Serving Monterey for over 20 years

call Jay 528-5099

JAY AMIDON PAINTING

Clean, Orderly, and Accommodating

Staining • Painting • Interior
Exterior • Old & New

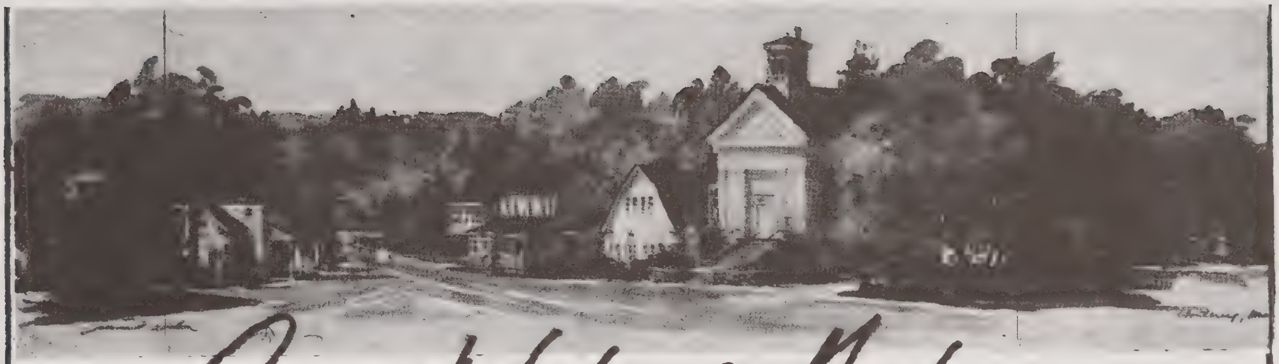
It's been my pleasure to paint houses
in Monterey where history abounds
in spirit, architecture, and landscape.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MONTEREY
ON ITS 150TH ANNIVERSARY!

---

*First commercial
goat dairy in town,
producing Monterey Chevre
for over 15 years.*

RAWSON BROOK FARM
MONTEREY, MASSACHUSETTS



Congratulations Monterey
ON YOUR 150th

IN OBSERVANCE OF THIS BLESSED EVENT, THE HAYLOFT GALLERY IS OFFERING THE MONTEREY PRINT FOR 50^{00} THE PRINT MAY BE SEEN AT THE MONTEREY GEN'L STORE. LEONARD WEBER
413 528 1806

KWIK
PRINT
INCORPORATED

- Bill Heads
- Books
- Brochures
- Business Cards
- Carbonless Sets
- Cheshire Labels
- Color Copies
- Color Inks
- Electronic Publishing
- Envelopes
- Flyers
- Labels
- Laminating
- Letterheads
- Menus
- Office Forms
- Photocopies
- Photostats
- Programs
- Recycled Papers
- Resumes
- Spiral Binding
- Typesetting
- Web Offset Printing

NOW AVAILABLE
COLOR
COPIES!

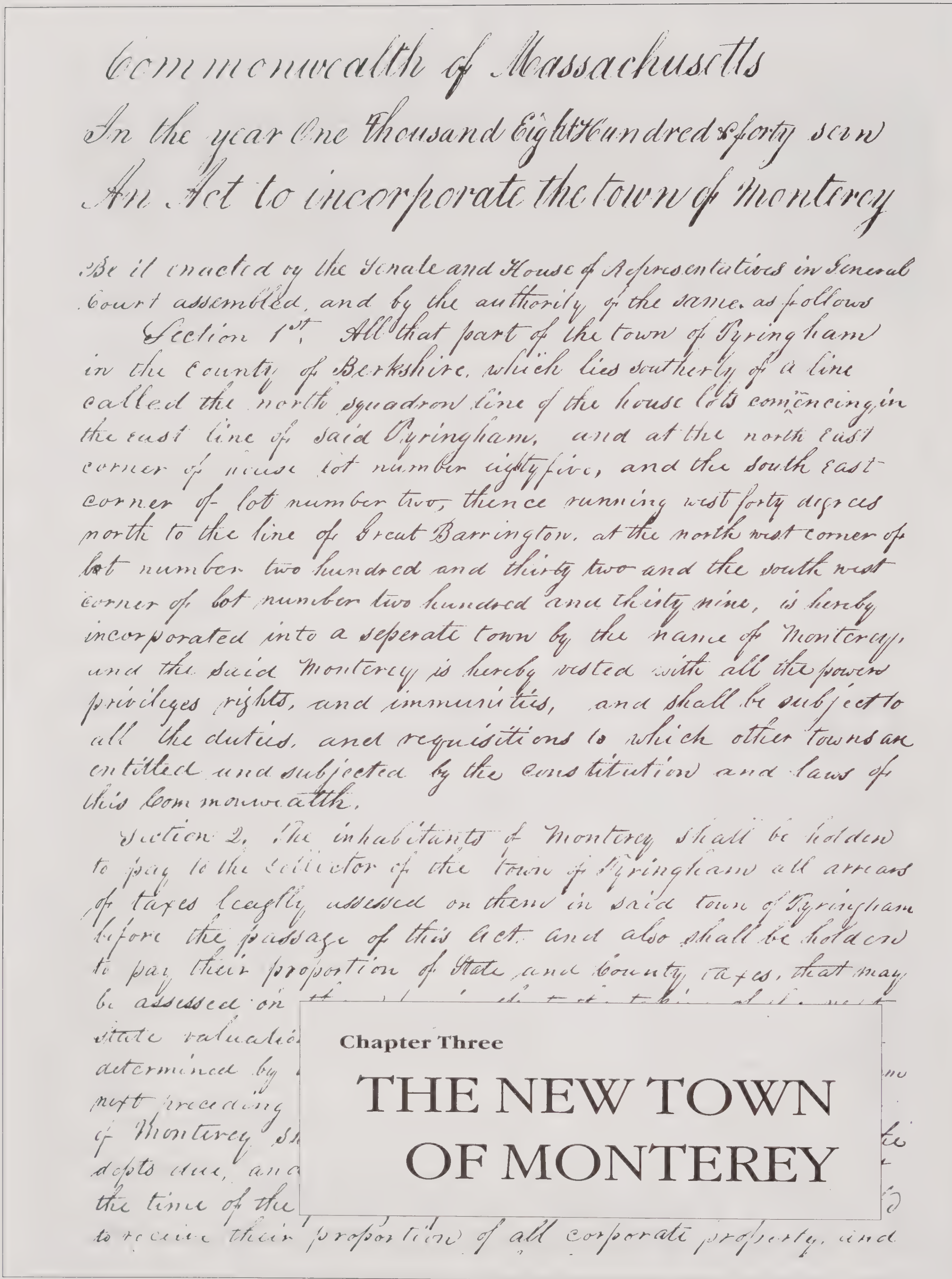
From while-you-wait duplicating to web offset printing............

Hours: Monday - Friday 8:30 - 4:30 · Sat. 9-noon

413/528-2885 · Fax: 413/528-9220
35 Bridge Street · Great Barrington, MA 01230

Chapter Three

THE NEW TOWN OF MONTEREY



Commonwealth of Massachusetts

In the year One thousand Eight Hundred & forty seven

An Act to incorporate the town of Monterey

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows

Section 1st. All that part of the town of Tyringham in the County of Berkshire, which lies southerly of a line called the north squadron line of the house lots commencing in the east line of said Tyringham, and at the north East corner of house lot number eighty five, and the south East corner of lot number two, thence running west forty degrees north to the line of Great Barrington, at the north west corner of lot number two hundred and thirty two and the south west corner of lot number two hundred and thirty nine, is hereby incorporated into a seperate town by the name of Monterey, and the said Monterey is hereby vested with all the powers privileges rights, and immunities, and shall be subject to all the duties, and requisitions to which other towns are entitled and subjected by the constitution and laws of this Commonwealth.

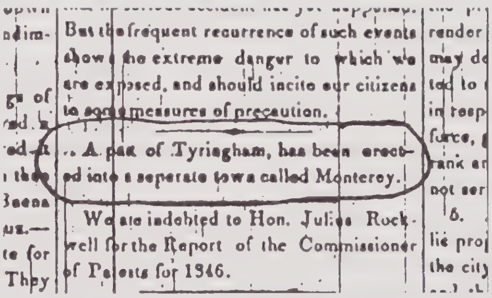
Section 2. The inhabitants of Monterey shall be holden to pay to the collector of the town of Tyringham all arrears of taxes legally assessed on them in said town of Tyringham before the passage of this Act, and also shall be holden to pay their proportion of State and County taxes, that may
be assessed on
state valuation
determined by
next preceding
of Monterey sh
depts due, and
the time of the
to receive their proportion of all corporate property, and

THE NEW TOWN OF MONTEREY

by

Delight Wing Dodyk

Geography had a further role to play in organizing the spiritual and economic life of Tyringham. Although convenient to some and beloved by many, the old center church was drafty and uncomfortable. "The situation was very exposed and as the farms had become settled and much of the original forest had been cut away, the wind has a fair sweep in its course at the meeting house." (Dooly, p. 33) Perhaps more important was the growing population near the Konkapot River, where various small mills and enterprises were grouped along the commercially important road between Otis and Great Barrington: "[A] stirring little village had sprung up in the valley which was generally known as Bangall." (Dooly, p. 33) By 1847, the southern part of Tyringham had 744 residents, and was finally incorporated as a new town.



But the frequent recurrence of such events show the extreme danger to which we are exposed, and should incite our citizens to some measures of precaution.

.. A part of Tyringham, has been erected into a seperate town called Monterey.

We are indebted to Hon. Julius Rockwell for the Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1846.

Newspaper notice of the establishment of the Town of Monterey in 1847. From *The Berkshire Courier*, April 22, 1847.

Our town may have been named for Monterey, California, where a United States naval force came ashore on July 7, 1846, and proclaimed California to be part of the United States. Shortly thereafter, the battle and capture of Monterrey (two "r"s) in Mexico occurred under Zachary Taylor. This victory (on September 24, 1846) was widely publicized, and foretold the eventual capitulation of the Mexican government in 1848. The Mexican-American War was not popular in the northeastern United States, especially among abolitionists and "free soilers," who feared that slavery would spread to the West and Southwest. The congregation at the old center had a strong position against slavery, describing it as "a sin of the deepest die," and would not receive anyone who owned or dealt in slaves. Nonetheless, the New England town named Monterey in the time of that war was incorporated by act of the Massachusetts Legislature on April 12, 1847. On May 10, 1847, male inhabitants gathered at the meeting house (in the old town center) to cast their ballots for officials of the new town. (Women had not yet begun to organize to achieve woman suffrage in Massachusetts, but would do so in 1868, when the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association was formed.) Amos Langdon, John D. Bidwell, and Albert G. Freeman were elected first selectmen. John H. Langdon was low bidder for the position of tax collector, and got the job. Highway surveyors, a school committee, and assessors were also chosen.

As the Town of Monterey was being organized, church members were making their own plans. In 1846, during the pastorate of Reverend Samuel Howe, the congregation voted to relocate the church to a more convenient place. It was a difficult decision, for many worshipers loved the building in the old center, where several lively revivals had been held. (Some people's horses automatically responded to the call of its bell.) The trustees of the First Congregational Society, who were responsible for church funds, concurred in the move, and planning began.

From the very start the effort included both church members and others in Monterey. All villagers discussed the issue at meetings. The outcome was the South Tyringham

Page one of the record book of Monterey's first town clerk, Lemuel J. Townsend, son of Lemuel and Mary Jenkins Townsend. Courtesy June Tryon.

150th ANNIVERSARY!
Aug. 1,2,3
MONTEREY
FIRE DEPT

MAGGIE LEONARD

Monterey and Tyringham fire companies march side by side. Memorial Day 1997.

Meeting-House Society, established on March 10, 1846, to raise the necessary funds for the new building. The Meeting-House Society constitution provided that the new building was "to be used and occupied by the Congregational Society in South Tyringham and when not so used. . .to be used and occupied by other religious denominations for the like purposes." (Deed)

Jason Langdon (1796-1874) was elected president of the Society, served on the fund solicitation and building committees, and was a major donor to the building fund. The man remains enigmatic, appearing rarely in the written record. He was not even counted in the U. S. Census of 1850, but members of his family were old-timers in Tyringham, and he had long been a member of the Church. His father and mother, Amos and Abigail Langdon, had been upstanding members of the Church before him. Amos was an incorporator of the Congregational Society in 1808, and gave generous financial support to the Church; he was made a deacon in 1817. So Jason, as a man of some means in his mature age with deep roots in the community, was perhaps a natural choice as president of the Meeting-House Society. He most likely was a leader in the decision to relocate the church, for his kinfolk held important commercial interests in the village along the Konkapot.

Wilbur C. Langdon (1814-1877), Jason's nephew, was Treasurer of the Society. He also served on the building committee and was a large donor to the project. Wilbur was an important man in town, whose influence was to increase. He owned the local store as well as considerable farm land and livestock. He also held bank and railroad stocks, financial assets few others in town had at the time. As was typical in small towns, people could borrow money and purchase goods on credit at his store. Wilbur was not a member of the Church, nor at first was his wife Camilla (Harmon) of New Marlborough (Camilla joined the Church later, in 1862). Wilbur apparently never did join, but he was a faithful attender of church services and a generous supporter. His obituary in *The Berkshire Courier* assures us that he was a kind and affectionate family man whose home was one of "much prayer in which the patriarch generally and heartily joined."

Wilbur C. Langdon was a natural businessman who had been active since the mid-1830s. "Blessed with an agreeable countenance, a pleasant voice, a remarkable celerity of intellectual action, good common sense—a due appreciation of men and things" plus "untiring industry and the closest application to his work," he was apparently the consummate store owner. (Obituary) He came to own considerable real estate in town, and was among the town's large taxpayers. It was

First Monterey Town Meeting May 10, 1847

Milton Judd presided over the first Monterey Town Meeting, and Amos Langdon acted as clerk. John H. Langdon was low bidder for the combined office of Constable and Collector of Taxes. The following officers were elected:

Clerk L. J. Townsend
Moderator Amos Langdon

Selectmen
First Amos Langdon
Second John D. Bidwell
Third Albert G. Freeman

Highway Surveyors
District 1 A. H. Turner
District 2 Milton Judd
District 3 Paul Chapin
District 4 Artemus Dowd
District 5 Eggburt F. Bill
District 7 Lyman Thomson
District 8 Anson Langdon
District 9 Silas Heath

School Committee
District 1 Augustus Tailor
District 2 F. D. Ingersoll
District 3 E. B. Garfield
District 4 Thomas Miner, Jr.
District 5 Roswell Bill, Jr.
District 7 Joseph Dowd
District 8 Chancey Langdon
District 9 Frederick M. Miller

School Committtee
First A. H. Turner
Second J. M. Reivey
Third L. J. Townsend

Assessors
First Lyman Thomson
Second Gordon B. Langdon
Third Elias Wright

Treasurer Albert Fuller

certainly in his personal interest to build the meeting house near his store, thus firmly fixing the town center there. It also was helpful to his brothers Gordon B. Langdon (1810-1889) and John H. Langdon (1815-1888), the tax collector, who between them owned the tannery, a saw mill, a shingle mill, and a clothing works in the vicinity, as well as acreage and livestock. His kinsman Edward A. Langdon was also a merchant in town.

Little is known about the third officer of the Meeting-House Society, John Branning, a twenty-six-year-old lawyer who served as the Society's clerk.

Soliciting subscriptions to the fund along with Jason Langdon were Samuel Townsend (1806-1874) and Elias Wright (1801-1867). Both men farmed substantial spreads. Townsend was from one of the first families to own land in Tyringham; he and his wife Hannah (Pratt) had joined the church in 1842. Townsend was a major donor to the project. Elias Wright and his wife Tryphena (Jones) were relative newcomers. Wright had been born in New York State and was a prosperous, well-respected farmer here; the Wrights joined the church the same year as the Townsends. Wright was voted an assessor in the first election in the new town of Monterey—a useful role for someone asking neighbors for contributions to the new meeting house.

The solicitation committee set to work. For each $10 subscription the donor received one voting share in the South Tyringham Meeting-House Society. In a year's time the committee had raised $1,330 in subscriptions ranging from $10 to $110 from thirty families, to be paid in three installments. Still, at the end of 1847 the committee had to raise an additional $1,200 from thirty-nine new and old donors. Large subscribers to the project included Dennis Brewer, Paul T. Chapin, Egbert B. Garfield, Lucius and Levi Gibbs (of Gibbs and Ingersoll, Monterey's cotton twine manufacturers), Isaac Harmon, Langdons named Anson, Gordon B., Jason, John, John H. and Wilbur C., John G. Mansir, Lemuel J. and Samuel Townsend, and Elias Wright.

While fund-raising proceeded, Henry Mansir (1805-1874), who kept a tavern about where the Grange Hall is now, was prevailed upon to donate land at the corner of the main road and the road leading to Brewer Pond (now Lake Garfield). The land was appraised at $75, and he was awarded four voting shares plus $1 for his gift. The donated land was just big enough for the church building.

100th
MONTEREY

At the 100th Anniversary Celebration. Photo courtesy Eleanor Hart Kimberley.

ELEANOR KIMBERLEY

Henry Mansir was not a Tyringham native. He was born in Danbury, Connecticut, but had moved with his family to Great Barrington as a child. He was orphaned at twelve, but "so bravely and manfully did he succeed," *The Berkshire Courier* tells us, "that the orphan boy enjoyed the confidence and won the esteem of both the aged and the young." (Obituary) Exactly when he moved to southern Tyringham is unclear. He was not especially well off at the time he gave land for the meeting house, and he was not yet even a member of the congregation—he and his wife Adeline joined in 1852. But his strategically placed land was important to the relocation project, and Mansir came through. The deed for the land was transferred on September 27, 1847, under the guidance of John Branning.

With the decision made, land secured, and sufficient funds raised, a building committee, comprised of Jason, John, and Wilbur C. Langdon, John Mansir (1808-1871, Wilbur Langdon's brother-in-law and kin of Henry Mansir), and Samuel Townsend got down to work. The South Tyringham Meeting-House Society would choose a simple, well-proportioned, economical style in keeping with the practical, no nonsense Yankee sensibilities of the community.

Despite the fact that several carpenters lived in Monterey at the time—indeed Justice of the Peace Milton Judd and John Mansir himself were carpenters—the committee chose two Sandisfield men to construct the building. Theron R. Wolcott (1811-1888) did the excavation and built the marble foundation. Elizur G. Perry, a member of the Congregational Church of Sandisfield, framed the building, did the finishing, and painted it.

The Greek Revival meeting house they constructed is a "rural version of a high-style temple elevation which was used, albeit sparingly, in both the North and South." (Parsons, p. 3) It remains relatively unaltered today, and the few changes undertaken over the years are appropriate to the original scale and design. The rectangular, wood-frame, single-story building is approximately thirty-six by fifty-two feet, three bays wide and four bays deep with a slate roof and clapboard exterior. The gable end of the building, which faces front, toward the south overlooking

Elected Monterey Town Officers, 1997

Select Board
Peter S. Brown, Chair
Fred Chapman
Muriel Lazzarini

Clerk Barbara B. Swann

Moderator Mark J. J. Makuc

Constable Raymond W. Tryon

S. Berkshire Regional School Dist. Committee Jed P. Lipsky

Assesors
Gerry Shapiro, Chair
Gary Shaw, Clerk
James H. Bracken

Tax Collector Henry J. Makuc

Treasurer Patricia K. Schoonmaker

Finance Committee
Greta S. Cherneff, Chair
Daniel Moriarty
Andrea C. Dunlop

Planning Board
Wayne Burkhart, Chair
Gerry Shapiro, Vice Chair
M. Maggie Leonard, Clerk
Fred Chapman
Joyce Scheffey

Board of Appeals
Peter S. Vallianos, Chair
Dean P. Amidon, Vice Chair
Robert M. Gauthier, Clerk
Peter S. Murkett
Cynthia M. Weber
Mark J. J. Makuc (Alternate)
John Ryder (Alternate)

Cemetery Committee
Linda E. Thorpe, Chair
Jane A. Thorne
Rudolph J. Gero

Library Trustees
John M. Higgins, Chair
William Marsh
Laurie P. Shaw
Linda Thorpe
Donna Trumbull
Anne M. Makuc

Park Commission
James J. Thomas
R. Thomas Rosenthal
Howard W. Burns, Jr.

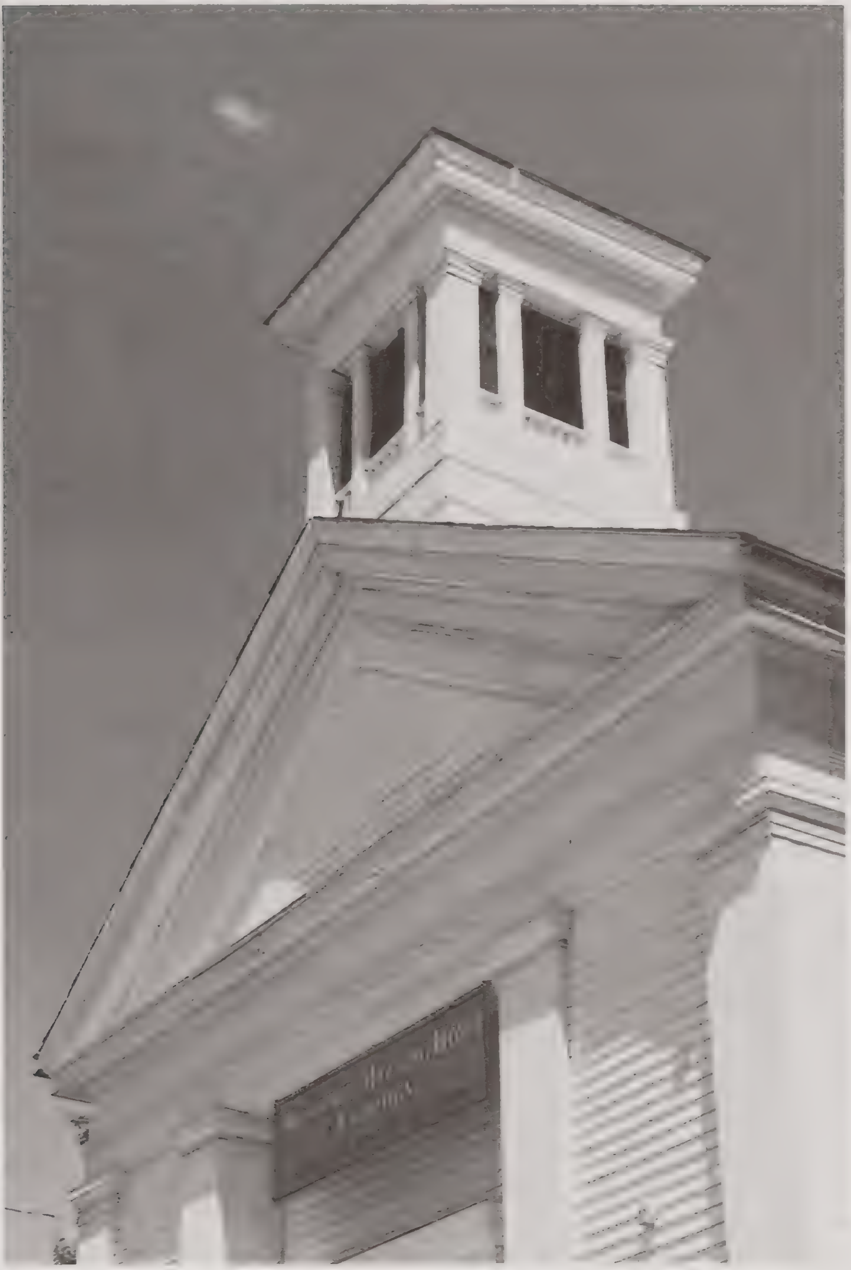
Tree Warden Roger C. Tryon

TOM ROSENTHAL

The Monterey Select Board on parade: (L to R) Muriel Lazzarini, Fred Chapman, and Peter S. Brown. Memorial Day 1997.

the main road (and Wilbur Langdon's store), has several points of interest. The facade is "blind" (without windows), and the center entry is recessed, two rare features. The three bays of the facade are separated by four Doric pilasters; double leaf, five-paneled entry doors occupy the center bay. The eaves return fully above the bays of the facade to form a triangular pediment, further suggesting a Greek temple. The flat, inner portion of the pediment, the tympanum, is "flush boarded" to resemble stone. The frame around the entry door repeats the Doric pilasters on a smaller scale, and has a cornice extending in high relief with dentils—further distinguishing Greek Revival details. All these elements create a balanced, economical exterior.

Although the Greek Revival style was widely used in public buildings and residential architecture in the 1840s, the particular form of the Monterey Meeting House was not common. There is no evidence that an architect designed it. During the period, builder's handbooks with overall designs as well as detailed specifications for Doric pilasters, dentils, moldings, and flush-boarded tympanum were available to local builders, who commonly interpreted and simplified the Greek Revival style to suit particular needs and budgets. If Elizur Perry did not have a handbook himself, he had certainly seen other churches, or drawings of them, and may well have worked on some.


MAGGIE LEONARD

Monterey United Church of Christ, 1997.

Parsons suggests that the New York architectural firm of Ithiel Town and Alexander Jackson Davis, (in particular, the architect Calvin Pollard) may have been the source of the drawing from which the Monterey building was adapted. That firm's work helped popularize the Greek Revival style, and inspired several church buildings, some pictured in modern published sources. Churches with features related to the Monterey church stand in Petersburg, Virginia (1840s), Mobile, Alabama (1835-37), Mansfield, Connecticut (1840), Bath, Maine (1843), and Harpswell Center, Maine (1843).

Today the meeting house interior remains little altered from the original. It has a shallow entry vestibule with doors at each end. The main sanctuary, raised three steps above the vestibule, has a raised dais at the north end and a simple gallery at the south end. The gallery was originally open, but is now enclosed. The pipe organ was added later. The box pews are a conservative style typical of older meeting houses. Parsons suggests that they indicate the "rural, conservative nature of the

MAGGIE LEONARD

Awaiting the parade. Memorial Day 1997.

church's architecture." (Parsons, p.4) The interior trim is consistent with the Greek Revival style. Of special interest are the moldings around windows and doors—termed "eared architrave surrounds" in architectural parlance. Six windows with double-hung sash, three on the east facing three on the west, have twenty-five panes over twenty-five, clear glazed. They flood the sanctuary with light.

The Monterey meeting house shares some features with other Greek Revival churches which had already been built nearby, particularly the New Marlborough church (1837) and the north Tyringham church (1844). All three churches have blind facades. Their interiors have a raised dais at the front and a balcony at the rear, with seating divided by two aisles (common in rural New England). All these meeting houses are graced with natural light through tall, clear-glazed windows on the sides of their sanctuaries. The Tyringham church has an open porch with full columns, but the Monterey and New Marlborough churches have interior, protected vestibules through which the congregation enters the sanctuary.

The bell tower of the Monterey church was added in the 1880s. It is Greek Revival architecture consistent with the original building: Doric corner posts, a three-bay effect, and the same cornice detail. Other features, however, identify it as a later addition; the ornamental railing with turned balusters was a style popular in Queen Anne architecture of the 1880s. The "single stage" belfry, with its flat roof, was probably designed so a taller tower or steeple could be added later. The late Julius Miner related the story of how the bell, which he described as having a "rich, mellow tone," was chosen. "One day some scaffolds were erected and bells were hung on it. The people assembled and listened carefully as the different bells were struck. The one now in use is the one selected." (Miner and Mansfield, p. 23) He did not date this occurrence, but Julius Miner was born in 1883; perhaps he witnessed the event as a boy.

The vestibule and east side door were probably added in the 1890s. They also maintain unity of design: Doric pilasters, a pediment above, and matching interior trim. The six-light textured glass transom over the outside door indicates the late-nineteenth-century origin of this addition. Recent alterations include stone and concrete front steps replacing the original wooden stairs, the brick chimney, the fire escape, the addition on the north wall for the pipe organ, and the exit door inserted in a window.

The building was dedicated on the first Sunday of 1849. The Reverend Mr. Howe had led his congregation through the difficult time of decision and building. He had a reputation as "a good minister, a skillful manager and an admirable adviser." (Dooly, p. 40) Twenty men and women were accepted into church membership during his pastorate, an exciting period for the congregation. Howe remained as minister until 1854.

All told, the new meeting house cost $2,787.34: excavation and foundation by Theron Wolcott cost $306; timber and hauling materials cost $228.54; Elizur Perry was paid $1,400 to frame and enclose the building; finish woodwork and painting by Perry was $833; stoves, stove pipe, and deed registry came to $19.80. The congregation appraised the value of each pew, and parishioners bid to rent a pew, starting at the appraised value. In 1850 the church realized $199.50 from such rentals, funds which were used to maintain the building.

Changes within church communities can be painful. Parishioners living close to the old town center on Beartown Road clung loyally to the old church, keeping it in repair. They brought suit in court for the right to the fund established in 1809 for the support of the ministry in the old center. The court found in 1854 that a legitimate majority vote of members had decided the change, and ruled that the new, relocated church was entitled to the Congregational Society funds. Ill feeling drove some away from the old church. In 1849, for example, a long-time member asked for his release from the old center church membership, explaining, "Last Sabbath completed exactly forty years that I have endeavored to be a peaceable member in this church and I have had no piece [sic] from the crown of my head to the souls [sic] of my feet. Therefore this is to demand an immediate discharge from your division of the church." (Dooly, p. 40) Still, the old center folks held on, and sometimes shared their building with a group of Methodists.

The 1850 national census lists two Congregational churches in Monterey. But activity increased in the new village of Monterey, and the old center congregation gradually drifted away to the new church. By 1873 the old center church, its prized bell, and flagstone walk were sold at auction, and $430.62 in proceeds were added to the Congregational Society fund. Methodists from Housatonic bought the building, which they dismantled and hauled away to that village, where it was reconstructed. The church, now stuccoed, remains in use there. The new meeting house was solidly established at mid-century, and the new town of Monterey firmly rooted by the Konkapot Brook.

References

Deed of Title, September 27, 1847, Henry Mansir to South Tyringham Meeting-House Society.(Registry of Deeds, Pittsfield, Massachusetts)

* Dooley, Rev. John, et al, eds. *History of the First Congregational Society in Monterey, Massachusetts*. Courier Book and Job Press, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, 1900.

* Ferguson, Henry S. D., ed., *100th Anniversary, Monterey in the Berkshire Hills*. Monterey, 1947.

Gilder, Cornelia Brooke, *Views of the Valley, Tyringham, 1739-1989*. Tyringham, Hop Brook Community Club, 1989.

* Hoogs, Cynthia Tryon, *Cemetery inscriptions, Monterey, Massachusetts*. Great Barrington, 1984.

Langdon, Wilbur C., obituary, *The Berkshire Courier*, April 25, 1877.

Mansir, Henry, obituary in *The Berkshire Courier*, December 16, 1874.

* Miner, Julius, and Mansfield, Margery. *New England's Monterey: Stories of the Town, Its Church*. Pridemark Press, Baltimore, Maryland, 1955.

Parsons, Bonnie, "Cultural Resource Inventory Form, Monterey Congregational Church," November 15, 1996.

United States Census, 1850 (Silvio O. Conte National Archives and National Records Center, Pittsfield, Massachusetts)

* In the collection of the Monterey Library.

Delight Wing Dodyk's family has been summering in Monterey since the 1920s. She spends as much time as possible at one of the original family homes on Lake Garfield, which is shared jointly by Wings and Dodyks. Delight did her undergraduate work at Smith College and received her Ph.D. in history from Rutgers University. She teaches American women's history and immigration history at Drew University in Madison, New Jersey. She lives in Ridgewood, New Jersey, with her husband Paul, who is an attorney in New York City. They have two married daughters, Phebe and Michaela, who also count Monterey as their soul home.

PARAGON
DESIGN

Architectural Services
Construction Management

David Quisenberry, Registered Architect
New York, Connecticut & Massachusetts

Monterey, Massachusetts
Toll-free: 1-888-888-2054

"Distinguished homes for the next 150 years of Monterey."

New England Keswick

A Christian Youth Camp and Retreat Center in the Berkshires

1941
56 years
1997

WWW.Keswick.Net
Keswicknet@aol.com

~Summer Camp Programs~
for ages 7-18

~Fall, Winter & Spring Retreats~
~Special Events Year-Round~

ACCREDITED CAMP ®
American Camping Association

"Challenging Young People to New Heights of Purpose and Character."

- 253 Acres
- Aquatics
- Athletics
- Hiking
- Ropes Course
- Music
- Outdoor Skills
- Horseback
- Crafts
- More

P.O. Box 156 ~ Monterey ~ Massachusetts ~ 01245 ~ 413-528-9558 ~ 413-528-3604

For those who believe a second home should still be first class...

WILLIAM BROCKMAN
REAL ESTATE

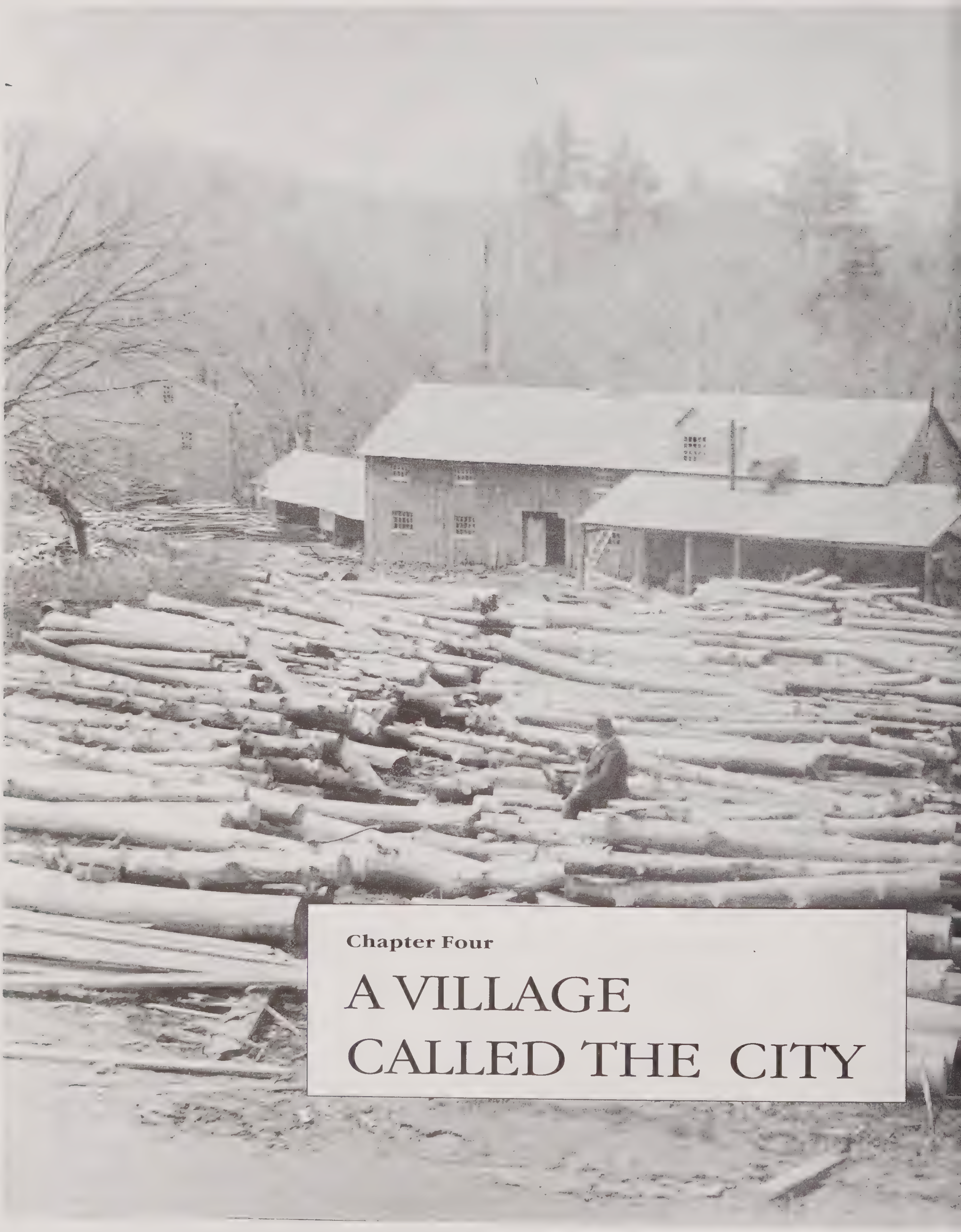
FIDDLETOP
11 Wellman Road • Monterey • Massachusetts 01245

Bill Brockman **Jack Jefferson**

NEW YORK • MASSACHUSETTS • CONNECTICUT

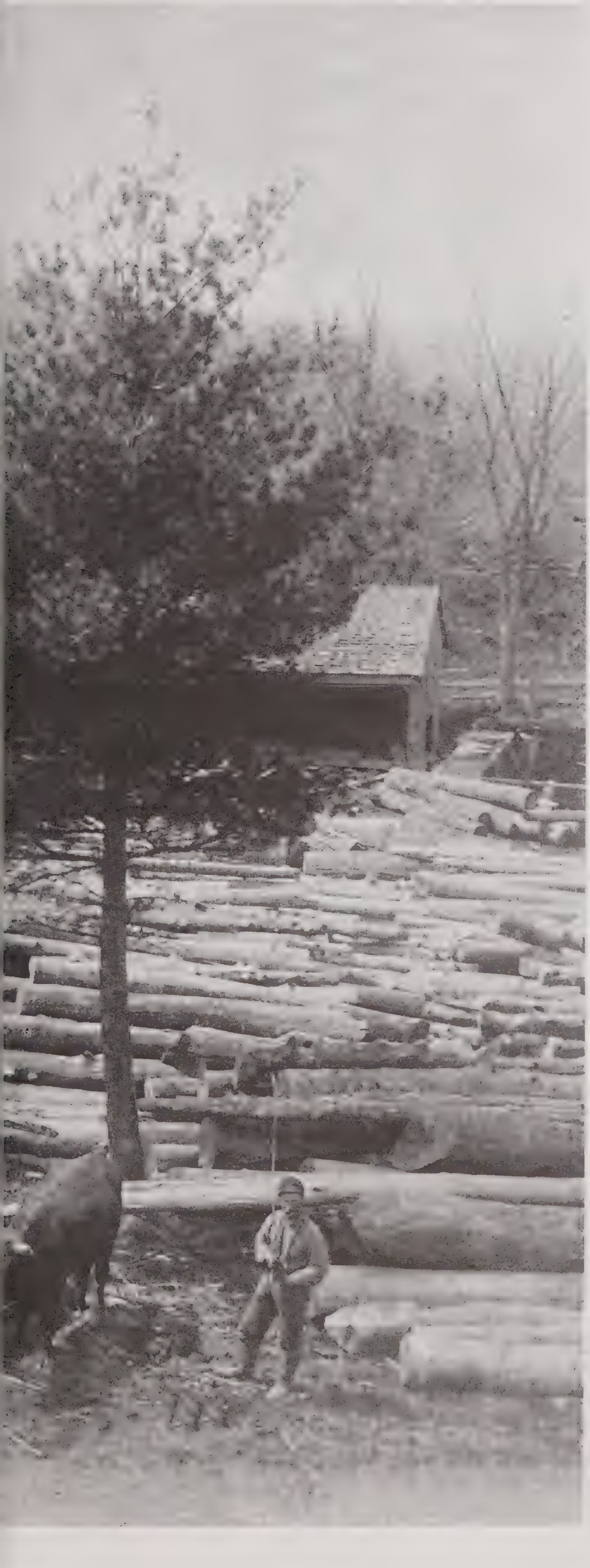
413 / 528-4859

MLS



Chapter Four

A VILLAGE CALLED THE CITY



January, 1865

…so I strolled up to the "City," the slang name by which we meant the Village, and the name that I shall choose to call it in this book.

– Elihu Harmon, age fifteen

The Langdon (once Brewer) sawmill in the town center, nineteenth century, logs piled where the Monterey Library now stands. The two-story building beyond the sawmill at the far left is probably the woolen mill, where fleece was carded for making yarn. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

THE DIARY OF
ELIHU HARMON, 1865

Introduction. In the year 1865, I wished to be in the fashion, and so I bought a diary, and kept it too, but in such a careless and vulgar way that as I now read over its pages I wonder that I could have ever written such a mess of trash.

I propose to revise the same in this little book. I not only propose to revise the Diary, but make it a sort of "commonplace book," as was suggested to me by Mrs. Townsend, in which I could write my various thoughts and ideas as they came before me. By writing it I hope to improve both my penmanship and style, the former being sadly deficient, and the latter it will do no hurt to cultivate. In revising, I shall take extracts from the Diary when I deem it prudent to do so. At others, I shall only make note of them. Last but not least I am to give some accounts of my Friends, Schoolmates and Teachers as they severally make their appearance on the stage that I am playing a Drama of real life upon. Bring up the curtain.

From an old postcard, "Lake Garfield Beauties, Monterey, Mass." Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

January 2nd. We had no school on Mondays, so I strolled up to the "City," the slang name by which we meant the Village, and the name that I shall choose to call it in this book. I had a particular fondness for the City about this time, especially the School and Paper Mill. I was also neighborly, for I called on Hadsell in the evening.

I find no more worthy of note until the 22, when Dan Wilson and myself tamed a horse. We were returning from a call, and found a certain individual trying to make "Old Bones," as he called him, get up and go home. The horse could not do it, and so after a great many fruitless lifts and tugs, say nothing of the tug straps he got, we gave it up as a bad joke for him, and decided that he must die. We executed him and so got him out of his misery.

January 29th. Today I have been "out of the world into Otis." We made good time, as the sleighing was very fine. Having never seen Otis before, it was quite a pleasure. I did not go down through the street. I had a very good time at Jare's home. I met there an old friend, of whom I may speak later in this book. We returned to the World again at a furious rate, Jare amused me by pointing out places of note, and relating anecdotes belonging thereto, some of which were very entertaining and laughable.

February 1. Worked very hard till the folks got out of sight, and then Dan and I quit work, and called on Tam. I received a present of a knife, from my old schoolteacher and friend Miss Rogers, now Mrs. Hyde. She was a good teacher, and my recollections of her are always pleasant ones.

February 2. I visited New Marlboro, to hear the boys declaim. I was much pleased with it, but did not think I should care to participate with them. I did not

Excerpts from the diary of Elihu Harmon are presented essentially as written. Punctuation, capitalization, and spelling are by the young Mr. Harmon. Brackets indicate the occasional undecipherable word or meaning.

The Harmon Family

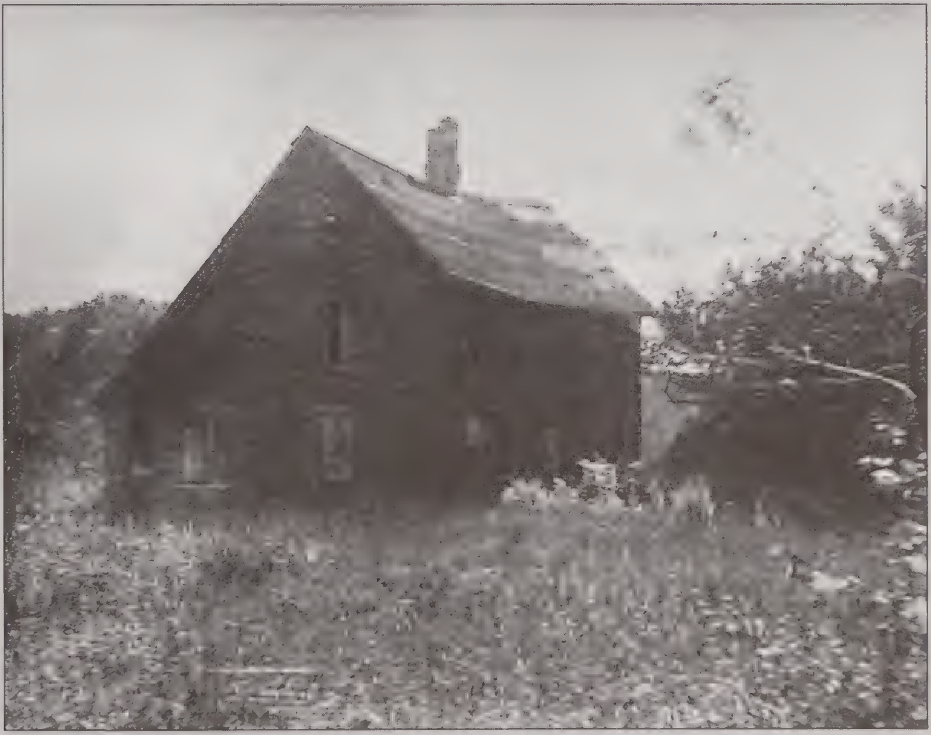
The diary from which these passages were selected was found in the abandoned parsonage near the old town center in the late 1960s. The house was purchased by Elihu Harmon in 1895, and passed on to his daughter Mrs. Alice Everett after his death.

Elihu Delos Harmon (1850-1940) was a lifelong school teacher, and served on the school boards of Monterey and New Marlborough for forty-five years. He kept a private school in Monterey from 1875 until 1879, was schoolmaster of the Old Center School until it closed in 1918. He taught after that at the Village School, the only one still used in Monterey today. In retirement he was a rural correspondent for *The Springfield Republican*, which (as that paper reported) he read and admired for seventy years.

The Harmon family flourished in and around Monterey for nearly two hundred years. Moses was the first Harmon to settle in the area, arriving in New Marlborough in 1745. Harmon Road, leading from the bridge over Rawson Brook up and around the shoulder of Dry Hill to the village green in New Marlborough, has taken the family name on the Monterey end. Elihu grew up in a farmhouse built by Thompson Rawson in 1786. His younger brother Philando took title to the farm in 1896. It is now the home of Richard and Barbara Tryon (Lowland Farm) on New Marlborough Road. His uncle Rawson Harmon (also a farmer) lived just up the hill toward Monterey. All that remains of Rawson's house today is a cellar hole. Elihu's aunt, Camilla Harmon, was married to Wilbur Langdon, owner of the Langdon Store.

Elihu strolled to "the City" along New Marlborough Road. As he drew close to the village he passed Hadsel's farm (now Brookmead, the home of Mark Paul, and Eric and Alice Roper), behind which the Hadsel saw, grist, and cider mills churned away on the Konkapot River. When he took a detour to sample some fresh beer one day, he went down Wellman Road to the Fargo farm on Wellman Road that is now the home of Joyce and Lew Scheffey. Townsends lived across the way where the Thieriot family lives today. When he visited a "French shanty," he likely was at the woodland camp of some French Canadian charcoal makers.

Harmons continued locally into the twentieth century. Parker Harmon (Philando's son, and Elihu's nephew) was Monterey's police chief for a long time, and ran a gas station where Walsh's Auto Repair is now. Elihu's younger brother Frank Harmon lived in what is lately known as the Edith Wilson House, on the east side of New Marlborough Road at Main Road. Frank was Monterey Town Clerk from 1906 until 1941, the longest-serving town clerk in Berkshire County at the time of his retirement.



The parsonage built for the Rev. Joseph Avery near the old town center, where Elihu Harmon lived for nearly fifty years. His diary was found in the attic after the house had been abandoned. It is now gone. Photo from an old postcard, photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

think then that I ever should, but time changed my situation, and if reports be true I became one of the most famous of the speakers at the S. B. I. [South Berkshire Institute, a school for boys], but I will drop it here and speak of it in its proper place. There were 109 pupils when I was there, the most faces I had ever seen in a school room.

March 6. Did you ever visit a French "shanty?" I have today, in company with a friend of mine. Perhaps a brief description of one will not come amiss. It is made of logs, "chinked up" with bits of wood. The cellar is also made of logs, covered with dirt. There is a bench around the interior of the cabin on which the men sit, to smoke, spit and jabber. At meals, they sit on the bench, and in chairs with a table between them. The dish of soup sets in the middle. They have no bread plate. Each person takes out his soup, cuts off a slice of bread, and passes the loaf, which is by no means a small one, to the next who does likewise, until the loaf, like a member of a lodge, has "traveled the circuit." They eat a great deal and seem to relish it.

A Sweet Time. I write the title thus, because, it was a "sweet" time in more than one sense of the word. It was sugar time. Some brief details of it will not come amiss, showing how I spent my days during this delightful period.

To "sap it," one must "start" in the morning, and if the "works" are large, he can not sleep very early at night. I rose early, did up my chores, and then started for the "sap house," which was a house with no roof. Boards leaned up against some sticks, battened with hemlock, formed this romantic house. Being a comfort loving person I took up some old chairs, to accommodate myself, or anyone else who was so kind as to favor me with a call. Having helped to "gather" the sap, I was made fireman and engineer, till it was time to "gather" again for a night trip. During the time I was fireman I read the hair breadth escapes of Dick Turpin, Sixteen Stringed Jack, and Claude Du Val. In these days I had a thirst for reading of this kind. Of such reading I shall speak in a later part of these Notes. They used however to "drive away dull care," and at that time that was all I required of a book. Amusement, and to "kill time" were my chief ideas as I read this bundle of over wrought Romance. I met the idea, and thus the ends I desired were accomplished. I have often read a hundred pages a day, besides my work. To pass away the evenings that I "boiled," I used to have some of the boys for company, one night Fortune smiled on me and I had a young lady up at the "camp" for a little while. I saw her home at an early hour, and then returned to my work. I used to stay till twelve, the boys and myself passing the time away by singing and talking. We often made the wilkin ring with our melody. Before I left, I used to fill the pan , build all of the fire I could and leave it to take care of itself. Eating wax, reading novels, and quipping with the young ladies, when I chanced to meet them, made this a "sweet time" in every sense of the word, as I then regard such a time. This "sweet time" began late in March and ended early in April.

Eating wax, reading novels, and quipping with the young ladies, when I chanced to meet them, made this a "sweet" time in every sense of the word, as I then regard such a time.

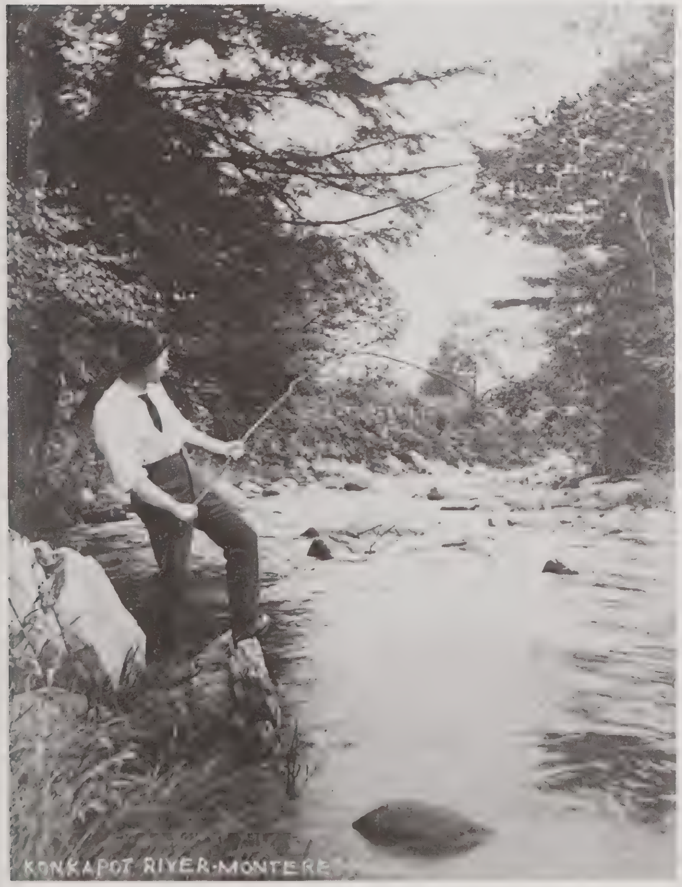
A New Period. This Period extends to the "Poet's month of May." It carries me to my fifteenth birthday. It is a fact worthy of note, that I didn't get whipped on

Facing page: from an old Monterey postcard, photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

the thirtieth of April. This was a notable Period in the history of "Our Country," if not in my history. Good and bad events followed each other in such rapid succession that the inhabitants were in a state of great excitement. With the Good and Bad, came joy and grief, so rapidly that while they were yet exulting over the Fall of Richmond, they were plunged into the deepest mourning by the death of the Chief Magistrate by the hand of an assassin. The Fall of Richmond was hailed with delight, made known by the roar of cannon, and the joyous ringing of bells. The fall of Lincoln was ushered in by the most mournful tones that a weeping people could make, as inanimate bell could utter. The nineteenth of April was observed as a day of solemn fasting and prayer, on the same day was the funeral of Lincoln. Historians of more note than I am, and with abler pens, have already described these events, so I will leave posterity to read their versions, rather than mine.

May 3rd, 4th and 5th. Worked hard for two days and a half. Planting potatoes was the work. It was my first planting worthy of mention, unless the time father set me at a year or two ago is worth mentioning. He was away on business. I planted till he was fairly out of sight, and remembering that I had business at the house, I threw down my hoe and left. This is an example of my boyish pranks.

The last half day I spent in hunting, or carrying a gun through the meadow. I did not get near enough to anything to shoot, so on my way home I came by the schoolhouse, and like any other careless boy, endangered the lives of the scholars, by "banging" away at a mark. I was fortunate in hitting the mark, and not one of



A LETTER

From a letter of Frank O'Neill (then of California) to E. Orlando Thomson, written in 1922. The O'Neill family, originally from Lee, owned and operated a paper mill in Monterey during the 1860s. Mr. Thomson (who is remembered by Marion Thomson as belonging to a branch of the family that later settled in New Jersey) passed the letter along to Elihu Harmon, then schoolmaster at the Village School in the center of Monterey. Mr. Thomson, Frank O'Neill, and Elihu Harmon were schoolmates at the South Berkshire Institute in New Marlborough in the late 1860s.

. . . I am quite sure that it was in 1860 we first met in the little old school house in Monterey. We moved from Monterey to South Lee about 1870 . . .

. . . Yes, I went to the South Berkshire Institute—New Marlboro. I went there with Elihu Harmon and Jimmy Clark. We walked from Monterey Monday morning and returned home again Friday after school. We used to walk it from Monterey to New Marlboro Monday morning and get there by 9 o'clock and after 4 o'clock p.m. we left New Marlboro for home.

Those were some of my happiest days. I liked that school and when I was back there I was sorry to learn that it was not South Berkshire any longer as it had been turned into a hotel.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Cheerleaders at rest.
Memorial Day 1997

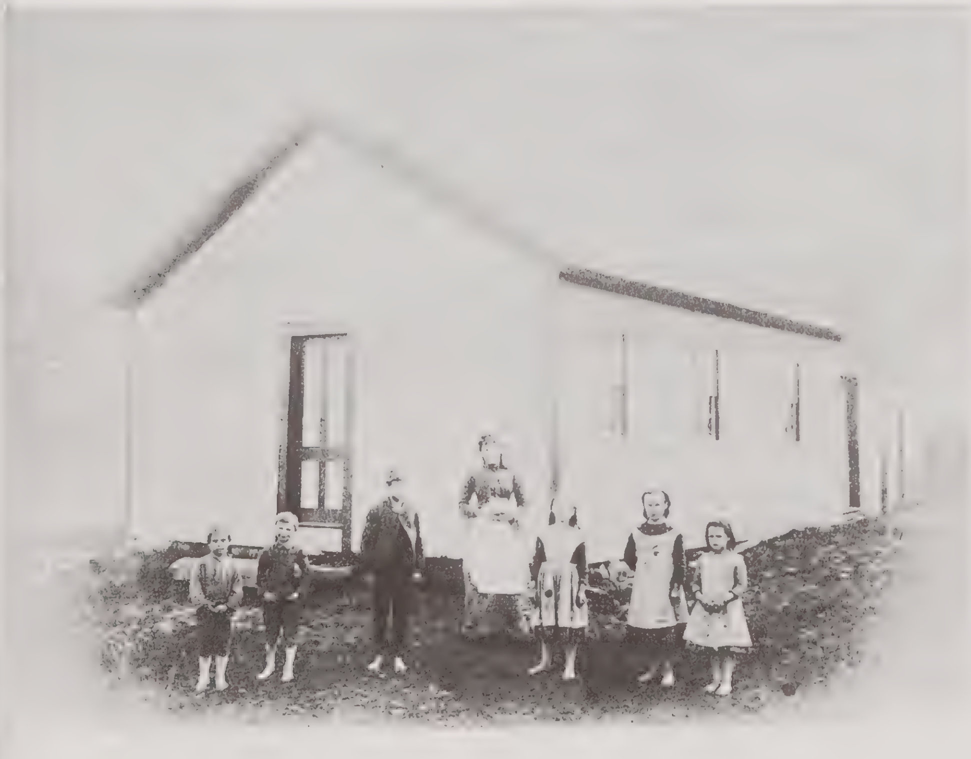
the young ones. It is a wonder I was so lucky taking all things into consideration. Before this I had killed a cat at a very short range, so short in fact that I blew the "wad" into her. In later times I have proved myself a marksman of very certain, but more commonly of very uncertain success. Being at the house of a neighbor one day, they stated to me that there was a strange cat about the place, and that if I would take it away from the house I might have the pleasure of shooting it. I was very much elated at this generous offer. A friend helped me to secure the prize, and away we went down a lane. When we came to the place of execution, we tied the culprit to the fence. I crossed to the other fence, rested the gun and fired. When the smoke cleared away where was the cat? She was taking "leg bail" for security. I had cut the cord of the hemp, not of the cat. She ran away or died, as she was never seen about the place again. In some respects this was a certain success. In others it was not. I had great success when I brought one of Bob O'Link's numerous family down from an elevated position, which he held in a tall tree. These are some of my most wonderful and hair breadth escapes and adventures while I was a "mighty hunter."

In a word, worked all day, and ran about in the evening no one knows where.

May 8th. Went out to Barrington in the evening to hear "Comical Brown." I was delighted with the entertainment, as was every one else. Brown has a way of puckering his mouth that will suit his hearers. He is good at the Paddy, German, and Yankee. Mr. Canterberry and Miss Marsh were with him. They are splendid singers, or they were at that time.

June Pictures. These are farm pictures, painted in ink. The first thing that I hear in the morning is Elihu, yelled in father's loudest key, at which I generally reply yes. I bound out of bed, while Riber is thinking whether it is best to get up or not. I get nearly dressed before he gets his mind made up, he is like other Germans, a "deep thinker" but he comes at last to a certain conclusion and sits on the bed groaning over all the ills that "flesh is heir to." I go after the cows, while he is nerving himself for his day's work. I have learned him to milk. He knew how to hunt eggs before he came here. Our work for the day was hoeing or something of that sort. I used to read some evenings, or what was worse, run to the City. Being out nights is a pernicious habit, that is to be out every night as I used to be. It is pernicious physically, mentally and morally. I know this, for I have "been there." I shall speak of this more fully, by and by. I used to help mother do her housework. I minded the baby and read. We made a little hay toward the last of the month. We went fishing, with varied success. In a word, worked all day, and ran about in the evening, no one knows where.

"Glorious Fourth." Our opinion of the "Fourth" is some like the Irishman's, that the "Fourth of July was as good as St. Patrick, or any other man." Wilson lived on our other place, and his father lived in Pittsfield. You may think this is a thing of no importance, but to me it was of vast importance. Why? Because there was a probability that I might spend the "Fourth" in the Metropolis of Berkshire. Wilson and I had thoroughly discussed the subject while we were hoeing corn and beans. We were to take father's horse, start sometime in the night, so as to reach Pittsfield early in the morning. Our plans worked to a charm! Here is the result. Wilson called me up between two and three in the morning. I was in a fever of excitement. I got ready, or at least I thought I had, but I had not changed my shirt. At last we got "under weigh," as the railers say. It was a very cool morning. A rare but needful thing for the Nation's Birthday. Day had begun to break, but the sun was yet far below the horizon. I dismounted at Hop Brook. Ran round back of the house, took a peep into the windows, but they were not up yet. The morning's kindlings had not yet been fired. They had not started for the "Fourth," but were reposing in the chimney corner. Seeing how matters stood, I gave a few sharp whistles and left. Between Hop Brook and Lee, they were driving up the cows. The yelling of their drivers was mingled with the distant boom of cannon. The bells of Lee rang in the day in their sweet chimes, which floated over hill and dale as if to make Nature rejoice. Nature seemed to realize the fact, for she was attired in her richest green, and lent her coolest breath to gladden those to whom "the day we celebrate" is so sacred. We called at Lenox, and took some ale. Here



The Harmon District School, students, and teacher, date unknown. It remains on its original site today, across New Marlborough Road and a little uphill of the farmhouse at Lowland Farm (Richard, Barbara, and Roger Tryon), where Elihu Harmon lived growing up. The building is now used as a cottage dwelling. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

people were eating breakfast. We reached "Meeting House Hill" about seven. Here we gave our horse a bating [?]. While this was going on I wandered about, "to see whatever could be seen." I sat down on a stone and posted my diary. The scenery on the road from Lenox to Pittsfield is very fine, and the road is a very fine one. I called at a cousin's, and took in more beer. We enjoyed a smoke, while Jerry drove "Stephen" into the would be city of Pittsfield. Jerry drove us through the street, and then took "Stephen" home with him. We were now free to go where we pleased. We soon met Wilson's father, who took us over to his house. Here we disposed of our overcoats. We had worn them as far as Lenox it was so cool. We didn't need them now, as the day had begun to get "warmed up." We were now free to see the city in all its glory. For practical purposes North Street is wide enough, but today it was too narrow. The crowd who had assembled, to hear the music and see the sights, blocked the way. Navigation was perilous. What were the sights, you ask? Several fire companies, led by a good brass band, paraded the streets. A troop of Hibernians "wearing of the Green" marching to the depot. Boys horses and men. The boys devoting all of their energies towards making a noise, by discharging a perfect artillery of torpedoes and crackers. I bought a bunch, and discharged a few, to show that I had a patriotic spirit, although I did not live in PIttsfield. Another sight was the pretty girls. We met Wilson's sister at the Park. Had an introduction. We got well acquainted before we parted. For a change we enjoyed soda water, and a fight. We did not participate in the latter enjoyment, but looked on with wonder and admiration. The boys who furnished this amusement, would have won laurels in the Roman Arena. In the evening we listened to the ringing of church bells, and the booming of a thirty two pounder; which shook the earth, and spoiled a few window glass at every discharge. He was a more powerful speaker than Mr. Emerson who had addressed the people in the Park. He was determined to be heard. Flashes of wit seemed to "come easy." The band furnished some good music, before and at the fireworks. These were very good. They have been better, or so people said. We believed them, for we had never caught them in a lie. Came to the house by the way of the rail road. I had a boy with me, who had lived here all his life, and yet he did not know where he was or I either. But we got home at last. We were now fit subjects to go to bed. To live through the Fourth and enjoy it as we did is very hard work.

Then, the boys not only killed the coon tha
destroyed the corn, but they rejoiced over hi
death by having a corn roast. Eating more corr
than a dozen coons. So much for cooning

Working Out. As we had finished haying , I had nothing to do, and wanting all the money I could get for Cattle Show; although of a lazy disposition I resolved to "work out." I worked for Hadsell a day and a half. For the half day I received a gallon of vinegar. This could be converted into cash at home. For the day, I received $.50. My work was raking hay out of a hole, where there was water enough to let leviathan "play shower." I "cuffed" out some, and mowed away some, and crowded, pushed, and fanned a little more. An item beside the $.50 was dinner and supper. Succotash, potato, and warm biscuit. It was an item to me. Perhaps less to Hadsell when he beheld the provisions vanish as if by magic. I guess I gave satisfaction, for he has since praised my mowing away, and laughed at my watery raking. I regard my "working out" a perfect success. Satisfactory to both the employer and employed. This is an occurrence worthy of notice, because it is so rare at the present day.

August 24th. In former times, more than at the present, "going cooning" was regarded as rare sport, and so it is. The sport is as rare as usual, but is not entered into with the zest of former years. Then, the boys not only killed the coon that destroyed the corn, but they rejoiced over his death by having a corn roast. Eating more corn than a dozen coons. So much for cooning. Wilson said the coons were eating his corn; I possessed a dog, therefore he wished me to come up with Eugene, who had a gun, and help rid him of the pest. Accordingly, about nine o'clock we began to assemble. Eugene, Dan, Bill, Riber, Wilson and myself. We drew near to the corn, and surrounded it. Wilson and I were then sent into the corn to drive out, whatever might be therein. We kept the dog near us, till he became very uneasy. We then told him to go. Away he went, making the wilkin ring with his barking. Soon we heard a great scuffling and shaking, and presently we smelled the coon. I need not add, that a coon smells sometimes like skunk, and so it did in this case. When we reached him, he was nothing but a mass of mangled bones, blood, meat, and hair. An excellent sausage preparation. After viewing the "coon" some of us returned to Eugene's and passed an hour or two away, by relating all we knew on the subject of "cooning."

Bert Eugene Tryon, father of A. Wallace and Nina Tryon, "with mortar board ready to put a new ceiling on our house, the dining room." Photograph about 1900. Courtesy June Tryon.

From the 13th, to the 22nd. Have topped more turnips. Rambled about some with the boys. Dug a few potatoes. Lost and found my spectacles. Frank is much better. He looks very poor and weak yet Mary has also been very sick. She too is better. Have lathed some, and got saved from plastering. The weather is now quite cold. I read evenings, when I am not on the gad. Which is very rare.

To the 29th.

"So at it we meet we brave men of the hod,
Till I hit a d__d Yankee
A belt in the gob."

In these days I was a hod carrier. It is no work for a Yankee, as the Irish quotation, of which Eugene often reminded me by repeating, as the head of this Period shows. Perhaps it is good work if not abused. I think I abused it. I worked very hard, beyond my strength, as I was not well.

Help mother along as she requires, and I have nothing else to do. I churn, and do chores of all sorts. Boil swill, and eat hominy. Drum and toot an accompaniment for Hadsell's accordion. I have a very little musical talent, which I am sometimes coaxed to show.

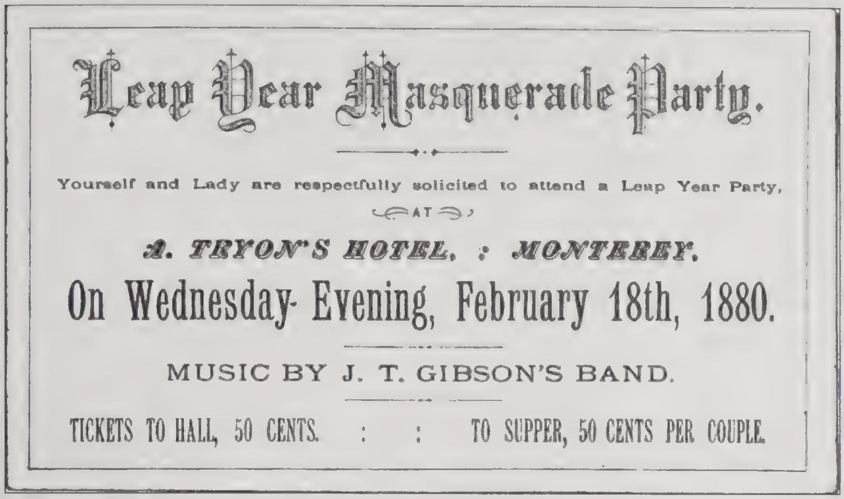
Fever has had work enough to do about here this Fall, at last it got hold of me. I have been feeling unwell for many days. It was all I could do to keep about. I have been much colder than the weather. Little Bill, has been here to see me. He says Charley is dead: He was drowned in fording a river. Bill staid over night. As I grew no better, after going to one of Mary Hubbard's concerts, and by keeping about as long as I could, we called in the Doctor. After learning the symptoms, he pronounced it "Monterey Fever" and gave me medicine accordingly. He said he could have broken it a few days earlier, but it was too late now. The Concert mentioned above, was a splendid one. I ought to have been at home, when I was there. I thought I should freeze coming home.

Nov 5th to 16th. My Diary between these dates is very monotonous. It was written after I was better. All I knew for two weeks was of no value to anyone. I was conscious only of noon and night. Unable to move, or eat any thing. Hankered for cider, but could not get any. Drank cold water, beer and sage tea. These are fine drinks for a fever. Cold water and beer should be drunk with moderation—the tea is a right drink. Drink it cold, and drink all you wish. Often in delirium, I worked with my hod as hard, if not harder than I did while I was well. When I was got up, my clothes were put on me, or else I made a great fuss. Here let me tender my sincere thanks to Wilson, Eugene, and Aunt Armenia who watched with me, also my most sincere thanks to my mother, who oppressed with the work of the house, never let me wait for a moment. Dan and Eli are thanked for the squirrel they brought me. Mary Langdon, who was sick at the time, sent me some of her grapes. From various sources I received apples, and after I was better, some chestnuts from Dan. This is a page of thanks. Let me be thankful to the Creator for all his mercies, and for sparing my life.

Left to right: Bill Bond, Bert Tryon, Alex Dooly, Chester Burrows, and Elmer Kinne. From an album of family photographs, date uncertain. Courtesy June Tryon.

16th to the 27th. I begin to grow better, but as my Diary says, "Sick yet." I begin to remember from this date. Frank called to see me. He is weak yet. I am very poor. Will not weigh over a hundred. Will said my face looked like his old lantern. The fever killed off all the old warts and maggots I had about me, and later my hair suffered the same fate. Time passes very slowly, as I sit up but little, and can not read on account of my weak eyes. The Dr. came on the 25th for the last time. Said he would "let me slide" now. He has been very attentive. Has been here often as late as eleven at night, and more patients yet to visit before he could reach home. I eat a little rice on custard, and some times a small piece of bread and butter. For lunch I have ginger bread and beer. Have had a few wintergreen berries. Of course I feel better now in more than one sense of the word. Ben Hewitt watched with me one night. He is one of the finest snorers that I have ever met with. He is also as hard to wake up as he is to snore. I got sick of the bed, so he built a fire and helped me up. We sat and talked till daylight. Lay aside his faults, and he is as good as anyone.

Dec 11th to 24th. The Relapse. The relapse of a disease, is more than its first attack. Therefore, one can not be too careful after he begins to recover. I had a relapse of the Scarlet fever, which was more or less trouble to me all of one winter. I also caught a severe cold while out coasting, just after being nicely broken out with the Chicken Pox, but these did not compare with the relapse of Typhoid Fever. I was not sick as long in the relapse, but I suffered with excruciating pains night and day. I was nearly as low as before, but I rallied sooner. Went outdoors again on the 24th. Read and wrote some in this time. Some cold weather is recorded, also some wind, and some fine days.



Leap Year Masquerade Party.

Yourself and Lady are respectfully solicited to attend a Leap Year Party,
AT
A. TRYON'S HOTEL, : MONTEREY.
On Wednesday Evening, February 18th, 1880.

MUSIC BY J. T. GIBSON'S BAND.

TICKETS TO HALL, 50 CENTS. : : TO SUPPER, 50 CENTS PER COUPLE.

An invitation. Courtesy June Tryon.

Dec 25th. A Merry Christmas to all. Received an ink stand as a Christmas present from father. One that can be carried in the pocket. Began to go to school. This is another Christmas gift. One from my Creator, Who has spared my life, and thus made me able once more to pursue my studies. They will need pursuing, for I have lost several weeks of the term. I think I have also a good teacher. I learned long afterward that she feared she should have trouble with me, but she had no need to fear that, for she could have handled me as she would a little child, I was so weak. For all these Christmas gifts we and I in particular, render our sincere and hearty thanks.

. . .we called in the doctor. After learning the symptoms, he pronounced it "Monterey Fever" and gave me medicine accordingly. . . .Will said my face looked like his old latern.

Dec 26th. At the close of a year, it is well to look over, or review the past, and so try and better the Future. For the most part of the year I have had a good time. Have had good health with the exception of a few sick headaches, a spike wound, and the "run of fever." Have done considerable work, both indoors, and out. Have read some good books, but I am sorry to say a great deal more good trash. Have taken Our Young Folks and read a little in it. Have been on the gad a great deal, as my number of times going to the City shows, 120 times, and there were eight weeks that I was sick and could not go. Have had a good many "good times," with girls and boys. This is a brief review of the year 1865, and it shows at a glance how things have been going, and are going. There is a good prospect for the Future. On the first of January 1866 we will set out for another year's voyage to another Future, farther on. Hoping our voyage may be a pleasant one, and one that shall be profitable, both to ourselves and to others, we bid the year 1865 adieu.

Jan 17th, 1866. Not anything worthy of note till today. Have killed the time up to date, with the usual amount of reading, going to both district and singing schools. I was at home reading, and having occasion to go to the dam, I heard a chorus of voices coming up the road. I discovered that Hadsell was one of them, so I made bold to yell at him. The result was that I received an invitation to ride on his bus, in good English on a sled. Martha, Lucy, and himself were going up to W. W. Langdon's to spend the evening. Of course I accepted the invitation. We arrived all safe, and surprised them very much. We had a good time, and plenty of apples.

The best part of the entertainment was the music Miss Thomson favored us with. She is a good player, and as we do not hear music very often we enjoyed it very much. Hadsell brought along his accordion, and gave us a few of his choicest pieces. We had lots of fun coming home.

Feb 6th. Went up to Mr. Fargoes, and to Mr. Townsend's in the evening. At the former place, I learned to play dominoes. Harley Hubbard learned me. He was a first rate fellow. He is dead now. Dominoes is now my favorite game. Had a plenty of piped corn and butter.

Feb 17th. Let me try my hand as an artist. The picture is this. A little piece of ice on which a young lady and myself are improving to the best of our ability. The silver "Orb of Night" gives forth her beams, and as we glide about, our tongues slide as fast as our feet. We are now done sliding, and arm in arm we walk toward home as happy as we can be, after our cool but healthy sport. This is my first attempt. I will try and do better some day.

Feb 20th. School closed today. I have prepared a very long composition, "The Life of a Sheet of Paper." It was well received. It was said there were not ten men on Town who could write a better one. I have made good progress in my studies, considering the time I have been at school. Have had a pleasant term, and as pleasant a teacher, as I could wish for. I have had no trouble with her, and I think she can say the same of me. Emma and Sarah performed their parts in a comic piece with good effect. There were quite a number of visitors present to hear the recitation, compositions, and declamations.

Henry P. Fargo, son of Rufus Comstock and Mary Pearl Fargo, photographed about 1900. Henry P. (1848–1908) was two years older than Elihu Harmon. The place on Wellman Road called Turkeybush, now owned by Joyce and Lew Scheffey, is designated "R. Fargo" on the 1876 Beers map of Monterey. Courtesy June Tryon.

Feb 22nd. Visited Coltshire School. Had a tip top time with the young ladies of that institution. Of course this time had its usual amount of bothering to make it a "good one" to me. Dispensed blue ink rather freely.

April 15th. Dan and I have been out cat hunting. We got one. This reminds me of the cat Dan killed and skinned alive. He gave it a good thumping, enough to kill it as he supposed, and then began to skin it, as the fur was black and good, and the cat a very large one. "But half of his heavy task was done," when the cat told him by an unearthly howl that she wasn't dead yet. Dan then finished the cat, and afterwards finished skinning it. I never heard a more pitiful noise than the cat made. Will Doud has come up to make me a visit.

The "poet's month of May" is now here. I will write a prose poem or Pastoral, from the **1st to the 15th.**

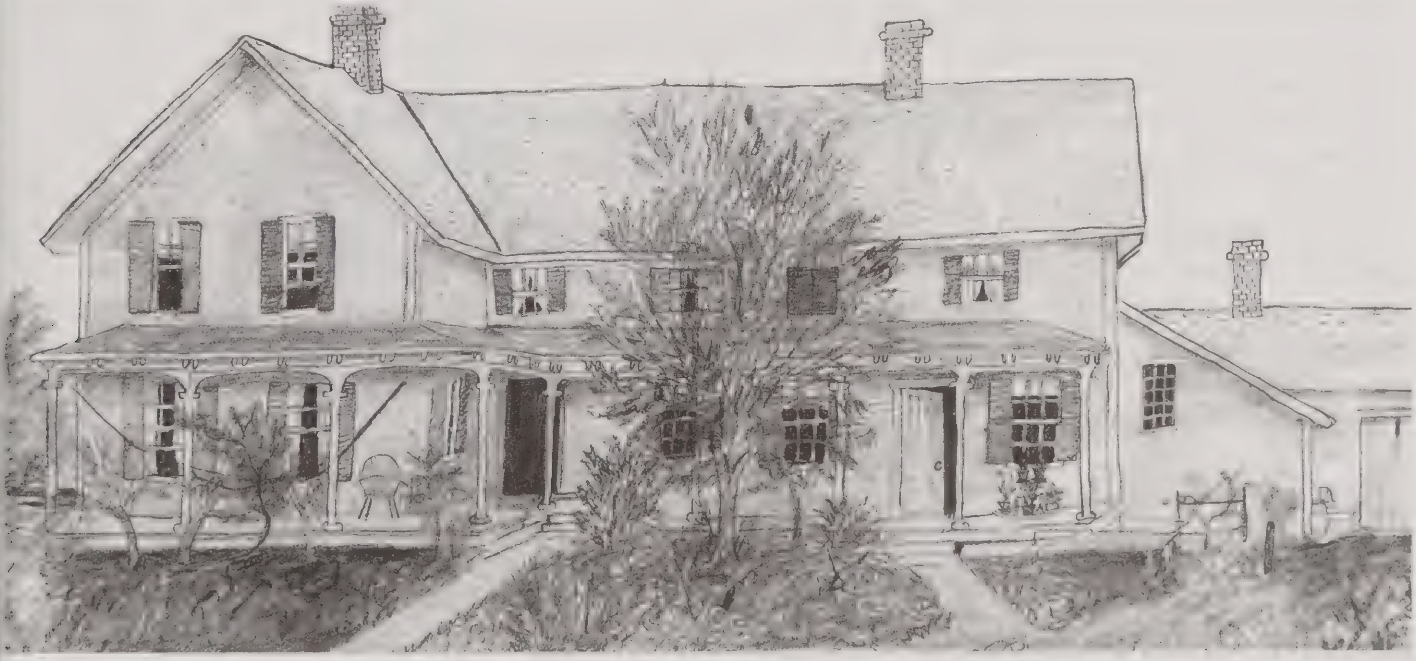
My Pastoral, has a plot—of ground, a farm on which we earn, or try to earn, our "daily bread." Our life is poetic indeed. We have to turn out to chores, rain or shine. These chores, are to milk the cows, feed the hogs, calves, and horses.

Some of these nice things we are able to have twice a day. Breakfast, dinner, and supper are always welcome guests at our farm. After breakfast, comes the work of the day. It is very uncertain what this work will be, also uncertain as the weather. About these days, it has been as follows. Drawing manure, picking up stone, planting potatoes, and various other things that are necessary to the existence of the farm and its occupants.

Sports and Recreation. There are two Cantos to our Poem. This is the second. It shows the other side of the farm, the smooth side, not the stony. Eli and I have been fishing. He found a hawk's nest while out one day. He secured the young one, by the sacrifice of a pair of pantaloons. We tried to get the old one, but could not. I sleep some, read some, and go to the City a great deal more than some.

15th to 19th. Have been out hunting. Shot one Bobolink. I used powder and shot enough, to have killed all there were in Town. I have been to get my dog licensed. Had a good visit with Alburn, as I always do when I go there. He showed me several nice books. Eli and I were returning from the City one evening, when we were informed by Hen Fargo, who will play a conspicuous part by and by, that he had a barrel of beer at his house, and stumped us to go up and get some. We went of course. His beer was "tip top." We drank a good supply, and came home. All our beer cost us, was a mile and a half extra travel, but we were boys, and made nothing of it.

24th to 30th. I have been fishing. Have been to the City as many times as usual, and I guess more. Tried working in the garden a little. My chores and housework have received due attention. I have been out on Dry Hill, and piled up some wood. Took a ride down hill, that I did not admire very much. I feared I should get a broken neck. I was seated on some long sticks of timber. I neglected to get off at the top of the hill, and when I had got part way down, I dared not get


An original pencil drawing, artist and date unknown. This house was designated "J. Townsend" on the 1876 Beers map. It stands across Wellman Road from the Fargo farm (now Scheffey) and is currently owned by N. Robert Thieriot. Jonathan Townsend (1819-1892) was the son of Lemuel and Mary Jenkins Townsend, and the brother of Lemuel J. Townsend (1816-1886), first Monterey Town Clerk. Courtesy June Tryon.

off. The oxen stopped after they had crossed the bridge. I came out all right in the end, but I don't care to ride down that hill with the same team and in the same style again, for fear of what might happen.

June 2. Picked up stone. O'Neill's new mill started. Had a nice chat with Mary and Kate. Mary told me of the "Rhetoricle [sic] Exercises" at S. B. I. I know all about them now (1871).

17th to 24th. Read some. Hoed corn and potatoes. Worked in the garden. Slept some. Went bathing quite often. Called on the City as often as convenient. It is not a very hard task to go to the City after you have done a hard day's work, but it would be like "pulling teeth" to work the same length of time. Help mother about the house. I pass rapidly over these weeks, because it is about the same every day.

The Fourth. Read some, and backed [?] a lot of bean poles to the house in the morning. Went up to the Pond to W. S. Langdon birthday party. Had a fine time, and a most excellent dinner. I left early, as I expected to go over to Hop Brook. It looked like rain. When I got down to the City Ed Perry informed me there would be no ball. Meeting Jamie Clarke, Eli, M. Mansir, and two or three girls I concluded to stay. Eli "stumped" me not to go home to chores. I accepted. We staid and pushed the girls in a swing. L. O'Neill was around. He was well "beered." He made a lot of sport. The girls were disgusted, and went to the house. I followed suit. Mrs. T. tried to get him away. "I haven't done any thing," drawled L., now Mrs. T. don't be so d__d ramcious [?] about it. The girls sent me over after Gen Bowdish. This was the first time that I had ever been after a young lady, or escorted one. Imagine how I did it. Found her washing pails. Asked her if she was ready to go over, as the girls had sent me after her. Said she would be ready soon. We set out, and arrived in safety. Tobacco smoke not offensive. Made night roar with the roar of crackers. Went for beer, but the "shebang" was shut up. We did likewise and went home, time 12 or thereabouts. The "fourth" was well, but perhaps not over profitably spent. I was satisfied with our patriotism, if the other members of the party are.

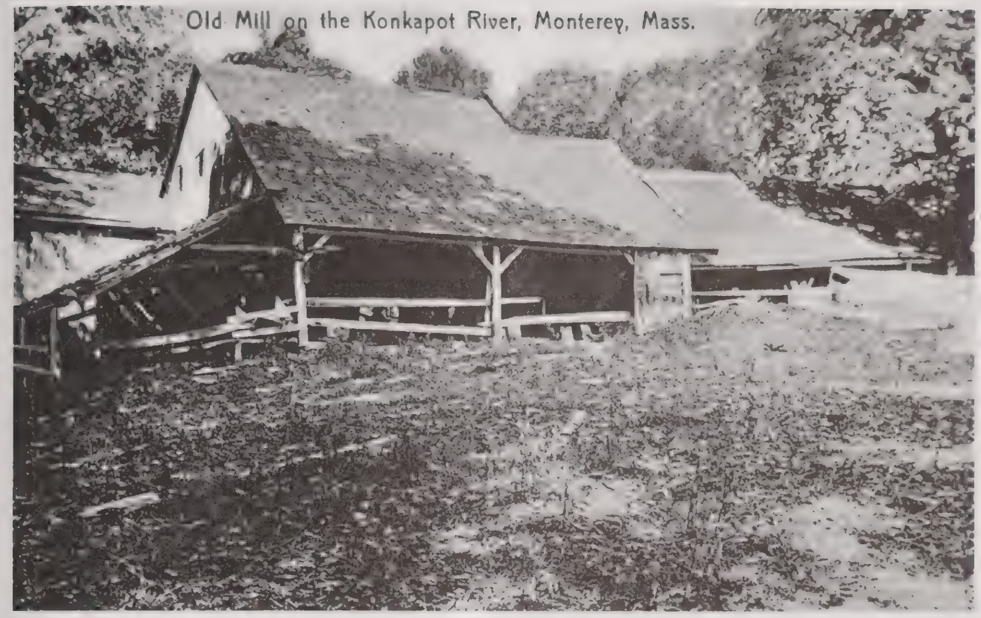
15th to 22nd. Have been down to the dam to bathe. We go down every Sunday. Eli's father gave us a "loud" invitation to call, but he declined. He said he will call on him (Eli) then. Worked up to Benedict's most of the week. We pestered him terribly about an old haversack. We got him very irate. He told us there would be "trouble" if we did not bring it back. Told him we would lick him if he said anything more about our taking it. He went on, I poked him with the rake. He "put" for me, and I "put" out of his way, and "put" the rake in it. He broke it. Seeing the damage he had done, he

A Bargain Struck

This story of how Elihu Harmon was first hired to teach school was reported in The Springfield Sunday Union and Republican *of January 14, 1934:*

In the autumn of 1869, failing in securing a position as a teacher of some "deestrict" school I engaged in canvassing for the "Innocents Abroad." Meeting with fair success in my home town, Monterey, I crossed the "divide" into Tyringham, where I had many relatives. I arrived there on the eve of Thanksgiving and as that was a holiday I decided to go to Lee, taking passage on a load of cordwood. Enroute I was accosted by the late Dr. John Wilson, who was one of the "dignitaries" of the town. He inquired if I wanted to teach a school. I told him that I did. A bargain was "struck" in about five minutes and I was teacher-elect of the Center school of Tyringham at a salary of $50 for three months. I was to "board around" which was quite common for schoolteachers 65 years ago.

desisted. The rake was his own, or he wouldn't have cared. Eli was all ready to give him one behind the ear. We labored a good part of the night. Benedict is famous for that kind of light to work in. Father promised to come up and help us, but he did not. I found him at home playing a Jews harp as contentedly as if nothing had happened. I gave him a few; perhaps I ought not to have done so, but I was very tired, and out of temper. O'Neill is doing well. I am glad of it.



The Hadsel Mill, where grain was ground, logs were sawed, and cider pressed. It stood on the east bank of the Konkapot, behind the farm now called Brookmead (owned by Mark Paul and Eric Roper). Today Kenneth R. Heath pastures beef cattle, pigs, burros, and donkeys on the land there. Geese patrol the barnyard. From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

22nd to 29th. Returning from our bath, Eli and I stopped to pick berries. He spoke of rattle-snakes being in the bushes. I said I guessed there were none nearer than Dry Hill. I moved to a new bush, when whizzyyyy, we besprang into the road. We concluded, that there was one nearer than Dry Hill, at any rate I did. We procured some rails and punched him out. He was very angry. Our dog wished to get at him, but we dare not let him fearing he would get bitten. Went fishing. Had a mess of roasted fish. Worked hard at haying. Use my spare time in reading, sleeping, and going to the City. I love that place. It is no task to go there and stay three or four hours after a hard day's work. Staid up to Hen Fargoes. He has a cat that sleeps with him, but she won't let any one else sleep: she's "all over like parsley."

August 14th to 26th. Read some. Worked at haying. I make several notes of a certain young lady. I believe I am a little spoony on this subject. I do think that a kiss is one of the sweetest things that you can put your mouth to. There is one thing necessary to make it sweet: you must both have an appetite for it. I may have occasion to speak of kisses again; so I will not trouble you more now. We went on a foraging expedition. We went "through" a corn field to the tune of a big sack full. One of the party declared that it would "take a certain horse to Bangall and back once more." We returned through he woods, guided by the moonlight. We found every thing in readiness to cook the corn. We ate a kettle full, and as we sat back from the table, we took up our cobs, and began a brisk bombardment. We had a jolly time.

Bill and I tramped half way to Colebrook one forenoon after those pesky yes thrice pesky calves.

September 1st to 9th. Bill and I tramped half way to Colebrook one forenoon after those pesky yes thrice pesky calves. We traced them there with much trouble. They came home, much quicker than they went. We have finished haying. I am not a bit sorry. Went black berrying. Worked for Eugene. Dug potatoes. Took a couple of scoldings; one because I was late at chores; the other for leaving mother when we were out berrying. I supposed that she had gone home. Visited Jare's school. I had a tip top time up there. Amused myself by pelting a couple of girls with a bouquet. One shot hit Mrs. Curran. I did not mean to have it.

14th to 21. In Autumn, when the leaves begin to change their hue, when the sky is a lovely blue, amid the singing of birds and the rustle of corn stalks it is pleasant work to husk corn. Imagine yourself seated behind a few stacks of corn, where no wind can hit you, should there chance to be a little, looking out upon the rich Autumn colors, and breathing the air, that now and then has a smell of frost bitten corn in it.

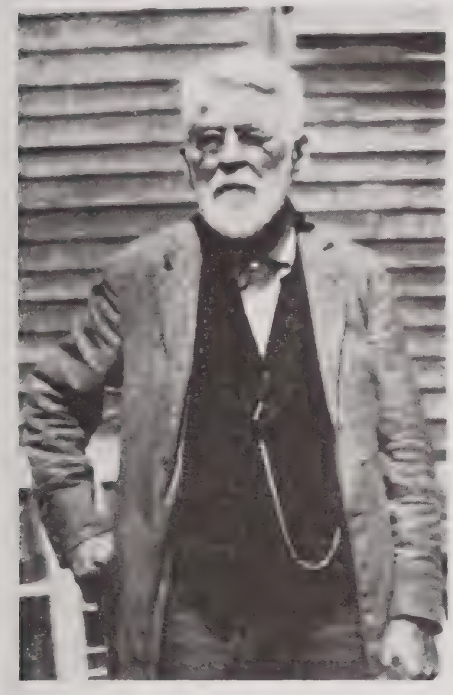
21st to 28th. Went down to Hop Brook. Churned. Went to see a couple of ladies home one evening. On my way back, I did not come directly home, but rambled about by moonlight. Had a very fine ramble. Have been up to the City two or three times. Read some during the week. Helped the women some. Husked and got in corn. Went down to Hadsell's to a "husking." I discovered, that they husk here as they do everywhere else. After we got through, we were invited into the house, where we disposed of pumpkin pie and cider, with as much ease as we husked his corn. I have a weakness for good pumpkin pie and cider. Our hogs have to have swill yet.

Delmor Clarence Tryon (1856-1927), son of Albert and Florilla Smith Tryon, and grandfather of Richard D. Tryon. Photographer and date uncertain. Courtesy June Tryon.

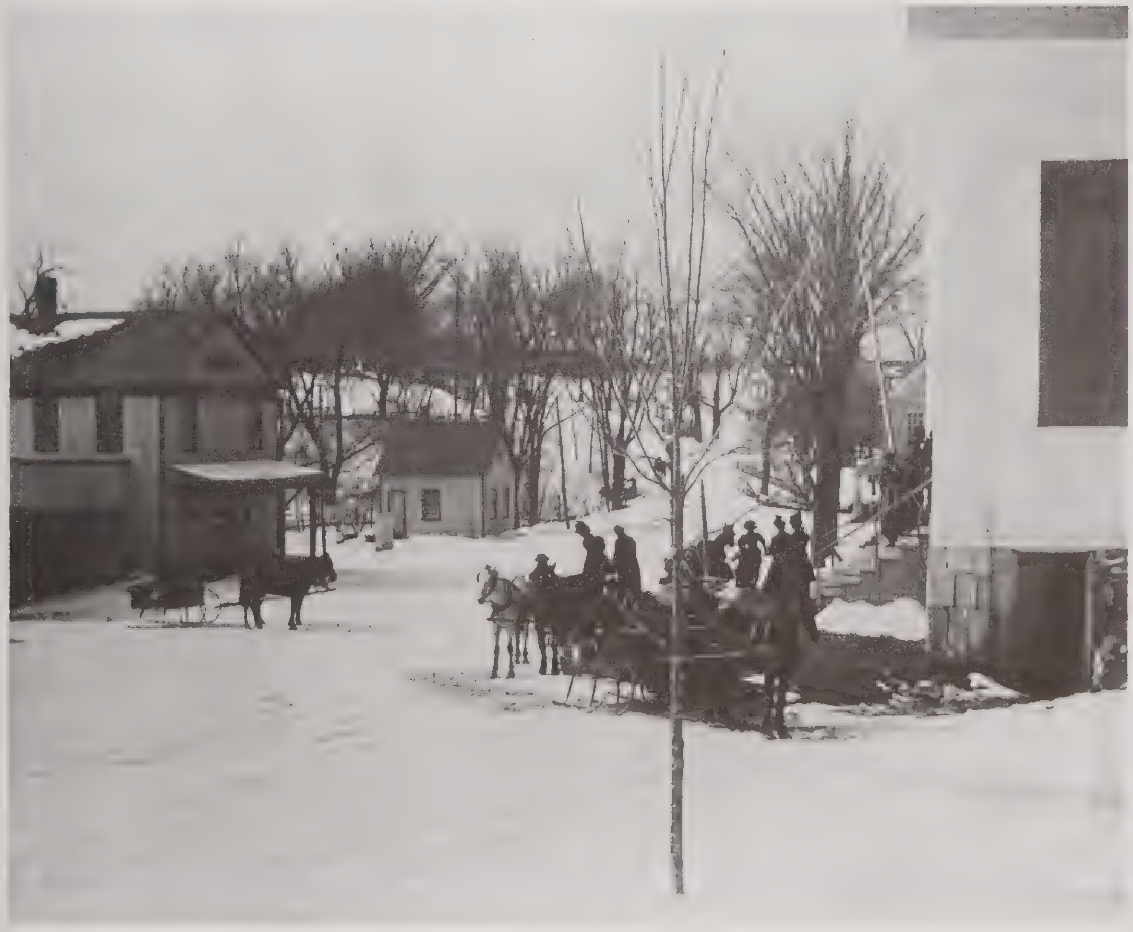
I am sorry in 1871, that I did spend these evenings in reading novels. A novel will do once in a while, but to read them at wholesale as I did is very bad indeed.

Through the month. Helped the women. Went to church. Husked corn. Read newspapers and novels in the evenings. Evenings begin to grow longer. I am sorry in 1871, that I did spend these evenings in reading novels. A novel will do once in a while, but to read them at wholesale as I did is very bad indeed. The book and the month will close together. I am glad that the month came so near filling the capacity of the book. I shall begin a new book with the first of November. I regard that as the commencement of a Great Era in my Life's History. In the coming book, I shall be more thorough in detailing events, than I have in this. I regard this as only a sifting out of the most important events that have occurred since I began to keep a diary up to the present time. I shall try to have the rest of the books in uniform binding, and shall try to keep them neat and clean . It will be the work of a couple of years, and perhaps longer to do what I wish to, in the time that I have to do such things in. I shall have it as a sort of knitting work, a thing which I can pick up and lay down at leasure. As I have my Diaires to refer to, it will refresh my memory, so that I can write out the accounts of things as well, and even better than when they occurred, for tho I know very little of the Art of Composition, I don't know any too much of it now. While I am writing up these papers, I shall not neglect to pursue a course of reading, and if I derive any benefit from it my book shall receive it. The New Era will contain much that will be interesting to my schoolmates at S. B. I. Should these ever be published, and any one should receive any good from them, they are welcome to it. It is the fruit of my experience for several years. It teaches patience and perseverance, if nothing more. Began this book on Saturday, December 4th 1869. Finished it March 2nd 1871, if that is not Patience and Perseverance, then please tell me what is.

End of Volume First



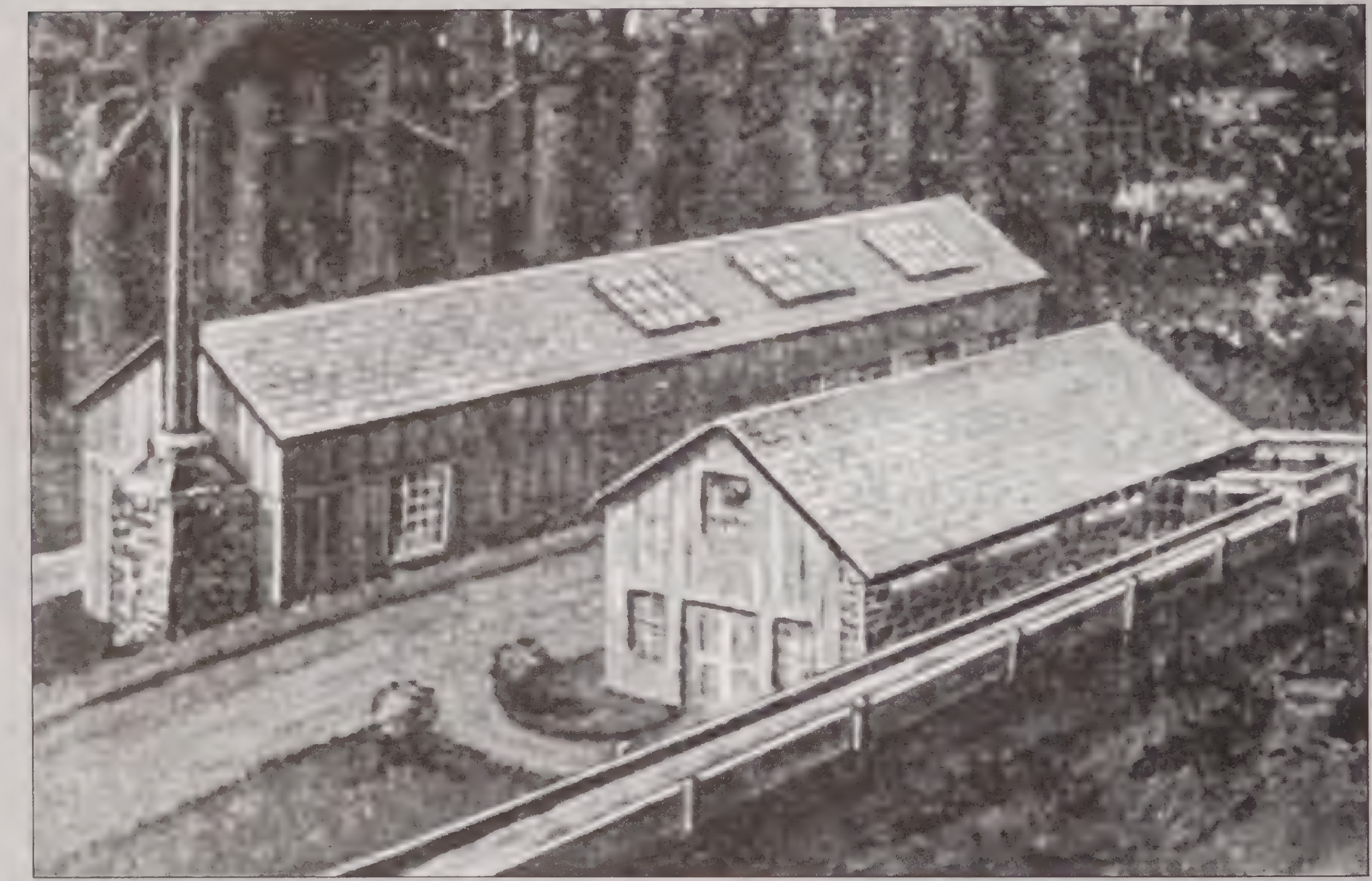
Elihu Harmon about 1928. From "Superior Facts," a pamphlet published by the Paper Makers Chemical Corporation Associates. Courtesy June Tryon.



The town center about 1900, looking west. The library stands where the post office is today. Between the library and the Langdon Store (showing left of the library door) is the scale used to weigh goods by the wagonload. Photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

PAPER-MAKING IN MONTEREY

The following history is quoted from an eleven-page booklet titled Superior Facts (Volume 2, Number 3, the "Holyoke Number"). It was published by the Paper Makers Chemical Corporation Associates in 1928. The O'Neill mill was once located on the Konkapot River less than a half-mile downstream from today's General Store. There were several mills operating along this short section of the Konkapot during the nineteenth century.



The O'Neill mill as it appeared in "Superior Facts." Courtesy June Tryon.

About one hundred years ago, paper making was started in the industrious village of Monterey. Today nothing indicating endeavors in paper making remains there but the ruins. More than thirty years have passed since paper was made and shipped from Monterey.

The ease with which the small water powers of this section could be developed and being adequate for the demands of industry in the early part of the 19th Century, the spot in which Monterey lies was very attractive to manufacturers. Brewer Pond, now known as Lake Garfield, was developed by dams to form to form a reservoir which fed Konkapot Brook. A grist mill, essential first in a community, was followed by the saw mills, wool carding, tannery, cotton mill, rake factory, rat trap factory, and a shop for the making of horn combs.

The old John Manser mill was the first paper mill to be started on Konkapot Brook. The early history of this mill is obscure, but it probably was in operation prior to 1830. Inspection of the ruins today indicates strongly that the mill never produced anything but handmade papers.

About 1850 Robert Leonard McDowell formed R. L. McDowell and Company, remodeled the old grist mill at Monterey and for ten or more years manufactured paper from straw. At one time practically the entire production of the mill was shipped to Cuba. It is believed, however, that the McDowell Company never had any great success because they were involved in constant trouble and litigation over water rights. The operation and production of the mill was greatly curtailed by the running of Langdon's Saw Mill just above it. Frequently the saw mill would use up all the water from the upper pond during a heavy period of sawing with its old "up and down" saw. Then it would shut down to let the pond refill and thus the paper mill was forced to lose production.

Mr. McDowell retired from the paper making business and moved to Wisconsin. The mill was operated by a family named Arnold. The facts about the Arnold ownership are little known, but the mill evidently failed quickly for lack of capital.

The mill was taken over in 1861 by a family of papermakers named O'Neill who came from Lee. They made some improvements and operated the mill until about 1868. When the O'Neills took over the property it consisted of the old grist mill which was used as a beater room and obtained its power from a large overshot wheel. The machine room, which was operated by a turbine wheel, was located across the road. The boiler house was part of the machine room and adjoined the wet end of the machine. Below the boiler house extended the forest from which the wood for fuel was obtained. A short distance upstream was the old Manser Mill, a two-story boarding house, a place of doubtful character known as the "Coffee House"—probably less noted for its coffee than for the quantity and or quality of other drinks. Fire destroyed the old machine room and a new machine room was rebuilt above and joining the beater room.

The mills equipment consisted of a 36-inch one-cylinder machine with an old guillotine cutter which operated continuously. The machine was attended by a cutter boy who was constantly laying off and jogging evenly the pile of sheets with a cutter stick. The O'Neills made a great improvement here by installing a reel stand, permitting the cutter to work intermittently and cutting three sheets at a time from paper accumulated on the reels.

The O'Neill mill also started the manufacture of manila paper from rope stock and near the end of their ownership made some toilet paper. The product of the mill was all drawn by team to Great Barrington, Mass., for shipment to New York City where it was sold by the John P. Sun Company.

After the O'Neill family departed from Monterey, Wilber C. Langdon, who conducted the general store, became interested in the mill property and formed W. C. Langdon and Company to operate it. When the mill was destroyed by fire in 1897, it is supposed that Mr. Langdon was the sole owner, although up to the time of the fire the property continued to be known as the O'Neill Mill. The mill was lighted by coal lamps and the fire probably was caused by the upsetting of one of these lamps by the workers who were said to have been drinking freely of hard cider that night. Several natives of Monterey still recall the fire and describe it as most spectacular. An unusually strong wind on that night carried lightweight sheets of blazing paper for long distances and illuminated the countryside for miles.

Old Dam on the Konkapot River,
Monterey, Mass.

The dam at the O'Neill mill, higher and wider than others upstream. It has been breached long since, but the stonework remains. From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Among the old, remembered employees of the mill were Harry Cullenford, Frank Coleman and William Church.

And now only ruins, through which large birch trees have grown, mark the site of these mills in a natural and most picturesque park. And undisturbed by manufacturing the waters of the Konkapot tumble into this pretty spot. Years after the fire the property was presented to the town of Monterey for a public park through the generosity of the late M. S. Bidwell.

A family of papermakers—Felix, Lawrence, John, Frank and Edward O'Neill—are worthy of special mention in the history of paper making in Monterey. They contributed much to the improvement in papermaking during their operation of the O'Neill Mill, introducing the felt guide, improving reel stands, water finish and making other similar advancements. Prior to their coming to Monterey they had practically grown up in the paper trade in Lee.

Lawrence O'Neill, or "Larry," commonly known as the "Gooseberry Grinder," was a character in his day. He was, however, very ingenious but of a wandering tendency. He had a formula for sizing paper, which called for the use of vitriol or sulphuric acid together with rosin size. He sold to many mills about the country the right to use this process which on demonstration did harden or parchmentize the finished sheet; but a poorly regulated use of the acid always brought harmful results, causing the paper to lose strength and crumble to dust after storing. The mixture was also very destructive to beater rolls, machine wires, screens, pumps and piping.

At the Monterey Mill, Larry attended to the teaming and transportation of the raw stock and finished product of the mill. It is recalled how he had one horse that worked "single" to a cart and it made the long trip uphill without a driver and "rein free," carrying one bale of stock on each trip.

Fannie Florilla Smith Tryon
1823 – 1910

Albert A. Tryon
1821 – 1886

MONTEREY AFTER 1850

by

Delight Wing Dodyk and Peter Murkett

At mid-century the new meeting house overlooked the main thoroughfare between Great Barrington and Otis—a dirt road traveled by people on foot and horseback, by ox carts and horse-drawn wagons. Opposite the church was Wilbur C. Langdon's store, and next to that (where the library now stands), was the original saw mill on the Konkapot. Other factories and shops nearby were kept busy processing raw materials from the nearby woods and farms for local and regional markets; stores supplied necessities for resident farmers, artisans, workers, and their families. Monterey then had a population of 761 souls, most working as farmers, farm laborers, or housekeepers. Principal crops were Indian corn, oats, and rye; maple sugar was another farm product. Local artisans living in Monterey plied their trades in the area, some in addition to farming: there were three resident carpenters, two shoemakers, a cabinet maker, two mechanics, an ax maker, two tailors, a tanner, three machinists, two wagon makers, and three blacksmiths.

One of the blacksmiths, young Albert Tryon (age twenty-seven), moved to Monterey from Connecticut in 1848 or '49 with his wife Florilla (Smith) and their young daughter Alice. The Tryons settled in the house directly behind the meeting house, and began putting down roots. Albert set up his blacksmith shop in the lower level of the dairy barn (now converted to apartments) next to their house on the road to Tyringham. Shortly after settling in Monterey, Florilla bore a son who died in infancy, but over the next ten years their family grew and prospered. Another daughter, Ida, was born in 1851, Delmor Clarence (grandfather of Dick Tryon) came in 1856, and Bert Eugene (grandfather of Ray Tryon) arrived in 1860.

Albert did ironwork repairs and made livestock shoes at his single-fire forge with one assistant, George Hopper, a Dutchman from New York. His production in 1860 was 1,500 horse shoes and 1,600 ox shoes. Over the years the Tryon home became a hotel as well, an enterprise their sons took over as Albert and Florilla aged. Bert and his family acquired the house across from the Langdon Store (where Raymond and June Tryon live today) in 1886, while Delmor and his family ran the hotel and the dairy next door. Alice married and moved away, and Ida, who did not marry, taught school.

Monterey in this period attracted families like the Tryons as well as laborers from other parts of the United States and the world. The settlers included seven African-American families from various states: William and Sarah Jackson and their two sons came from New York State, as did John and Sally Jackson and their two daughters; Vitorus Williams came from Connecticut; Isaiah Adams came from Maryland. The other black families had roots in Massachusetts. There were immigrants from the British Isles: Francis and Isaac Loom, English comb makers, probably worked for Eliad Bishop, a comb maker from Connecticut. James Houston, a young Scottish tailor, lived in the Wilbur Langdon household. Ebenezer Grant, a Scottish woolen weaver, and his wife Agnes and four children had their own home. In 1850 fourteen young, single Irish men and women, perhaps more, settled here to work as laborers and servants in prosperous Monterey households after emigrating from Ireland, where there was a brutal famine at the time. Some Montereyans took in whole families of Irish immigrants. The Gordon Langdon household, for example, housed Mary Cottland, an Irish widow with five children. By 1855 the town population had reached 823, a number not equaled again until the 1990s.

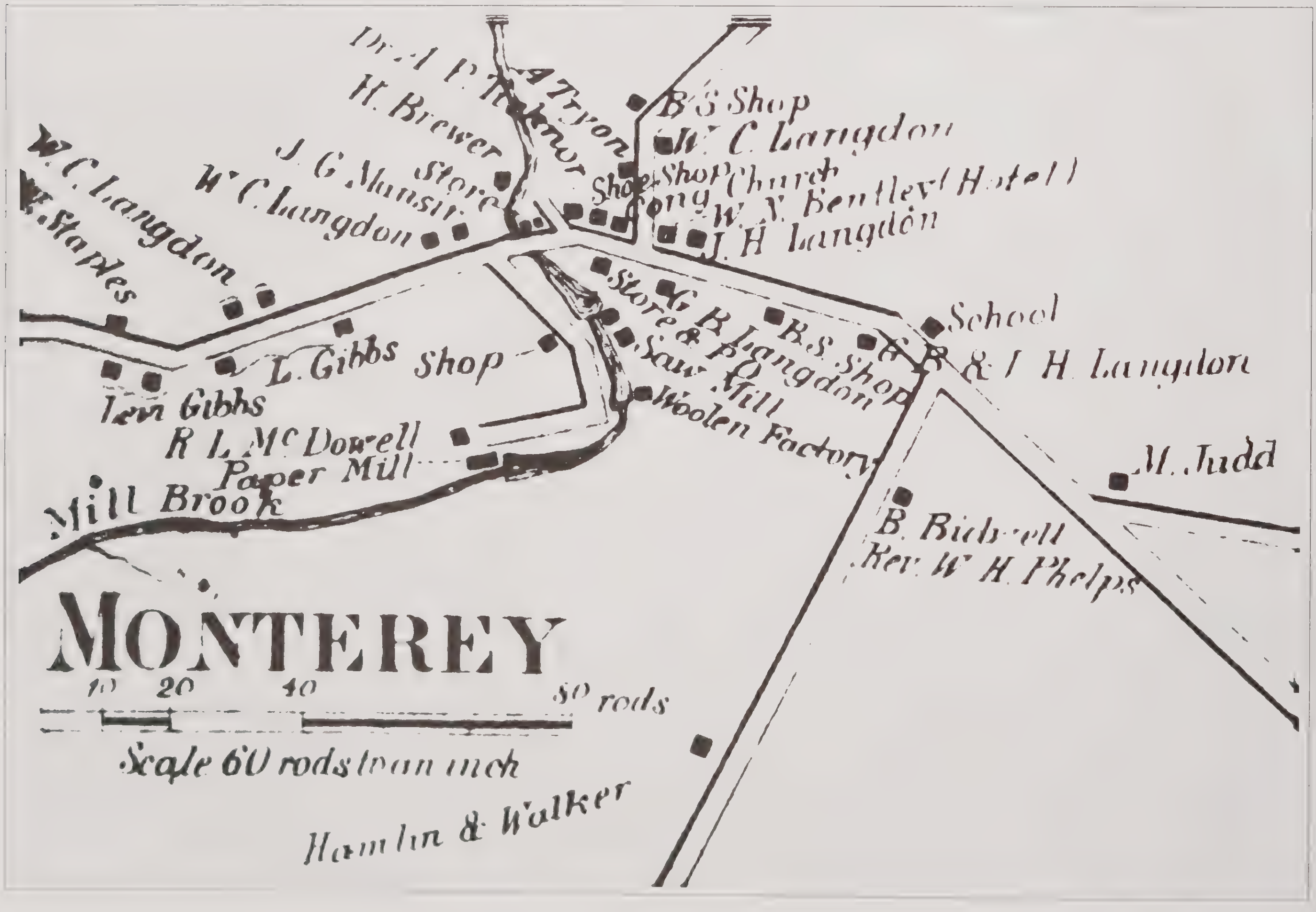
Tryon's Hotel about 1876. Standing on the porch, left to right: Florilla Tryon, Mrs. Warren Loveland (her sister), Albert Tryon, Warren Loveland, Merrick Langdon, Andrew Hall. Bert E. Tryon is holding the horse. The stage driver is Albert Champlin. Portraits from family albums, date uncertain. Courtesy June Tryon.

The Konkapot River supplied water power for mills and factories, which were concentrated along the river immediately downstream of a small dam behind the Langdon Store. Two maps of the town center identify mills and owners in 1858 and 1876. The earlier map by Hamlin and Walker shows three dams in this section of the Konkapot River—which is identified as "Mill Brook." There are two buildings on the eastern riverbank below the first dam designated "Saw Mill." At the second dam is a "Woolen Factory," also east of the stream as it bends west. Buildings located on the northerly riverbank by the dam furthest downstream are identified as "R. L. McDowell Paper Mill." This dam was surely the widest and tallest of the three, and its remains are impressive today. The dams, with the river spread out upstream of them, are less distinct on the Beers map of 1876. It shows a "carding mill" downstream of a second "saw and shingle mill," and identifies these two structures along with a third as belonging to "G. B. and L. H. Langdon." All three are located on the southeast bank of the river. This same map identifies what is now Brookmead Farm on the New Marlborough Road (also east of the river) as the property of "J. K. Hadsel." At least one of these mills was, at one time, a part of the farm property.

The recollections of Wallace Tryon, Della Tryon, and Julius Miner, recorded in this century, help fill out the picture of what was where, and when, along this part of the river. Wallace Tryon recalled the woolen mill as being "about one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, with many windows upstairs and down." It was in the

Monterey in 1858

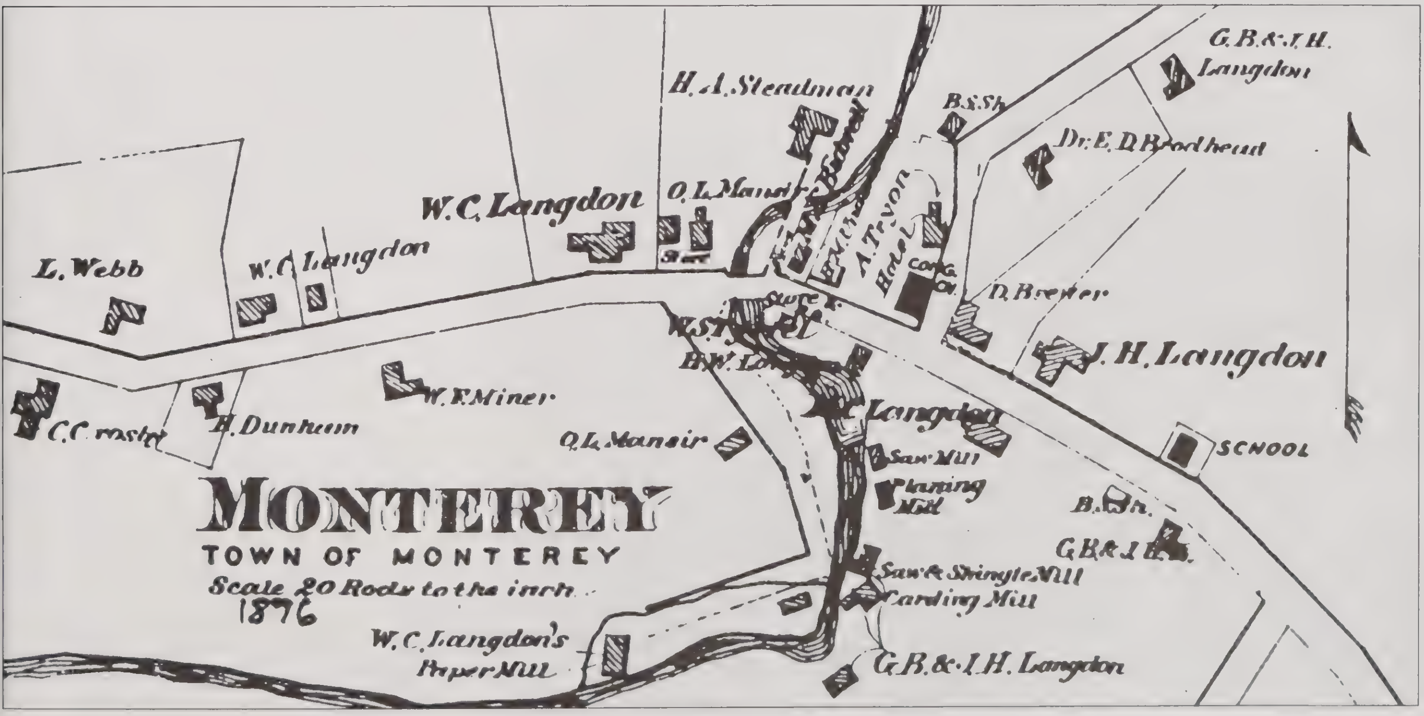
This map of the town center was published by Thomas Walling in 1858. Here the "Store and P. O." is located where the General Store is today; there is a "Shoe Shop" between the church and the home of Dr. Ticknor; there is no structure between the store and the Konkapot south of Main Road; there is also a "Store" on the east bank of the Konkapot north of Main Road; and the paper mill is designated R. L. McDowell. Comparison with the later map on the facing page illustrates changes. For example, the shoe shop shown next to the church here is gone by 1876, but "W. S. Tyrell," who was a cobbler, is identified with a structure between "H. W. Langdon" and the river—the site of the present-day post office. We know from photographs that this later became the first Monterey Library (1891), and in 1930 was moved again to become a caddy house for the Lake Garfield Golf Club. Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.


Dr. A P. Ticknor
A Tryon
H. Brewer
Store
J. G. Munsin
W C Langdon
W. C. Langdon
E. Staples
B S Shop
W. C. Langdon
Shop
Church
Shoe Shop
W. N. Bentley (Hotel)
J. H. Langdon
Store & P.O.
G. B. Langdon
B.S. Shop
Saw Mill
Woolen Factory
School
G & J H. Langdon
M. Judd
B. Bidwell
Rev. W. H. Phelps
L. Gibbs
Shop
Levi Gibbs
R L McDowell
Paper Mill
Mill Brook
MONTEREY
10 20 40 80 rods
Scale 60 rods to an inch
Hamlin & Walker

final stages of dilapidated decay during his boyhood (early 1900s). Julius Miner wrote (remembered, or surmised?) that "the wool was brought from local farms in burlap or large sheets pinned together by thorns from the thorn apple trees which grow about the town in such abundance. Metal pins were altogether too expensive for such use in those days." Wallace also remembered a shop for making fellies (segments of the circular rim of a wooden wheel) and a cider mill, although it is not clear precisely where. According to Julius Miner, pressing apples for cider was a later use of the woolen mill; he also says that this section of the river supplied a tannery as well as a potash and pearl ash works. A two-story building that was part of the paper mill complex was used to house workers, and was located on the northern riverbank.

Julius Miner wrote as follows of the millponds here:

> [A] good miller was known by his keeping his dam clean. The melting of the snows with the spring rains and the thawing of the soil brought great quantities of soil and debris from the hills into the river. These were carried along by the stream until they came to the dams where they lodged. This took room needed for the storage of water but made ideal places for wild life to live and thrive.
>
> Everybody was interested in the cleaning of the dam. This was done by opening the gate, and, when the water was low, puddling the mud into the flowing stream. It was great fun to watch for what might pass through the gate urged on by the puddling process. As the water lowered, the frightened trout would dart up the stream but many kinds of fish were carried by the rush of water through the gate and spread widely over the low ground below the dam.
>
> As the water drained off, many fish were stranded and could readily be gathered by hand. Large pickerel and suckers, turtles and great eels, bullheads, water snakes, and many others were all driven forth by the puddling from their temporary security in the mud. It was a sight to enjoy and long remember.


G.B.&.I.H. Langdon
H.A.Steadman
B.S.Sh
Dr. E.D.Brodhead
W.C.Langdon
O.L.Mansir
Store
L.Webb
W.C.Langdon
A.Tryon
Hotel
Cong. Ch.
D.Brewer
J.H.Langdon
W.S.T.
B.W.L.
W.F.Miner
C.C.
H.Dunham
O.L.Mansir
Langdon
Saw Mill
Planing Mill
SCHOOL
B.Sh.
G.B.&.I.H.
MONTEREY
TOWN OF MONTEREY
Scale 20 Rods to the inch
1876
Saw & Shingle Mill
Carding Mill
W.C.Langdon's Paper Mill
G.B.&.I.H. Langdon

Monterey in 1876

It seems that the tiny designation here for "Store and P. O." properly belongs to the Langdon building located where the store had long been established. By this date Wilbur Langdon had transferred store ownership to his son Henry. M. S. Bidwell is identified with a building on the east bank of the river and north of Main Road, probably the same one called "Store" in 1858. (A. Wallace Tryon later established his garage there, and today it is the home shop of Tryon Construction, run by Ray's son Leigh.) What had been Ticknor is by this time Underwood, from whom Bert Tryon bought the house now owned by Raymond and June Tryon. The "Store" at "O. L. Mansir" was once run by Frank Harmon, according to Wallace Tryon, and later became the Heath livery. The paper mill which was "R. L. McDowell" in 1858 is by this time "W. C. Langdon." The mills at the bend in the river identified with "G. B. & L. H. Langdon" have in other sources been associated with the farm of J. K. Hadsel, where Brookmead Farm is today. Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.

Della Tryon (Wallace's sister) recalled a slaughter house (a later use of one of the paper mill buildings, according to Julius Miner, and probably located on the northwest riverbank) and comb factory along this section of the river. (Julius Miner, however, places the comb factory—said to have made ladies' side combs from animal hooves or bone—on Hupi Road, east of the summer camp once called Fernway.) Della related that "the Hadsel mill further downstream was a saw and grist mill and I can remember going down there with my uncle [Delmor Tryon] to have whole grain ground for the poultry and animals. The road here by the bridge followed the stream to the Hadsel mill, and then turned and came out on the New Marlborough Road below the Gillis place [now Brookmead Farm]. On the New Marlborough Road opposite there was a cheese factory for a short time." The remains of a small stone dam used by this cheese factory are readily visible today from the road there, in a stream that flows under the road on its way toward the Konkapot below.

Mills and factories were also located elsewhere in Monterey during this period. The manufacture of cotton twine occupied three buildings that remain standing today on Beartown Mountain Road where the outflow from Brewer's Pond (Lake Garfield) crosses the road. The buildings have long since been renovated for use as dwellings; one, on the south side of the road, is presently the residence of Betty Lee Carlson, who says that her investigation of the title shows the house used for a dwelling in 1850. The twine factory was owned by Levi Gibbs and Frederick D. Ingersoll, and some of the buildings may have been used even then to house workers. There are remains of a stone dam at a falls on Rawson Brook just beyond where it crosses Wallace Hall Road; the nearby building is designated "W. Hall" on the Beers map of 1876. Julius Miner says this was a sawmill powered by an overshot wheel. There was certainly a dam and sawmill on the Konkapot by River Road where Lovers' Lane joins it just below Main Road (Route 23). It was owned by

Remains of wooden wheels and gears of an unidentified Monterey mill. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Clifford Brochu, who also once owned the stone house on Main Road west of its intersection with Blue Hill and Corashire Roads). This sawmill was powered by a turbine, and, according to Julius Miner, was the last water-powered mill in Monterey. Further down the Konkapot along River Road Mr. Miner places a factory where soapstone stoves and rat traps were made. At the other end of town, near the Sandisfield Road close to the Monterey town line, on water that flows into Rawson Brook, was another overshot wheel, according to Julius Miner, which supplied power for making cheese boxes and hay rakes.

Remains of the Clifford Brochu saw and grist mill on the Konkapot along River Road (at the foot of Lovers' Lane). A turbine housing is visible under the wood frame. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

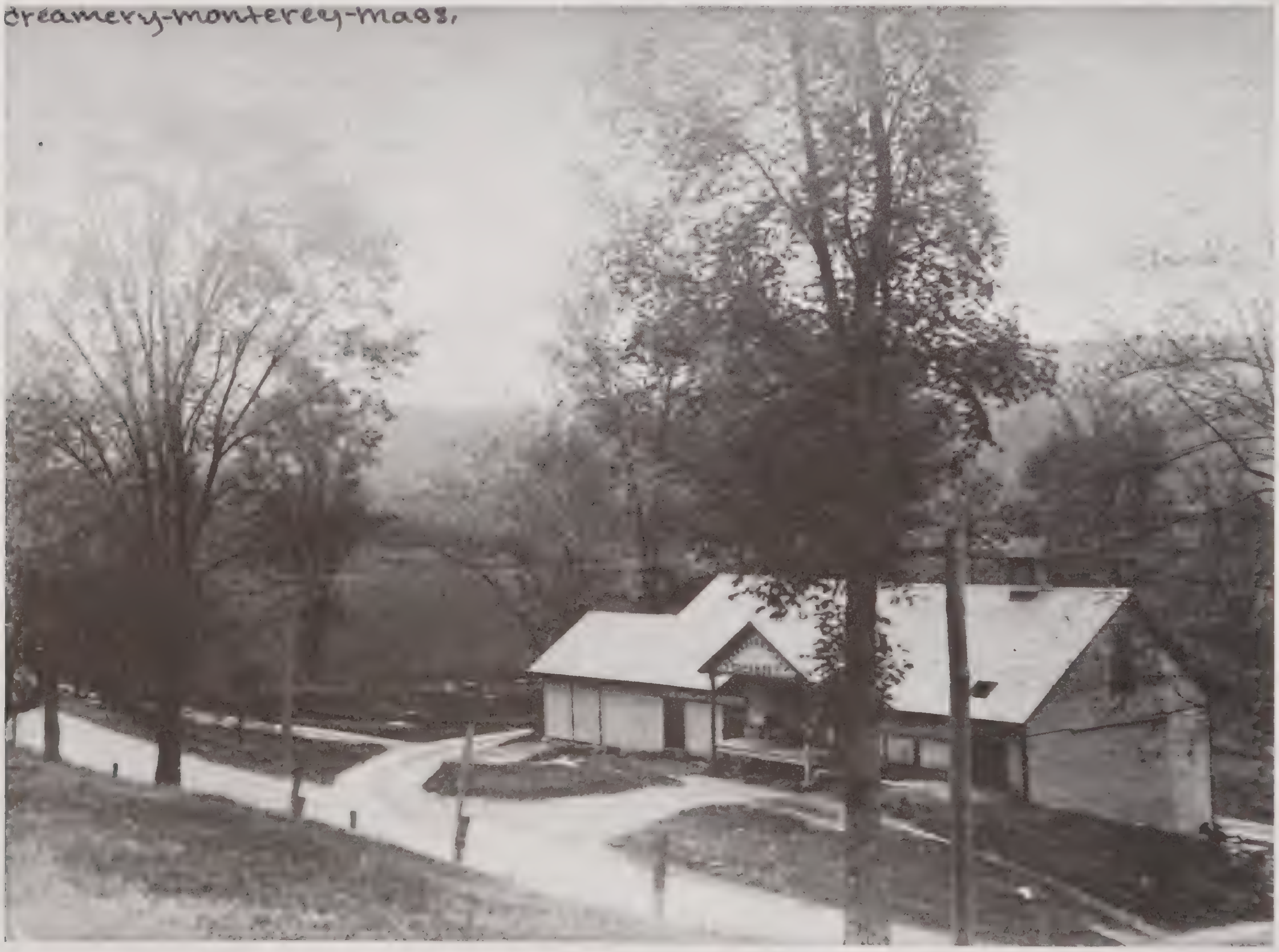
In addition to the mills and factories along the Konkapot, there were several stores and commercial establishments around the town center in the nineteenth century. The cheese factory on the east side of New Marlborough Road opposite the farm of J. K. Hadsel (Brookmead Farm today) has been mentioned. Production reached a peak of 400,000 pounds of cheese annually (Mansfield and Miner) in the early middle 1800s. (Goat cheese is now being made for the first time in Monterey on a commercial scale at Rawson Brook Farm, owned and run by Susan Sellew and Wayne Dunlop. They produce 17,000 pounds of goat cheese annually from the milk of their own herd of alpine goats.) Cow's milk was the major farm product in Monterey during this period, and making cheese extended its marketable life. The same end was achieved by making butter, and the Berkshire Hills Co-Operative Creamery eventually supplanted the cheese factory in serving local dairies. It was located where Walsh's Auto Repair is now, and operated well into the twentieth century. Wallace Tryon gave the following account of the Creamery:

> The Creamery was a large building and in one end was built an ice house where cakes of ice were packed and covered with sawdust for the cooling of the butter in warm weather. Also ice was put into the shipping boxes when it was to be expressed to New York. Outside the building next to the road was an unloading platform, where the cream gatherer would unload his barrels of sweet cream into a hopper which would send the cream through a pipe into a large vat for storage and ripening. This vat was double, with a casing on the outside where live steam could be discharged to help sour the cream for churning. When ready for churning it was put into a large box churn about three feet by three feet by eight feet. This box churn was run by belts and pulleys driven by a small steam engine which was fed wood for fuel. The butter worker was round with indents in the circle. Over the top of the large circle was a cone shaped block of wood, with creases in it, which was turning and mixing the salt into the butter and taking the buttermilk out. The

buttermilk would run out to a hole in the cement floor, into a pipe which carried it to a buttermilk well, about thirty feet outside of the building. The buttermilk would be sold to farmers for fattening their pigs.

The gathering of the cream from the farmers would be let out at contract to some farmer who could take the time to be bothered with the gathering. This would need two separate runs or gatherings. Mr. Herbert Smith had one route, consisting of the Morse district, old center, Brett Road, Blue Hill, Fenn Road [now Corashire], River Road, and Gould Road. This would take six hours or more—it all depended on the roads—mud in spring and snowdrifts in winter. This had to be done summer and winter. Sometimes it was so cold the cream had to be thawed loose from the barrel. As the gatherer would come to the milk house or barn, the cream had to have a sample bottle taken and the farmer's number recorded on same. Also the cream was weighed, that was the way farmers were paid—by the pounds of butterfat in the cream. After mixing the salt in and taking out the buttermilk, it was stamped into one pound bricks, marked B.H.C., wrapped, put into boxes, and stored in the cooler, waiting for the day of shipment. Generally the U. S. Mail or stage would take it to Great Barrington for shipment, or to the Great Barrington stores to be sold. As the farmers grew older and their sons took to the city, small farmers passed on.

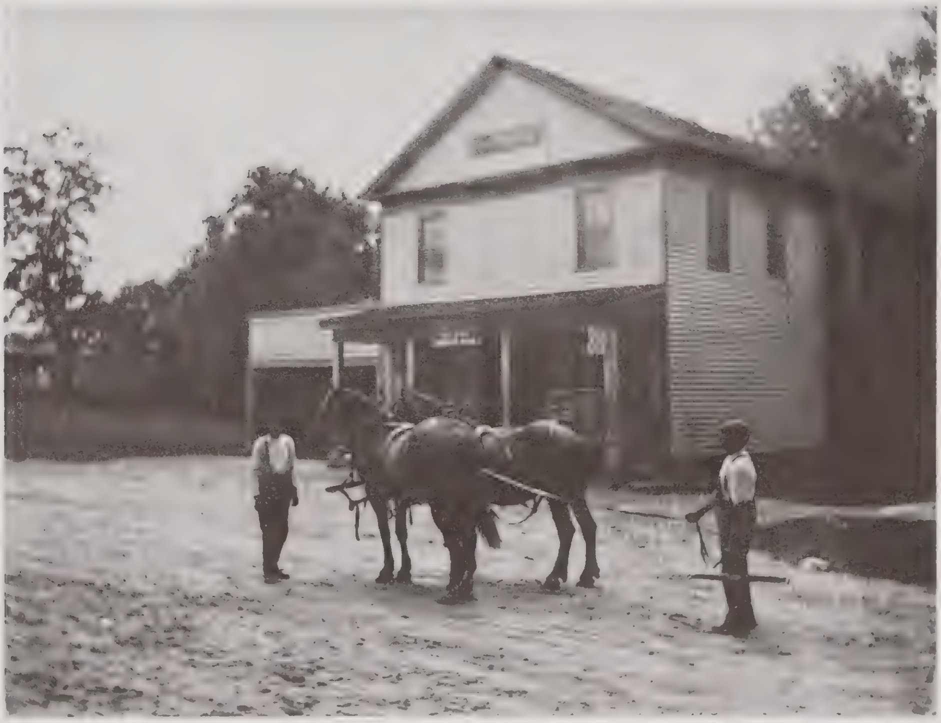
The Berkshire Hills Cooperative Creamery, located on the corner of Main and New Marlborough Roads, the site of Walsh's Auto Repair today. This view is looking south from the hill between the old firehouse and the Center School. From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.



There were two hotels (Tryon's behind the church and Bentley's on the corner of Tyringham Road at Main Road), two blacksmith shops (Main Road and Tyringham Road), and a shoe shop (across from Langdon's Store). Where the Grange hall is today there was once a compound of houses, stores, barns, and sheds, including a meat market run by Mansir and supplied by the slaughter house across Main Road on the Konkapot River (according to Julius Miner), a store run by Frank Harmon, and a livery that was home base for Heath and Barnum, who drove the Monterey stage and hired out teams. The buildings burned in the summer of 1914. Across the Konkapot here, also on the north side of Main Road, was another store, owned by M. S. Bidwell. This is the property that Wallace Tryon eventually bought, where he built a garage for his automobile livery and sold gasoline. It is now the home shop of Tryon Construction, established by Wallace's son Raymond, and run today in turn by his son Leigh.

Of all these enterprises, the store that remains is the Monterey General Store, known for over a century as the Langdon Store, and for a time as Bidwell and Langdon. (William S. Bidwell was partners with Henry W. Langdon in the later years of the nineteenth century.) The store is said to have been built in 1780 and operated continuously ever since. Wallace Tryon claims that Captain John Langdon sawed the lumber for it after he took over the Brewer mill and built the store for his son Wilbur. Published information states that Wilbur C. Langdon "established the store in Monterey in 1835, which he carried on until his death, laying the foundation for one of the best-known stores in southern Berkshire" (*The Berkshire Courier*, January 11, 1906).

In the nineteenth century the Langdon Store was a local economic institution not unlike a bank. It was a commercial resource that covered a wide range, a place where householders could stock the pantry, and farmers could purchase machinery, grain, or fertilizer—major capital investments. Some of this business was transacted on account, and the owner of a store could find himself without



Elery Heath and horses in front of the Langdon Store. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

MONTEREY IN THE CIVIL WAR

by

Delight Wing Dodyk

At least sixty-seven men from Monterey served in the Civil War, or nearly 9% of the town's 1860 population, 758 residents. Men began enlisting as early as September, 1861. Women worked throughout the war to provide the military with clothing and other articles, and the town bore considerable expense to pay soldiers and aid their families. On July 31, 1862, voters authorized the selectmen to pay $110 to each of ten three-year volunteers required to fill the town's quota. Responding in March of 1863 to the federal Draft Act, the town also voted to aid the families of draftees and those who died in service. The federal draft law allowed for paid "substitutes," and in June of 1864 Monterey appropriated $2,500 to promote recruiting, and authorized the payment of a $250 bounty to substitutes taking the place of drafted townsmen.

ROLL OF HONOR WORLD WAR II
RESIDENTS OF MONTEREY

MAGGIE LEONARD

Peter Brown, Monterey Select Board, Memorial Day 1997.

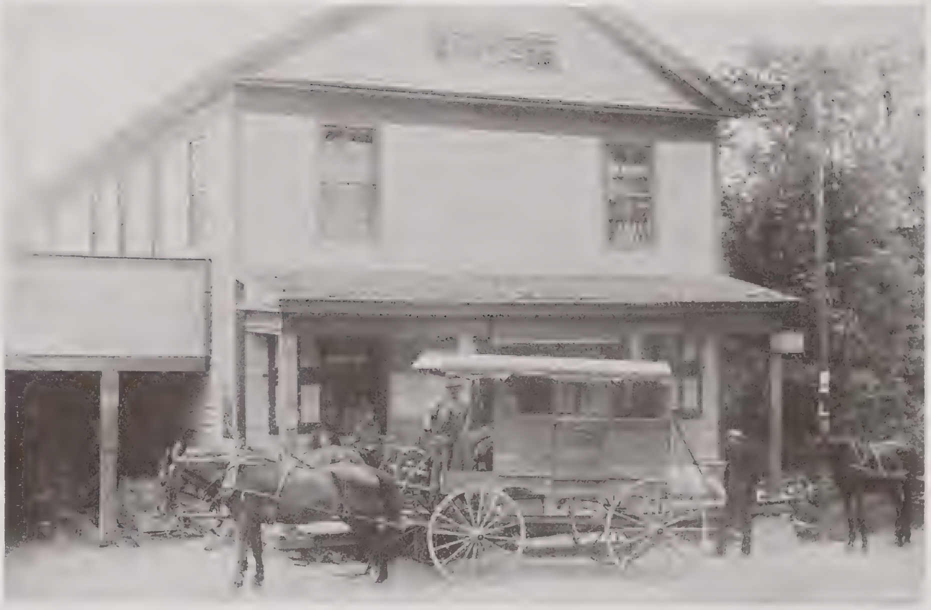
Monterey men served in eleven different regiments. Thirteen men joined the Twenty-Seventh Infantry Regiment, Company E, Massachusetts Volunteers in September and October of 1861 for three-year stints. This regiment of western Massachusetts men saw action in Virginia, North Carolina, and Washington, D.C., before joining the Virginia campaign of 1864 launched by the newly-appointed supreme commander of the Union forces, Ulysses S. Grant. During this campaign William Tymeson (eighteen years old at enlistment), was killed at Drewry's Bluff and James Thompson (twenty-two), and John Hewitt (nineteen), were killed at Cold Harbor, where Union troops suffered dreadful casualties. Three other Monterey men were wounded in action.

The Forty-Ninth Infantry Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, drawn from Berkshire County, attracted the largest number of Monterey men. In the autumn of 1863, twenty-six young and middle-aged men, single and married, enlisted for nine-month hitches. Concentrated in Companies F and K, they saw action at the 1863 siege and taking of Port Hudson, Louisiana, one of the last Confederate strongholds blocking Union control of the Mississippi. Waldo Fargo (twenty), a fifer for Company F, Stera Carley (thirty-eight), and Solomon Dowd (thirty-six) were killed in action, while disease, which was a major killer in the war, took three other men during their return to Berkshire County.

Five of Monterey's African-American residents joined the famous Fifty-Fourth Infantry Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, the first black regiment to serve in the United States Army. (The story of the Fifty-Fourth was dramatized in the 1989 film *Glory*.) This regiment began to recruit in February of 1863, shortly after President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The Monterey men, Charles Jackson (eighteen), Jeremiah Nokes (forty-two), Charles Swan (thirty-three), Henry Swan (forty-five), and William Wells (thirty), enlisted in November or December that year. The Fifty-Fourth was severely tested and gained acclaim for the valor of its charges on Fort Wagner in South Carolina. The regiment's enlisted men insisted on serving without pay unless they were granted pay equal to that of white soldiers. In time, they won equal pay. William Wells died of disease in a Beaufort, South Carolina, hospital, but the other men survived to claim their full military wages.

Monterey Veterans of the Civil War

Alexander, George
Beach, Miles S.
Bentley, Charles H.
Bentley, Gilbert I.
Bentley, Watson S.
Bidwell, Ward I.
Bishop, George
Bishop, Gilbert
Brett, Charles W.
Carly, Stephen W.
Chadwick, Philander B.
Curtis, Miles H.
Day, Samuel
Doolittle, John
Doud, Chandler
Doud, Charles
Doud, Solomon
Dowd, Philo H.
Fargo, Waldo
Garfield, Egbert B. Jr.
Gilmer, John
Gilmer, Levi
Gleason, E. P.
Goewey, Nelson
Gregory, Charles C.
Harmon, Moses
Heath, Charles E.
Heath, Franklin
Heath, Henry R.
Hewit, John
Jackson, Charles
Johnson, Gilbert
Judd, Thomas M.
Mansir, Allen S.
Mansir, William H.
Maxwell, James
McCarty, William H.
Morrison, William H.
Morse, Benjamin F.
Mosely, Lewis
Mosely, Lorenzo
Nokes, Jeremiah
Oles, Egbert
Perry, Edward
Pomeroy, Curtis
Pomeroy, Mosley
Potter, Judson A.
Reise, Alvin
Reise, Robert
Root, Caleb
Root, Sylvester
Searle, Dwight
Sears, John S.
Scudder, Chester B.
Shultis, George
Smith, A.
Sperry, Harmon
Staum, Otto S.
Swan, Charles
Swan, Henry
Taylor, Jonas
Thompson, George
Thompson, James E.
Thompson, Sheridan W.
Townsend Charles I.
Tymeson, William
Tyrrel, Winfield S.
Wells, William
Woodin, Henry
Wright, Henry W.



The mail stage, which went from West Otis to Great Barrington, sits in front of the Langdon Store and post office. Ralph Langdon was the stage driver. Photograph about 1900. Courtesy June Tryon.

resources to pay his suppliers if his neighbors at home failed to keep their accounts current. Wilbur Langdon felt the squeeze. The difficult period of the Civil War was followed by a major economic depression during the years 1873-1878. The monetary value of the goods and services that farmers and tradesmen provided fell off, and because Wilbur could not (or would not) collect debts outstanding for merchandise from his store, he went bankrupt in 1874.

The Warrant in Bankruptcy issued by the Massachusetts District Court lists ninety-one creditors who were owed a total of $53,674.60. Creditors include the towns of Monterey and Sandisfield, Great Barrington Savings Bank and the National M. [Mahaiwe?] Bank, seventeen company names, and sixty-eight individuals. Henry W., Mary C., G. B., and P. C. Langdon were among the individuals; they were owed a total of $8,760. The largest debt owed an individual was $2,770. due Edward Stratton of Sandsifield, followed closely by $2,760. owed to G. B. Langdon; the National M. Bank was the largest single creditor, owed $12,200. Many debts were relatively small, for example: Jonathan Townsend of Monterey, $12.; G. D. Page, address not given, $9.; Satterley & Morey, address not given, $18.; John H. Church, Blandford, $16.

Local banks and individuals continued to support Wilbur Langdon and his store through these hard times. He was striken "with apoplexy" and died suddenly in 1877, a figure of no less substance and respect in the community due to financial difficulties. Here are words from his is obituary in *The Berkshire Courier* of April 25, 1877:

> Like thousands of honest, wise, industrious business men, who charity, benevolence, and sympathy would say deserved a better lot, he has fallen a costly sacrifice to the terrible financial stringency of the times and to his

> excessive liberality and indulgence. He could deny no man a favor—and of consequence thousands of outstanding debts that will never be collected. In this he may have erred, but when the motive is considered the offense seems small. Some have suffered in consequence of his failure but none more than he. Deep has been the mortification and keen the anguish of his heart as he has known the sufferings of others on his account and the more, because it was utterly out of his power to afford relief by meeting what he felt as truly as others righteous claim.

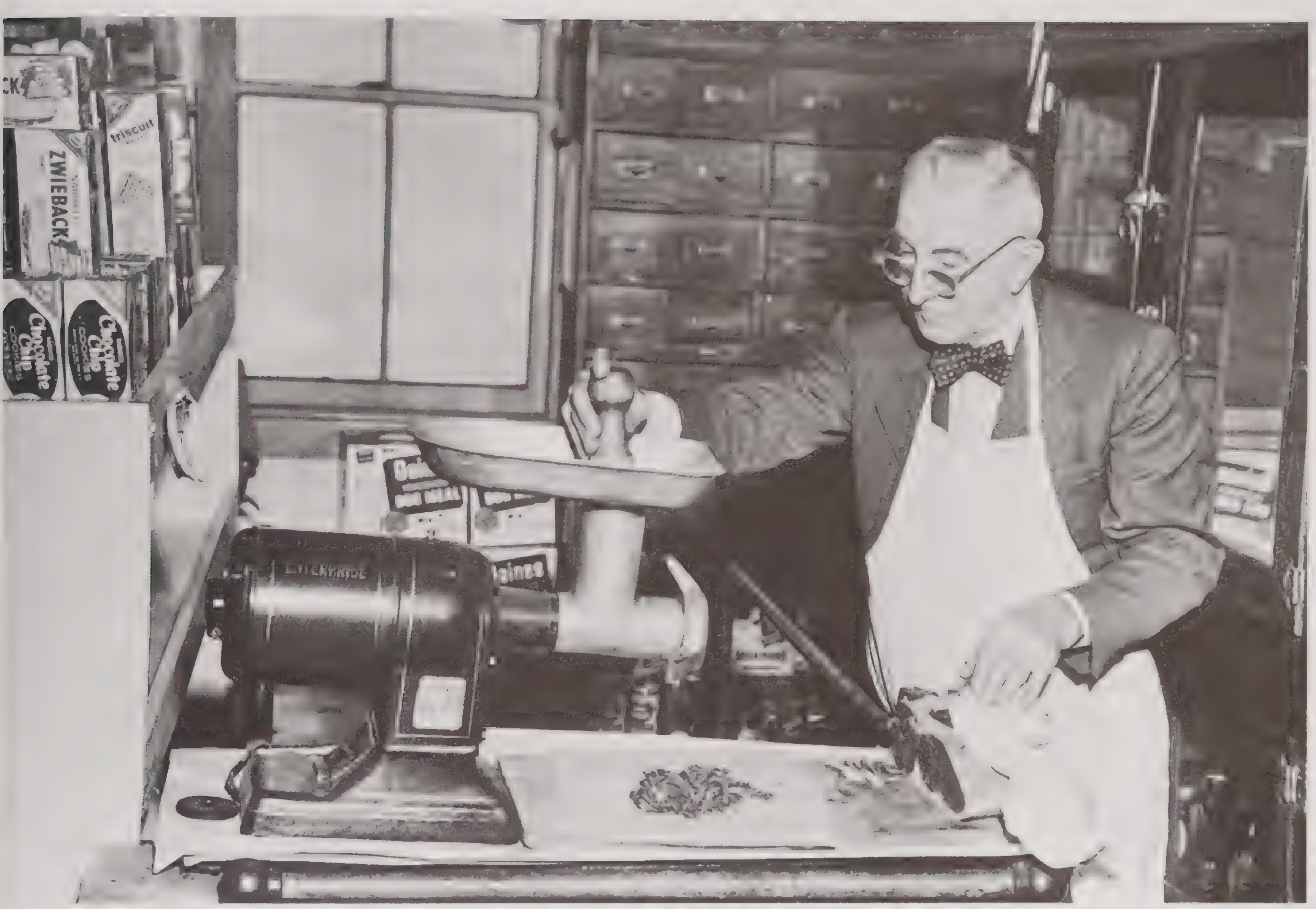
Wilbur's losses doubtless had repercussions throughout the community, but the Langdon Store survived under the management of his son Henry, who continued in the business until his death in 1906.

The following picture of the Langdon Store is gleaned from Wallace Tryon's unpublished history of Monterey:

> When approaching the old store in the 1900s you drove up to a horse block in front of the porch, an easy place to step from your carriage onto the porch without touching the ground. At the front of the store between store and present post office was located a large platform scales owned by the town, where loads of commodities could be weighed. London Clark was the owner of a large pair of horses that drew in the freight and grain for Henry Langdon. After having his load weighed he would drive around the east side of the store, under a large trap door, where would be lowered from the peak of the roof a rope tackle which was hooked to a barrel of flour to be pulled up to the first floor or whichever floor it was left for storage. This place where

Wilbur C. Langdon (1814-1877), son of John and Rhoda Curtis Langdon. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.

Monterey-Mass.



Julius Miner in the Langdon Store. Julius and his brother Lester ran the store for more than half of this century. The summer holiday and camp population of Monterey boomed in the early 1900s, and the Miners responded. They delivered groceries and supplies, and kept the store open late on Fridays. New Yorkers arriving on the train picked up what they needed as they drove out to the lake. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy Mickey Jervas (an owner of the General Store in the early 1960s).

Postcard from 1918 showing the rear of the Monterey Library (left foreground) and the Langdon Store (right foreground). The small building in between was used to garage a delivery vehicle. Suppliers to the store drove in underneath at the rear. Photographer unknown.
Courtesy June Tryon.

the unloading was done has been closed in and made into a garage. A hole in the cellar wall at the north corner of the building is where the coal was scuttled down into the cellar for fuel, to be burned in a large round coal stove, which stood in the middle of the room on the first floor. On the river bank was a long building which was made into two horse stalls after Mr. Langdon's death. In this long building was the storage place for grain, which was brought in from Great Barrington by London Clark in his lumber wagon. London made a trip to Great Barrington every day of the week for grain or freight for the Langdon Store.

On the east side of the store was a shed where two teams of horses and wagons could be tied up out of sun or rain, while the owners could shop or just sit and talk, for there were chairs on the porch for the convenience of the customers. Here, too, was where the boxes and discarded cartons were kept.

As you went into the front door at the right was the post office, consisting of numbered small boxes where each person's mail was kept until called for. On the post was hung a small container, postal card size, where each day was put a postal card telling what the weather would be the next day. On the opposite side, next to the cheese box, in a glass-faced box were kept fresh roasted peanuts. The lid raised very easily and as a customer passed, his hand would snitch one or two peanuts. On the east side of the store was a shed that would tie up two or three horses and wagons.

Henry is the first Langdon that I remember. He had a large business, delivering groceries and picking up eggs on Town Hill in Sandisfield, Montville,

THADDEUS FALCON

Inside the General Store when Albert Phoenix was proprietor, about 1970. Courtesy Charlene Bearce Lambert.

Sandisfield Town, West Street, Hartsville, Corashire, Old Center, and around the lake. Frank Harmon worked at the store and did much of the delivering. Julius Miner having finished high school in Great Barrington, went to work in the General Store in Sheffield for two years, coming back home to work for Henry Langdon as a clerk. After Henry's death in 1906 Mary Langdon went to Pittsfield to live with her daughter Clara Langdon. At this time the Langdon Store, Inc., was formed and the two Miner boys who were working in Pittsfield came back to live and work in the store. Julius and Lester Miner were twins and ran the Langdon Store until they sold to Charles Slater of Tyringham.

The long proprietorship of Julius and Lester Miner, through times that were largely prosperous in Monterey, ended with the sale to Slater in 1961, and over a period of years the Langdon Store gradually became the Monterey General Store. A series of short-term proprietors culminated in 1965 when the business was sold to Albert and Gerard Phoenix. Albert ran the store for twelve years, it changed hands a few times again in relatively short succession, and was bought by Lew Scheffey in 1981. Maynard Forbes moved to Monterey to take over management of the store, offering grateful customers a more complete grocery and fresh cuts of meat for the first time in many years, as well as a deli counter with a variety of meats and cheeses serving sandwiches for lunch. Fresh baked goods are a recent addition to the fare. As ever, conversation, the daily papers, and incidental necessities are staples. Video rental is the modern addition. In recent years, fine restoration of the building exterior has matched appearance with substance. The oldest business in Monterey continues to thrive.

References

Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, Vol. III. Norwood Press, Norwood, Massachusetts, 1932.

Derby, W. P., *Bearing Arms in the Twenty-Seventh Massachusetts Regiment*. Wright & Potter, Boston, Massachusetts, 1883.

Emilio, Luis F., *History of the Fifty-Fourth Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, 1863-1865.* The Boston Book Co., Boston, Massachusetts, 1894.

* *History of Berkshire County, Massachusetts.* Vol. I. J. B. Beers & Co., New York, 1885.

Johns, Henry T., *Life with the Forty-Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers.* Henry T. Johns, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 1864.

South Tryingham Temperance Society, "Minutes," 1843-1850.

Walling, Thomas. Map of Berkshire Country, Massachusetts, 1858.

* Miner, Julius, and Mansfield, Marjorie. *New England's Monterey*. Monterey Congregational Church, Monterey, Massachusetts, 1955.

* Tryon, A. Wallace, *History of Monterey*, 1978. Unpublished Ms.

United States Population Census for Monterey, 1850, 1860, 1870.

Massachusetts Census, 1865.

Production of Agriculture in Monterey, United States Census, 1850.

Production of Industry in Monterey, United States Census, 1850.

Obituary of Wilbur C. Langdon, *The Berkshire Courier*, April 25, 1877.

* In the collection of the Monterey Library.

MONTEREY GENERAL STORE

MAGGIE LEONARD

Proprietors of the Monterey General Store today (L to R): Maynard and Gale Forbes, with Joyce and Lewis Scheffey, 1997.

Nancy Kalodner, Wallace Tryon, and Kathie Tryon, Memorial Day, 1994

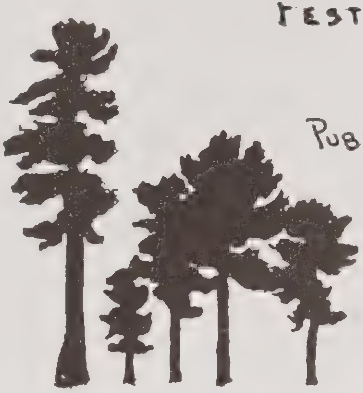
MAGGIE LEONARD

TALL PINE FARM

SEASONAL VEGETABLES

FALL PUMPKIN
FESTIVAL

PUBLIC TRAIL



BOB THIERIOT
WELLMAN RD. MONTEREY

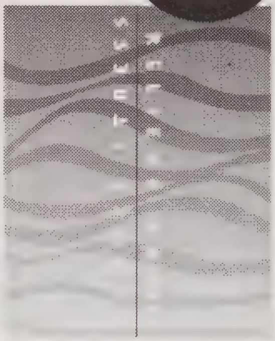
FALL IN
LOVE WITH
MASSAGE

Happy
Anniversary
Monterey!

- SWEDISH
- ATHLETIC
- DEEP TISSUE/
  TRIGGER POINT
- ZEN SHIATSU

CONVENIENTLY
LOCATED IN
GREAT
BARRINGTON, MA

KERRY KELLEY, LMT
(413) 528-8492
CALL FOR
AN APPOINTMENT



RELAX!℠
THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE & ZEN SHIATSU

Precision Autocraft Inc.

Celebrating Monterey's
Sesquicentenniel

Best Wishes to our old home on it's 150th Anniversary!

We'd like to thank everyone in town for the support which we received in our eighteen years in business here in Monterey. We were finally forced to admit that we'd outgrown our two shops, and relocated last year to our new 7,200 sq. ft. facility on Rt.7 in Sheffield, just a few hundred feet South of the Gt. Barrington town line.

We've finally finished putting on the addition for our new, state-of-the-art spraybooth, and installed larger and more even more sophisticated frame repair equipment, so we'd like to take this opportunity to invite all of our old friends and customers to stop by and say hello.

(413)528-1457 or (800)734-1457
1939 No. Main St. (Rt. 7) Sheffield MA 01257
VISA, M/C, Discover & AMEX Accepted
MA Reg. Repair Shop RS1006 - Bonded in MA

The Pittsfield
COOPERATIVE
BANK

Good and solid
since 1889.

Pittsfield • Dalton
Great Barrington

Member FDIC SIF

Visit a friendly and gracious antique-filled Inn in a famous New England village... a great place to spend an overnight or enjoy a meal. Open every day for breakfast, lunch and dinner... and conveniently located on Main Street (Route 7) in the village of Stockbridge.

Relax over a leisurely lunch or dinner in the elegant dining room, the cozy tavern or the informal courtyard or enjoy light fare and nightly entertainment in The Lion's Den.

Telephone for Reservations at 413-298-5545.

THE RED LION INN
Food & Lodging Since 1773
Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262

CORASHIRE
REALTY

Our 30th Year

Nancy Dinan
Broker
413-528-0014

Deborah D. Mielke
Broker
413-528-1871

Fax 413-528-4890

Chances are, we've helped your neighbor,
Can we help you?

OUTPATIENT REHABILITATION

Physical Therapy ◆ Sports Medicine ◆ Occupational Therapy

Member U.S. Olympic Rehabilitation Network
JCAHO Accredited

Fairview
Hospital

Congratulations
Monterey

Susie & Bill Crofut

Maverick Consulting
Sales & Marketing Consulting Services

Find new ways to market and sell your products or services.

Just around the corner,
bringing you all around the world!™

Maverick Consulting
PO Box 218
Monterey, MA 01245

MAIN 413-528-8000
FAX 413-528-8001

Find us on the internet at http://johnmiller.com

Kiwi Services

Remodeling Contractor

Home Improvements & Repairs

Painting, Interior & Exterior

Roofing, Sheetrocking,

Handyman Service

Excellent References

Fully Insured

Licensed

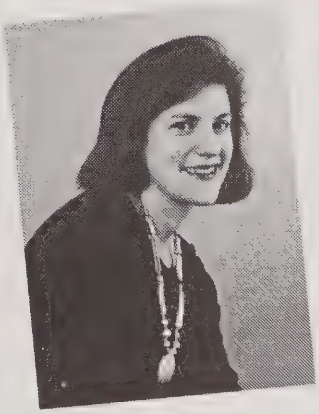
No Job too Small

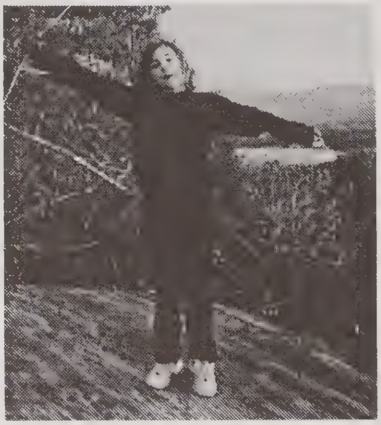
** Sheep Shearing **

(413) 528-6541
Shravan Neill

Congratulations Monterey — 150 Years!

from The Mielke Family





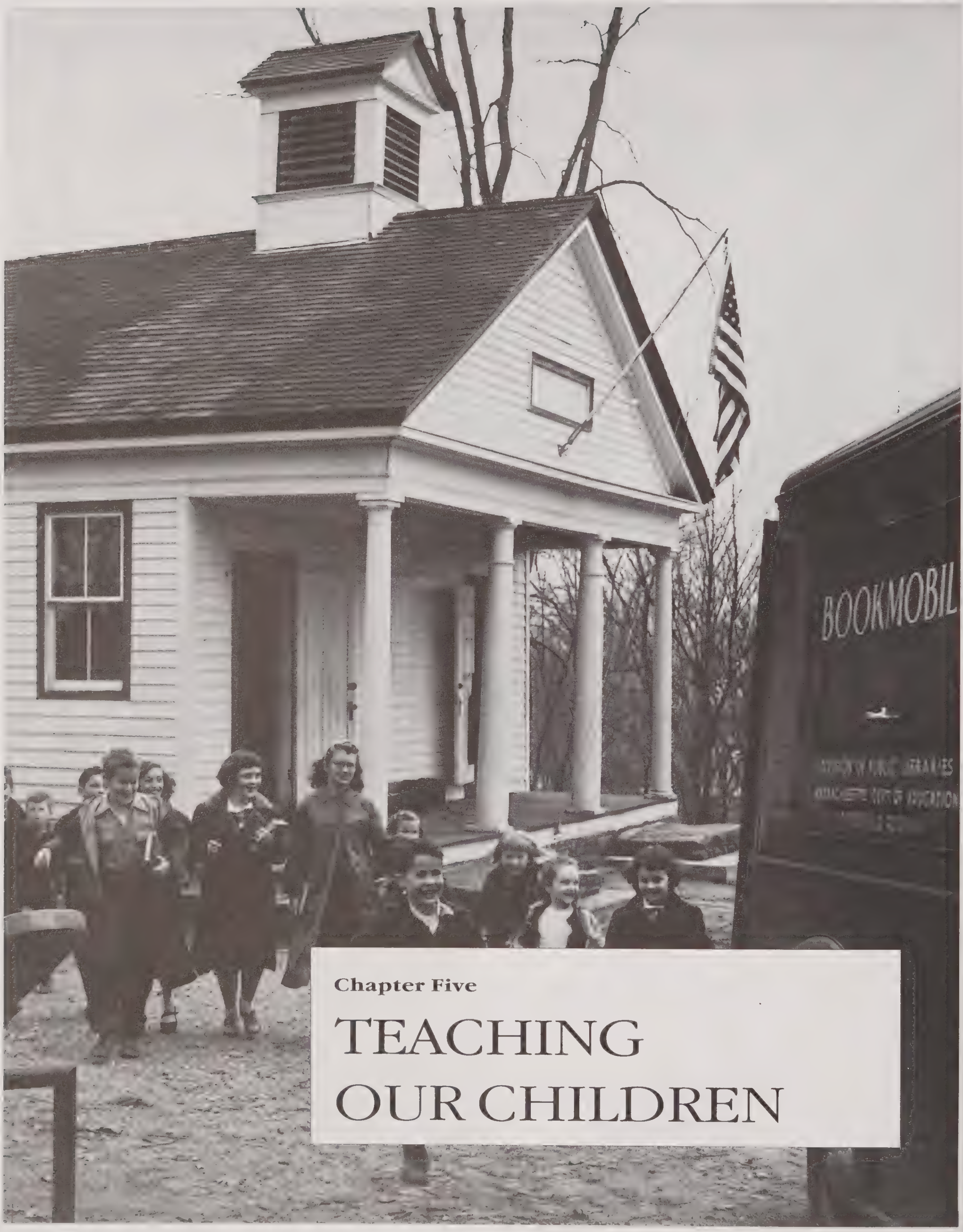
Will of the Wind

Lady's Slipp
Farm

Rick Mielke
Enterprises

Home Grown & Educated.

Corashire School
Monterey Center School
New Marlborough Central School
Undermountain Elementary
Mt. Everett High School
Berkshire Community College
Westfield State College
U. Mass.



Chapter Five

TEACHING OUR CHILDREN

ONE ROOM TO REGIONAL

by

Kathy Page Wasiuk

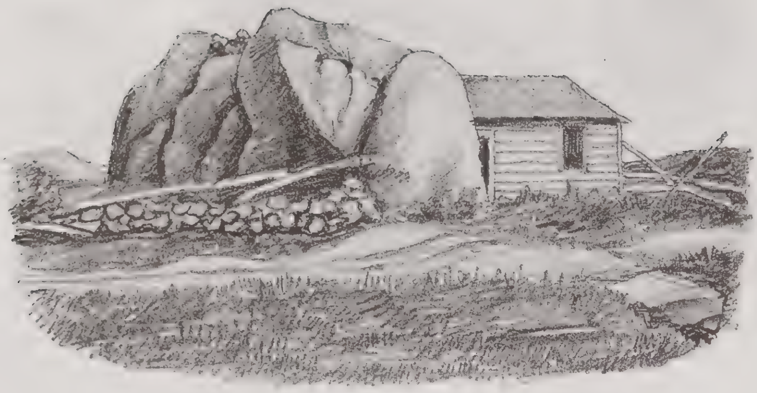
The ministers of Boston appointed that town's first schoolmaster in 1635. Education was required for a knowledge of God, and it was a high priority in the Commonwealth. In 1642, the General Court enacted the first school law, intended to counter the neglect of many parents who failed to train their children "in learning and labor...profitable to the commonwealth." The selectmen in each town were mandated to account for the education of the children in every family; towns were divided into districts so that each selectman could oversee a number of families. Within the districts, selectmen were to see that the children could read and write, could understand the capital laws of the country, and could be put to some useful work. Five years later the Court took another step, requiring that the towns furnish schools. Towns of fifty families or more were to provide a schoolmaster, whose wages were to be paid either by the parents or the town, as the majority might order. Larger towns were also required to provide an upper school to equip young scholars (in those days, males) to enter universities. Teachers had to be sound in the faith and free of scandal in their lives. Thus a social, spiritual, and economic obligation to educate children soon led to the right of the state to compel it, and taxation to support it. In the colonies at the time, one man in 250 was a graduate of an English university, and nearly all citizens had learned to read and write (Monroe, p. 148). It was an ambitious start.

Beatrice Barnum Phillips with her class at the Corashire School, located on Main Road between River and Corashire Roads, about 1950. The building is now a private dwelling. Photographer unknown. Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.

A century later, the new proprietors of Township Number One set aside Lot #20 for the support of a school as they drew their plans in the comfort of a Watertown inn in 1737. Life in the Berkshires, however, was another matter, and it was 1766 before the first schoolhouse was built on the northern edge of Lot #43. Until then, there were two educational possibilities: women kept dame schools in their homes, teaching their own and neighbors' children the alphabet and other basics; paid schoolmasters occasionally held "moving schools," traveling around among the various families with school age children, giving instruction in proportion to contributions for their support. Schoolmasters were scarce, but such itinerant schoolmasters were more common in sparsely settled regions. Sporadic schooling was the result, but school regularly held in a town schoolhouse required a firmly established, stable population and a viable local economy.

After the American Revolution, the new Republic carried forward the established principles of education. The goal had shifted toward the political end: a literate and informed population was—and remains—necessary to a democratic republic. The district system was legalized, and towns of fifty families were required to support a regular school for a total of six months of the year, in as many sessions as seemed desirable.

Tyringham had as many as fourteen school districts, eight of which devolved to Monterey when it was established in 1847. Each district had a committeeman responsible for the school property, and for hiring and paying a teacher. Standards were inconsistent from one district to another; truancy and tax collection (voluntary until 1828) were constant problems. One critic wrote, "the year 1827 marks



Stone District School, drawn by Blue Bidwell in 1861. The rock remains, but the schoolhouse is gone. The site is on the northeasterly side of Beartown Road, out past its intersection with Brace Road. Courtesy Berkshire County Historical Society.

the high-water mark of modern democracy and the low-water mark of the Massachusetts public school system." (Monroe, p. 150).

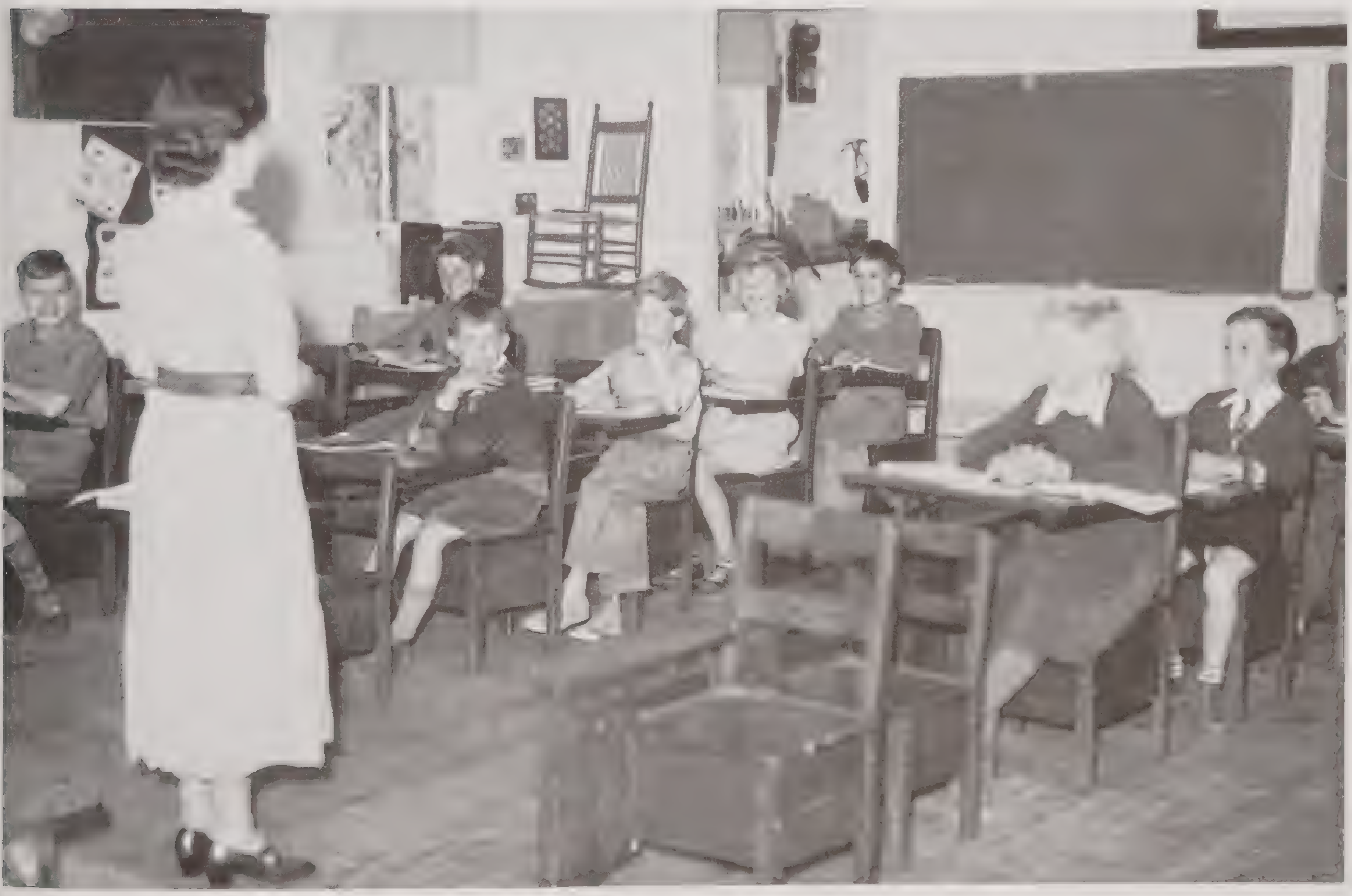
Schools in Monterey irregularly opened and closed according to attendance, season, the availability of a teacher, shifts in district population, and changes in transportation options. Sending a child to school meant going without that child's labor, often essential to a family's livelihood. Spring planting and fall harvest required all hands. Child labor laws passed in 1838 stipulated that no child under the age of fifteen could work unless he had attended school for three months that year. Rural children generally walked to school, which took time, and school could only be held in daylight, which is brief here in winter. Simply getting to school through snowdrifts was another winter deterrent. Some teachers were competent, others not. Girls didn't need as much educating as boys, said prevailing wisdom, since women were by nature suited for life close to home, away from the demands of the world (unless they taught school, seen as an extension of domesticity). Illness—including serious outbreaks of scarlet fever, whooping cough, or typhoid and typhus, particularly in summer—could prove disastrous. Schools lacked indoor plumbing; there was a common water bucket with a long-handled dipper, and privies, complete with corn cobs or a Sears catalog. Heated by wood stoves, students froze on one side and cooked on the other. Snow blew in at the windows and accumulated on the sills. (R. Tryon, n.p.) Still, teachers taught and children learned.

. . . We have no desire to wrong the scholars of the back localities of the town by compelling them to go two or three miles to school or stay at home.

Several old Monterey schoolhouses still exist. Three are now private residences: Corashire School, where many current residents remember attending class, is located on Route 23 between River Road and Corashire Road; the Old Center School by the parade ground on Beartown Mountain Road (discontinued in 1918, and termed the "uptown schoolhouse" by Wallace Tryon); and the Morse School, named for the family who lived at the corner of Tyringham and Art School roads. The Harmon schoolhouse, on New Marlborough Road near the farms of two Harmon families, is now a cottage with front porch added, across from Dick and Barbara Tryon's house. The Center or Village School is the only one that remains a school today; Susan Anderson has taught kindergarten there for twenty-two years. It is the second school building for the town center, as the first one burned in the 1850s. The land on which the Center School now sits, just east of the village, was given to the town by Albert and Florilla Tryon sometime before 1858, and their daughter Ida may have taught there. Until the new schoolhouse was built (by Gilbert Pruyn of Sandisfield), school was held in Lorenzo Webb's hen house at the other end of the village (D. Tryon, p.1).

Other schoolhouses are gone. The Pond District, also known as the Pollywog School, was on Route 57 near Lake Buel. It was built in 1892-3 for $200 (in addition to donated land, lumber, and labor), but it lasted only about twenty years, as the town population shrank from 495 in 1890 to 282 in 1920, and attendance dropped off. The Mount Hunger schoolhouse, located near the old cemetery, was discontinued before 1894 and was later used by Henry Rogers as a pigpen. At the other end of town was the Stone District, on Blue Hill Road just west of Brett Road. The Beartown school was the most remote of the districts, located "by the big rock this side of the old Ariail place, now Von Winkleman's" (R. Tryon, p. 1).

In 1869, Monterey replaced the district system with a system of town schools under the guidance of a school committee. No longer would each district be



Bea Phillips in her classroom at Corashire School, where she taught Monterey children for more than twenty-five years. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

Monterey Center School, c. 1903

Back row: (L to R)
Teacher Amy Loom
Irwin Rogers
Clarence Kinne
Bertha Deland
Nina Tryon
Mary Deland
Mable Gregory
Etta Bills
Julia Martin
Erving Hall
Allie Campbell

Front row:
Orville Heath
Francis Harmon
Munson Twing
Edwin Benton
(Bertha Deland)
Alton Gregory
Harold Hall
Delmor Tryon
Wallace Tryon
George Deland
Thelma Gregory
Eleanor Smith

Photo Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.

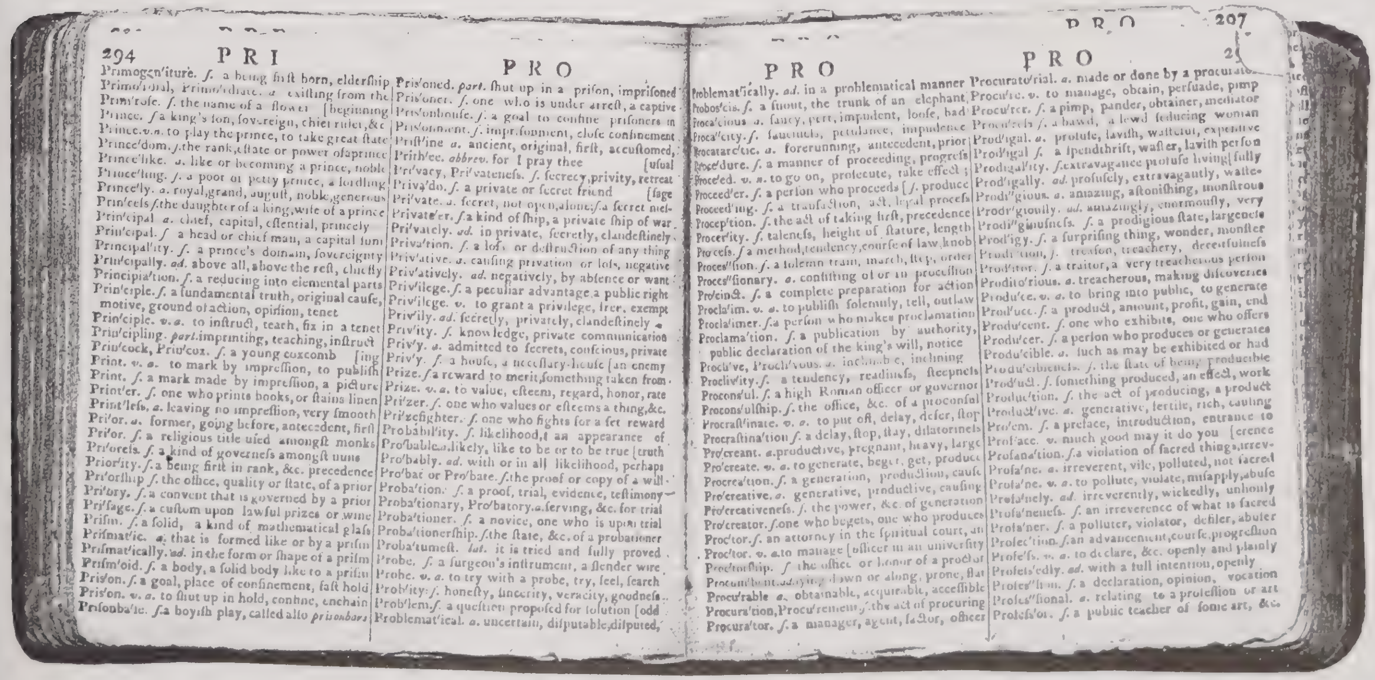
responsible for funds, hiring, maintenance, and supplies for their children's school. Now a town School Committee would oversee all districts. The change did not come easily; in 1870, the School Committee reported, "One year has passed since the school district system was abolished. We are unable to see any particular disadvantages arising from the new system yet, although we know the majority of the town are opposed to it. They fear that the Committee will, for the sake of showing their authority, diminish the number of schools, but why should the Committee desire to do this unless they deem it beneficial to the town? They can certainly have no personal interest in the matter. We have no disposition to diminish the number of schools in town; there were eight districts in town and we have had eight schools. We have no desire to wrong the scholars of the back localities of the town by compelling them to go two or three miles to school or stay at home." (Annual Report of the School Committee for the Town of Monterey, 1869-70, n.p.)

At that time, the eight schools served 142 students between the ages of five and fifteen. School was held that year in two sessions, one in winter and one in summer, of three months and three weeks each. All the teachers were female, and they earned between $22 and $28 a month, could teach one session or both, and boarded with families in their districts. Students studied reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and declamation. Grades 1-8 were taught together in each schoolroom. Elihu Harmon, who would come to teach at the Old Center School, was nineteen and fresh out of the Southern Berkshire Institute at New Marlborough when he wrote, after his first day of teaching: "Monday, November 22, 1869. Went down to the Doctor's for books. Came up and opened school and kept it open all day in spite of bad boys and good girls. I have one of the roughest lot of boys for small ones that the continent of America affords. I was tired at noon. I have a fine lot of young ladies but O what boys! Prospect of more pupils tomorrow. Had 28 today." (*Springfield Union and Republican*, January 14, 1934). Elihu prospered, and so did his students. Eventually, his classroom would be called "a select school. . .like a seminary for teachers." (Wallace Tryon). At least one teacher reportedly resorted to a buggy whip to keep order, but Mr. Harmon said, "Oh yes, I have a strap and a ferrule ready for action, but I never use them, for my scholars are well disciplined at home and you can always tell by the boy's deportment at school what his home life is." (*Springfield Sunday Union and Republican*, December 16, 1934.)

. . .Mr. Harmon said, "Oh yes, I have a strap and a ferrule ready for action, but I never use them, for my scholars are well disciplined at home and you can always tell by the boy's deportment at school what his home life is."

School Committee budgets included money for paying teachers, payment for wood fuel and for making fires in the wood stoves, for carrying scholars to and from school, for cleaning the schoolrooms, and for the occasional pane of glass. New desks were purchased for some school rooms, walls were plastered or a floor fixed in others. Three families were assessed $25 for damage done to their schoolhouse—bad boys? Text books were eventually added to the budget as a result of the Free Text Book law of 1884, but not without protest. "Your committee are not well pleased with the working of this system," wrote the School Committee, "but trust with experience to overcome some of the objectionable features. It will increase the cost of superintending and will need an annual appropriation for books. Value of books on hand: $153.95." (ARSCTM, 1884-85, p. 7). Some choices for texts were Frye's *Geographies*, Prince's *Arithmetic*, and a copy of Arnold's *Waymarks for Teachers* was purchased to improve pedagogy. The next year, Physiology was added to the curriculum by state law, necessitating the purchase of still more books. Dr. Brown came and lectured on physiology.

A teacher, hired on the strength of her college diploma and without the usual examination by the Committee, was fired three weeks later for deficiency in



From an old school dictionary.
Courtesy Monterey Library.

PRO 207

294 PRI

Primogeni'ture. ſ. a being firſt born, elderſhip
Primo'rdial, Primo'rdiate. a. exiſting from the
Prim'roſe. ſ. the name of a flower [beginning
Prince. ſ. a king's ſon, ſovereign, chief ruler, &c
Prince. v. n. to play the prince, to take great ſtate
Prince'dom. ſ. the rank, ſtate or power of a prince
Prince'like. a. like or becoming a prince, noble
Prince'ling. ſ. a poor or petty prince, a lordling
Prince'ly. a. royal, grand, auguſt, noble, generous
Prin'ceſs ſ. the daughter of a king, wife of a prince
Prin'cipal a. chief, capital, eſſential, princely
Prin'cipal. ſ a head or chief man, a capital ſum
Principal'ity. ſ. a prince's domain, ſovereignty
Prin'cipally. ad. above all, above the reſt, chiefly
Principia'tion. ſ. a reducing into elemental parts
Prin'ciple. ſ. a fundamental truth, original cauſe,
motive, ground of action, opinion, tenet
Prin'ciple. v. a. to inſtruct, teach, fix in a tenet
Prin'cipling. part. imprinting, teaching, inſtruct
Prin'cock, Prin'cox. ſ. a young coxcomb [ing
Print. v. a. to mark by impreſſion, to publiſh
Print. ſ. a mark made by impreſſion, a picture
Print'er. ſ. one who prints books, or ſtains linen
Print'leſs. a. leaving no impreſſion, very ſmooth
Pri'or. a. former, going before, antecedent, firſt
Pri'or. ſ. a religious title uſed amongſt monks
Pri'oreſs. ſ. a kind of governeſs amongſt nuns
Prior'ity. ſ. a being firſt in rank, &c. precedence
Pri'orſhip ſ. the office, quality or ſtate, of a prior
Pri'ory. ſ. a convent that is governed by a prior
Pri'ſage. ſ. a cuſtom upon lawful prizes or wine
Priſm. ſ. a ſolid, a kind of mathematical glaſs
Priſmat'ic. a. that is formed like or by a priſm
Priſmat'ically. ad. in the form or ſhape of a priſm
Priſm'oid. ſ. a body, a ſolid body like to a priſm
Pris'on. ſ. a goal, place of confinement, faſt hold
Pris'on. v. a. to ſhut up in hold, confine, enchain
Priſonba'ſe. ſ. a boyiſh play, called alſo *priſonbars*

PRO

Pris'oned. *part.* ſhut up in a priſon, impriſoned
Pris'oner. ſ. one who is under arreſt, a captive
Pris'onhouſe. ſ. a goal to confine priſoners in
Pris'onment. ſ. impriſonment, cloſe confinement
Priſt'ine a. ancient, original, firſt, accuſtomed,
Prith'ee. *abbrev.* for I pray thee [uſual
Pri'vacy, Pri'vateneſs. ſ. ſecrecy, privity, retreat
Priva'do. ſ. a private or ſecret friend [ſage
Pri'vate. a. ſecret, not open, alone; ſ. a ſecret meſ-
Privateer'. ſ. a kind of ſhip, a private ſhip of war
Pri'vately. ad. in private, ſecretly, clandeſtinely
Priva'tion. ſ. a loſs or deſtruction of any thing
Priv'ative. a. cauſing privation or loſs, negative
Priv'atively. ad. negatively, by abſence or want
Priv'ilege. ſ. a peculiar advantage, a public right
Priv'ilege. v. to grant a privilege, free, exempt
Priv'ily. ad. ſecretly, privately, clandeſtinely
Priv'ity. ſ. knowledge, private communication
Priv'y. a. admitted to ſecrets, conſcious, private
Priv'y. ſ. a houſe, a neceſſary-houſe [an enemy
Prize. ſ. a reward to merit, ſomething taken from
Prize. v. a. to value, eſteem, regard, honor, rate
Pri'zer. ſ. one who values or eſteems a thing, &c.
Pri'zefighter. ſ. one who fights for a ſet reward
Probabil'ity. ſ. likelihood, an appearance of
Pro'bable. a. likely, like to be or to be true [truth
Pro'bably. ad. with or in all likelihood, perhaps
Pro'bat or Pro'bate. ſ. the proof or copy of a will
Proba'tion. ſ. a proof, trial, evidence, teſtimony
Proba'tionary, Pro'batory. a. ſerving, &c. for trial
Proba'tioner. ſ. a novice, one who is upon trial
Proba'tionerſhip. ſ. the ſtate, &c. of a probationer
Proba'tumeſt. *lat.* it is tried and fully proved
Probe. ſ. a ſurgeon's inſtrument, a ſlender wire
Probe. v. a. to try with a probe, try, feel, ſearch
Prob'ity. ſ. honeſty, ſincerity, veracity, goodneſs
Prob'lem. ſ. a queſtion propoſed for ſolution [odd
Problemat'ical. a. uncertain, diſputable, diſputed,

PRO

Problemat'ically. ad. in a problematical manner
Probos'cis. ſ. a ſnout, the trunk of an elephant
Proca'cious a. ſaucy, pert, impudent, looſe, bad
Proca''city. ſ. ſauceneſs, petulance, impudence
Procatarc'tic. a. forerunning, antecedent, prior
Proce'dure. ſ. a manner of proceeding, progreſs
Proce'ed. v. n. to go on, proſecute, take effect;
Proceed'er. ſ. a perſon who proceeds [ſ. produce
Proceed'ing. ſ. a tranſaction, act, legal proceſs
Procep'tion. ſ. the act of taking firſt, precedence
Procer'ity. ſ. taleneſs, height of ſtature, length
Pro'ceſs. ſ a method, tendency, courſe of law, knob
Proceſ''ſion. ſ. a ſolemn train, march, ſtep, order
Proceſ''ſionary. a. conſiſting of or in proceſſion
Pro'cinct. ſ. a complete preparation for action
Procla'im. v. a. to publiſh ſolemnly, tell, outlaw
Procla'imer. ſ. a perſon who makes proclamation
Proclama'tion. ſ. a publication by authority,
public declaration of the king's will, notice
Procli've, Procli'vous. a. inclinable, inclining
Procliv'ity. ſ. a tendency, readineſs, ſteepneſs
Procons'ul. ſ. a high Roman officer or governor
Procons'ulſhip. ſ. the office, &c. of a proconſul
Procraſt'inate. v. a. to put off, delay, defer, ſtop
Procraſtina'tion ſ. a delay, ſtop, ſtay, dilatorineſs
Pro'creant. a. productive, pregnant, heavy, large
Pro'create. v. a. to generate, beget, get, produce
Procrea'tion. ſ. a generation, production, cauſe
Pro'creative. a. generative, productive, cauſing
Pro'creativeneſs. ſ. the power, &c. of generation
Pro'creator. ſ. one who begets, one who produces
Proc'tor. ſ. an attorney in the ſpiritual court, an
Proc'tor. v. a. to manage [officer in an univerſity
Proc'torſhip. ſ the office or honor of a proctor
Procum'bent. a. lying down or along, prone, flat
Procu'rable a. obtainable, acquirable, acceſſible
Procura'tion, Procu'rement. ſ. the act of procuring
Procura'tor. ſ. a manager, agent, factor, officer

PRO 2

Procurato'rial. a. made or done by a procurato
Procu're. v. to manage, obtain, perſuade, pimp
Procu'rer. ſ. a pimp, pander, obtainer, mediator
Procu'reſs ſ. a bawd, a lewd ſeducing woman
Prod'igal. a. profuſe, laviſh, waſteful, expenſive
Prod'igal ſ. a ſpendthrift, waſter, laviſh perſon
Prodigal'ity. ſ. extravagance profuſe living [fully
Prod'igally. ad. profuſely, extravagantly, waſte-
Prodi''gious. a. amazing, aſtoniſhing, monſtrous
Prodi''giouſly. ad. amazingly, enormouſly, very
Prodi''giouſneſs. ſ. a prodigious ſtate, largeneſs
Prod'igy. ſ. a ſurpriſing thing, wonder, monſter
Prodi'tion. ſ. treaſon, treachery, deceitfulneſs
Prod'itor. ſ. a traitor, a very treacherous perſon
Prodito'rious. a. treacherous, making diſcoveries
Produ'ce. v. a. to bring into public, to generate
Prod'uce. ſ. a product, amount, profit, gain, end
Produ'cent. ſ. one who exhibits, one who offers
Produ'cer. ſ. a perſon who produces or generates
Produ'cible. a. ſuch as may be exhibited or had
Produ'cibleneſs. ſ. the ſtate of being producible
Prod'uct. ſ. ſomething produced, an effect, work
Produc'tion. ſ. the act of producing, a product
Product'ive. a. generative, fertile, rich, cauſing
Pro'em. ſ. a preface, introduction, entrance to
Prof'ace. v. much good may it do you [erence
Profana'tion. ſ. a violation of ſacred things, irrev-
Profa'ne. a. irreverent, vile, polluted, not ſacred
Profa'ne. v. a. to pollute, violate, miſapply, abuſe
Profa'nely. ad. irreverently, wickedly, unholily
Profa'neneſs. ſ. an irreverence of what is ſacred
Profa'ner. ſ. a polluter, violator, defiler, abuſer
Profec'tion. ſ. an advancement, courſe, progreſſion
Profe'ſs. v. a. to declare, &c. openly and plainly
Profeſs'edly. ad. with a full intention, openly
Profeſ''ſion. ſ. a declaration, opinion, vocation
Profeſ''ſional. a. relating to a profeſſion or art
Profeſſ'or. ſ. a public teacher of ſome art, &c.

arithmetic. The Committee advised the town's teachers to "train the faculties of observation, expression, originality and memory. Do not try to teach anything until you are familiar with the subject. Having been over it in your school days is not enough." (ARSCTM, 1885-6, p.11). People began to complain about the lack of uniformity across the districts. The Committee suggested that a course of study might be marked out by the teachers for what children should learn in each grade.

In the 1890s tardiness and truancy were still problems, and the state mandated that all students must attend for at least thirty weeks a year and must start in the fall term each year. That might allow them to work on the farms in the spring, season of heaviest labor. *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Water Babies* were new additions to the available books. Once students had mastered the *Fourth Reader*, they switched to reading in Cyr's *Stepping Stones to Literature*, or Blaisdell's *Stories from English History*. The scholars practiced Newland and Row's system of vertical writing.

Graduation ceremonies, capping the eighth grade and concluding the education of many, were held in the church. A few bright students whose families could spare them would go on to Searles High School, which could mean boarding with a family in Great Barrington and paying tuition. And, at the turn of the century, the School Committee gained its first woman member: Mary Stedman, a former teacher, whose husband was a Selectman.

ELEANOR HART KIMBERLEY

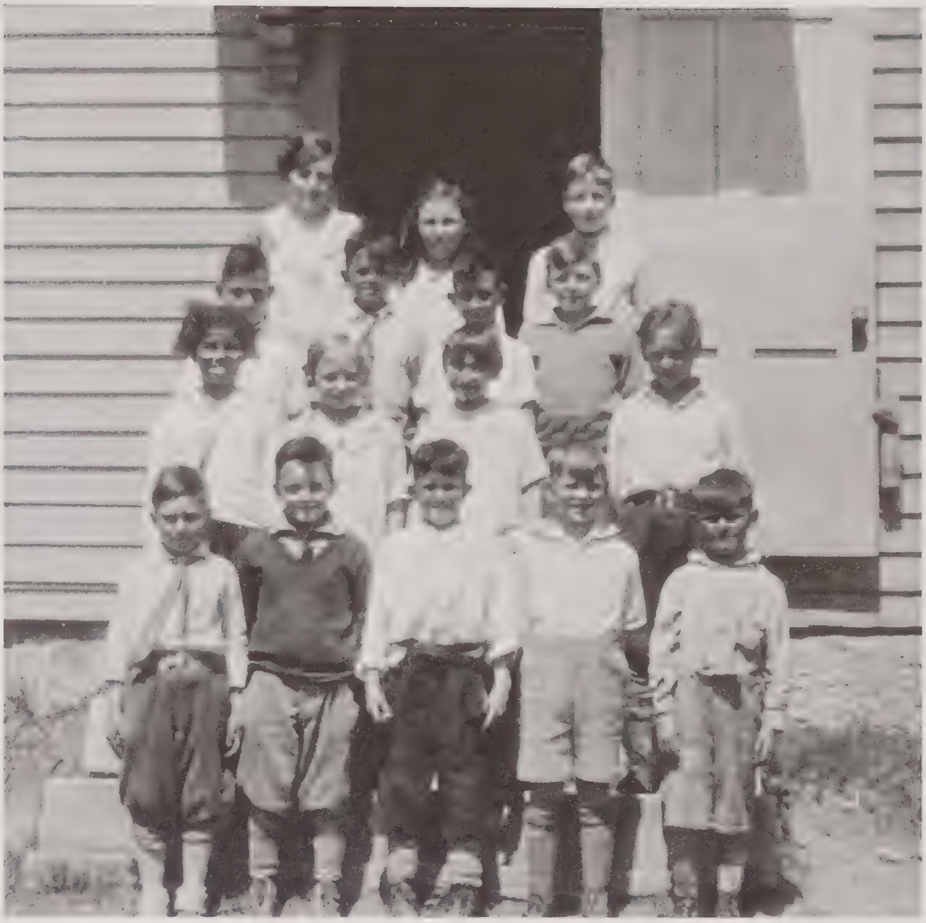
Ed Ashworth drove this schoolbus in the 1940s. Courtesy Eleanor Hart Kimberley.

The new century also saw considerable interest in hiring a superintendent for the schools. "Cato said Carthage ought to be destroyed. We say, 'A superintendent ought to be chosen,'" wrote the Committee, aware that a new century would bring new challenges. The town was operating four and occasionally five schools as circumstances warranted, but consistency was lacking and professional direction required. The struggle to achieve professionalism among teachers was not satisfied by occasional classes in pedagogy at Searles or discussions at teachers' meetings, and graduates of the state normal schools were not particularly attracted to a small, rural, and somewhat isolated community where they would have to teach all grades simultaneously. Everyone worried that students from Monterey would not know or be able to do what they needed to if they went on to Searles, evidently with good reason: Searles had instituted an entrance examination to be sure the candidates could perform at the ninth grade level in English, History, Geography and Arithmetic. Not all Monterey applicants passed.

In 1902, Monterey joined with Tyringham, Otis, and Lee to form a school district, and hired A. H. Keyes at a salary of $1,500 to superintend all of the towns' schools. His first suggestion for Monterey was that the four schools then open—Center, Old Center, Morse, and Pond—be consolidated at the Center school, with the first four grades downstairs and grades five through eight upstairs. The town politely

Monterey Center School, c. 1932

Teacher:	Emma Heath
Back row: (L to R)	Marion Thomson John Hartnett
Third row:	Bruce Smith Ted Everett Nathan Smith Orville Heath
Second row:	Marion Davis Flora Kimberley Lois Thomson Frederick Kimberley
Front row:	Arnold Smith Elery Heath Bob Everett Dick Tryon Dan Everett



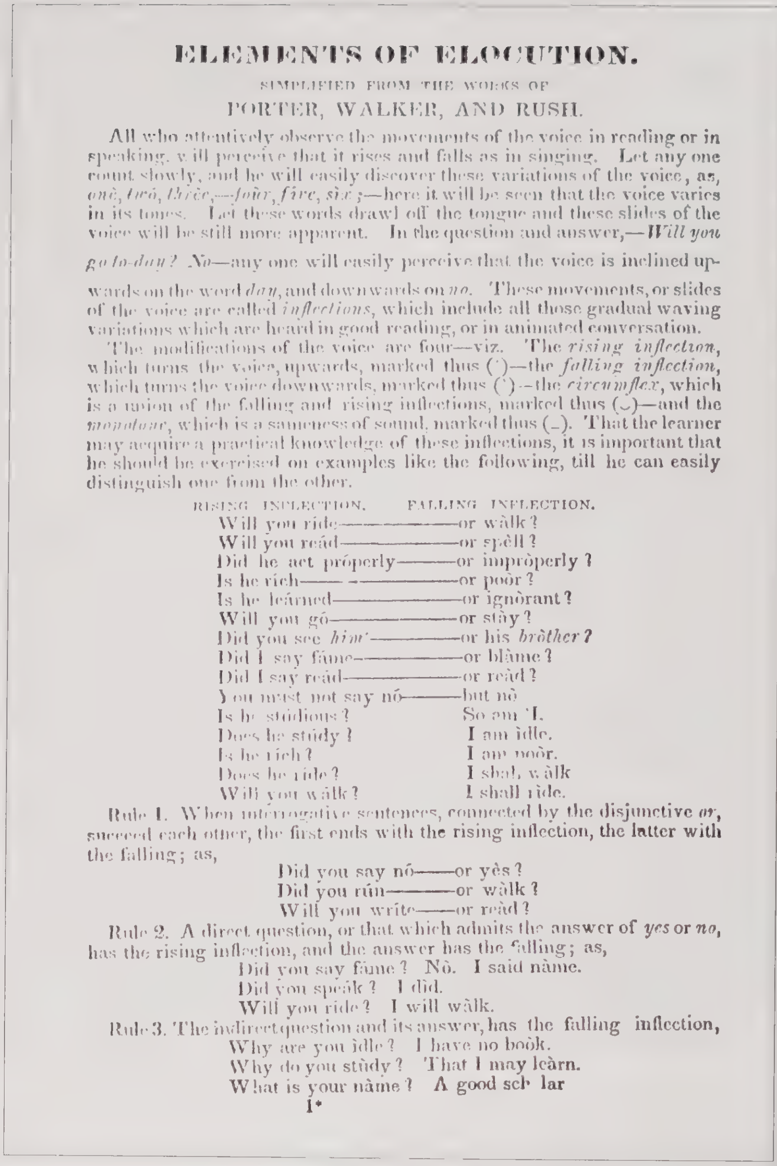
ELEANOR HART KIMBERLEY

Center School entrance, 1997.

ignored his suggestion. Teachers were encouraged to take a term or two at North Adams Normal School, spurred by the state's offer to pay $10 a week of the salary of those who were professionally trained. Monterey's teachers participated to some degree, but the school committee still hired local women to fill in for a term or two when needed. Della Tryon, for example, taught for a month at the Morse School in 1905. Average wages for teachers in Massachusetts in 1906 were $57.22 a month. Berkshire County's average was $44.14. In Monterey's schools, teachers earned an average of $32.

Under the leadership of a series of Superintendents, a number of changes were made. Tests for sight and hearing were instituted, and a school physician appointed who made periodic inspections of student bodies. A fixed school year calendar was proposed: school would start the last Monday in August, and would continue for two terms of ten weeks and a spring term of twelve weeks, allowing a sizeable vacation in the heart of winter. A parent-teacher association was proposed. The practice of using a common drinking cup was discouraged. The A. W. Clark System of Muscular Movement Business Writing was started. Results seemed promising, as eight of ten graduates passed the exam to enter Searles in 1911. But there were difficulties as well: one after another, four teaching candidates secured for the Center School refused to come when they found out where the school was located. Isolation and low pay made it difficult to retain those who did come, and discipline could be a problem. Wallace Tryon quoted one of his cousin Delmor's poems: "Here I stand before Miss Leich. She gives a strike, and I give a screech!" (W. Tryon, p.22) One superintendent, Jerome Fogwell, left after only half a year on the job. In 1918, schools were closed for five weeks due to the influenza epidemic. The Old Center schoolhouse was closed, as was Pond, leaving only Corashire and Center to serve the school age population. By 1920, the town had shrunk to its lowest population in a hundred years.

The state, recognizing that low salaries were a problem in attracting and keeping qualified educational personnel, passed a law in 1920 mandating a minimum salary for teachers, $750 a year. Part of the cost of meeting that goal would be borne by the state. Within three years, both of Monterey's teachers collected over the minimum salary. Other changes appeared rapidly as well: a new course of study was devised that allowed grouping students by grades in certain subjects. A school nurse made regular visits to schools and homes, and all of the children were vaccinated. New windows were cut into the side of the Center schoolhouse, and the bell was removed to the firehouse. The help of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society brought a sanitary drinking fountain to the Center School. An Attendance League was formed by Superintendent Charles Miller, with annual competitions held between the district's schools. The first year, 1926, the prize was a pennant. Within two years, the pennant was won by Monterey. (The town would not win it again until 1943.) After 1929, "Inasmuch as we are passing through what seems to be an unusual period of depression..." smaller budgets were passed, cutting salaries, transportation figures, and the cost of tuition to send a student to Searles. (ARSCTM, 1932, p.). Finally, to cut costs further and provide better teaching, grades were consolidated, with younger students at the Center School, and fifth- through eighth-graders at Corashire.



ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

SIMPLIFIED FROM THE WORKS OF
PORTER, WALKER, AND RUSH.

All who attentively observe the movements of the voice in reading or in speaking, will perceive that it rises and falls as in singing. Let any one count slowly, and he will easily discover these variations of the voice, as, *onè, twó, thrèe,—foùr, five, six;*—here it will be seen that the voice varies in its tones. Let these words drawl off the tongue and these slides of the voice will be still more apparent. In the question and answer,—*Will you go to-day? No*—any one will easily perceive that the voice is inclined upwards on the word *day*, and downwards on *no*. These movements, or slides of the voice are called *inflections*, which include all those gradual waving variations which are heard in good reading, or in animated conversation.

The modifications of the voice are four—viz. The *rising inflection*, which turns the voice, upwards, marked thus (´)—the *falling inflection*, which turns the voice downwards, marked thus (`)—the *circumflex*, which is a union of the falling and rising inflections, marked thus (◡)—and the *monotone*, which is a sameness of sound, marked thus (_). That the learner may acquire a practical knowledge of these inflections, it is important that he should be exercised on examples like the following, till he can easily distinguish one from the other.

RISING INFLECTION.	FALLING INFLECTION.
Will you ríde——————	or wàlk?
Will you reád——————	or spèll?
Did he act próperly———	or impròperly?
Is he rích—— —————	or poòr?
Is he leárned——————	or ignòrant?
Will you gó——————	or stày?
Did you see *hím*—————	or his *bròther?*
Did I say fáme—————	or blàme?
Did I say reád——————	or reàd?
You must not say nó———	but nò
Is he stúdious?	So am I.
Does he stúdy?	I am idle.
Is he rích?	I am poòr.
Does he ríde?	I shall wàlk
Will you wàlk?	I shall ride.

Rule 1. When interrogative sentences, connected by the disjunctive *or*, succeed each other, the first ends with the rising inflection, the latter with the falling; as,

Did you say nó——or yès?
Did you rún———or wàlk?
Will you write——or reàd?

Rule 2. A direct question, or that which admits the answer of *yes* or *no*, has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling; as,

Did you say fáme? Nò. I said nàme.
Did you speák? I dìd.
Will you ríde? I will wàlk.

Rule 3. The indirect question and its answer, has the falling inflection,

Why are you ìdle? I have no boòk.
Why do you stùdy? That I may leàrn.
What is your nàme? A good scholar

1*

An historical book in the collection of the Monterey Library. On inside cover is written, "This was Fanny Smith Tryon's book. She came from Sandisfield, was the wife of Albert Tyron and my grandmother. Her reading book. Josephine T. Johnson." Courtesy Monterey Library.

Emma Heath, still remembered as a fine teacher, taught the younger students penmanship, reading, arithmetic, and self-discipline at the Center School, before sending them on to the fifth grade at Corashire, where they would have Miss Phillips for the next four years. Beatrice Phillips, daughter of Arthur and Clara Barnum (for whom Barnum Flats were named), taught at Corashire for over twenty-five years. A short, brunette woman, she inspected student ears and fingernails every morning, with results tallied on a scorecard. The winner—one year it was Dick Tryon—got a stamp album. Discipline was maintained, more or less: "Discipline was number one in her school. Bea had a rather sharp voice and had to speak to her children but once." (W. Tryon, p.108) Some still tell tales, however, of fights in the school yard and little girls' pigtails being dunked in the inkwell, or of sitting in the corner under a dunce's cap, and of one boy who trapped a skunk on his way to school.

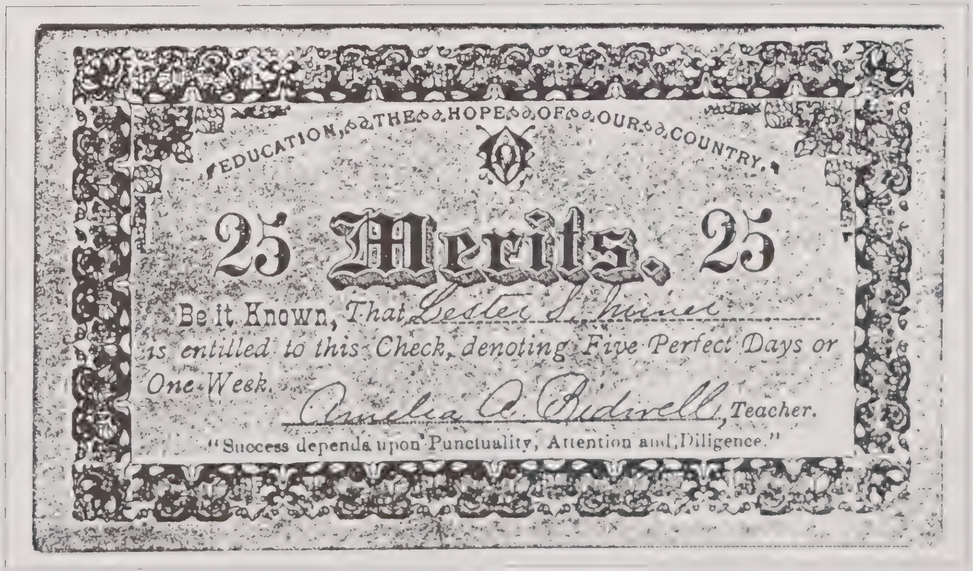
If you lived within two miles of school, the cost for transportation wasn't covered, so some students got to school by shank's mare, and most mornings school didn't get underway until ten o'clock. During the war years, rationing affected paper as well as gasoline supplies. Students bought $587.65 worth of war and victory stamps in their effort to support the troops, and after the war participated in a Thrift Education program of saving. An art teacher worked through the district schools, coming once a week, and on Tuesday mornings everyone at Corashire sat and knitted washcloths while listening to Walter Damrosch concerts on the radio. Development of fine motor coordination, listening skills, and cultural literacy—all in one session!

By the end of World War II, however, change was once again in the air. An anonymous donor gave the schools a nature study course, taught by Miss Snyder of the Berkshire Museum. Bea Phillips undertook serving a hot dish at noon at Corashire to supplement the bag lunches carried by most students. In 1948 and '49, a proposal to put in a well and plumbing at Corashire was defeated, but in 1950 it passed, and the first flush toilet was installed there. New York state had been experimenting with consolidating small schools into regional districts to serve its rural population, and talk of a regional district began to make the rounds.

The superintendent, Arthur Welcome, was against it. Many townspeople, especially those who had grown up in Monterey in the one-room schoolhouses, didn't think it was such a good idea. Towns would lose their individuality, and they were suspicious of getting mixed up with the lower grades from other places. It would cost more, and education in general already cost too much. Change was to be viewed with suspicion, and this change really would make a profound difference. Families divided: Julius Miner was for it, and his brother Lester was agin it. Neither had children in school; both had strongly held opinions.

> . . . this change really would make a profound difference. Families divided: Julius Miner was for it, and his brother Lester was agin it.

A careful process of investigation and education began to unfold. Early in 1950,



EDUCATION, THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.

25 Merits. 25

Be it Known, That Lester S. Miner

is entitled to this Check, denoting Five Perfect Days or One Week.

Amelia A. Bidwell, Teacher.

"Success depends upon Punctuality, Attention and Diligence."

Courtesy Monterey Library.

the Southern Berkshire Education Association held a series of panel discussions—one of them at a P.T.A. meeting in the Monterey church basement—to discuss the pros and cons of a regional district. What could be gained? What might be lost? Who might join? What were the costs? New Marlborough had heard enough to hold a special town meeting, at which they unanimously appointed a regional school district planning board. Dr. Paul Stoddard, principal of the Housatonic Valley Regional High School in Falls Village, came to speak to a packed Rotary Club luncheon in Great Barrington. Business men were interested in the education of future employees. A good system of education was a mark of civic pride. The war was over, America was on the move, we needed to compete in a global marketplace, and everyone was ambitious for their children's futures. Walter Howard, principal of the New Lebanon Central School of Lebanon Springs, New York, addressed the Education Association on "Development and Practices of a Central School". The community had begun to educate itself.

Monterey's citizens instructed the moderator of the February 6, 1950, town meeting to "appoint a special unpaid board, to be known as a regional school planning committee, consisting of three members, one to be a member of the School Committee, to investigate and report. . .on plans for a regional school." (*Berkshire Courier*, February 9, 1950, p.5). Feelings ran high as people took sides. Advertisements in local newspapers pointed out the potential rise in tax rates if the district was created: $8.45 a thousand in Great Barrington, and $2.20 in Monterey! Other articles emphasized the curricular benefits of a regional system. And weren't these small, old-fashioned schools having difficulty housing their students? Monterey had 147 students, spread between Corashire, Center School, and Searles High School. Regional collaboration might be the answer.

State law had to be changed to allow a bond issue by a simple majority vote, so a delegation of pro-regional people lobbied Boston, and won passage of a bill to allow that. It all came to a head on Monday, January 15, 1951, when Monterey voted on the question. Of 246 registered voters, 170 cast ballots: 130 in favor, 40 opposed. The decisive vote showed Monterey was ready to join a regional district. Alford, Egremont, and New Marlborough joined Monterey in voting aye; Great Barrington and Stockbridge voted no, and then everyone waited a week for Sheffield to vote—yes, and the towns thus joined to create New England's first regional school district directing the education of all its students in all twelve grades. The *Berkshire Courier* called it "a big step forward." (*Berkshire Courier*, January 25, 1951, p.4). The *Berkshire Evening Eagle* called it "an experiment" (September 10, 1955).

On July 1, 1954, the Southern Berkshire Regional School District assumed responsibility for the schools, but the change was largely administrative. That fall, students in

Memorial Day 1997.

A
RINKLE
D
R
K

MAGGIE LEONARD

primary grades attended the schools they always had, and planning for more significant changes got under way. The next year, reorganization of the fifth and sixth grades found Monterey students on a bus to New Marlborough, and plans were made for grades 7-12 to go to the new school, which was under construction. Bus travel drove the schedule for these older students: activities and classes were scheduled into fifty-five-minute periods so students could all catch the bus at the end of the day.

The new school, named Mount Everett, was located in Sheffield. Construction delays resulted in half-day sessions to start the 1955-56 high school year, but by January the twenty-two-room building had been completed, and it became the home school for students from the towns of the District, and it has been ever since.

MAUREEN MEIER

Tess Dunlop and Mattie Meier, Memorial Day 1997.

Now, an expanded Mount Everett and Undermountain Elementary School occupy the same campus in Sheffield. There Monterey students learn computer skills, foreign languages, and quadratic equations to prepare for the world of work and further education at colleges and universities—for life in the twenty-first century.

> Next to our churches, our schools are of the most importance. On them more than upon anything beside depends the permanency of our republican institutions. They are the hope of our country. In them now is the plastic clay of the potter, which we may fashion as we will. Once fashioned, it may be broken, but never re-formed. What the influence of the rising generation shall be, we must determine, and what their destiny, our influence will decide. How responsible our work.
>
> — A. B. Garfield, Chair
> Monterey School Committee
> March 4,1872.

VILLAGE SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN

by

Susan Andersen

In 1967 the early primary grades were moved from the Monterey Center School to New Marlborough Central School, and our Center School became the Monterey Kindergarten. A half-day kindergarten program was initiated by the regional district one year ahead of the 1968 state mandate. Gige O'Connell traveled from house to house in Monterey describing the new program. Gail Heath had been offering a co-op preschool in the library basement for several years, and planned to retire. Families welcomed the new plan.

After graduating from the new Mount Everett School in 1963, I attended the Early Childhood Education Program at the University of Massachusetts, and from there was recruited to teach kindergarten in the S.B.R.S.D. I began teaching in 1967 at the Ashley Falls Kindergarten. Gige O'Connell and I were colleagues, and I was to replace her Monterey successor in 1974. I was asked to apply for and verbally offered the Monterey Kindergarten job on the same spring afternoon in 1974, but the handshake agreement fell apart a few days later: the Montery position was needed as bait to lure a highly qualified teaching couple from Long Island (N. Y.) to the Berkshires. That scheme fell apart in its turn after the couple visited Monterey, and imagined the difficulties of winter travel to the isolated school. I signed a formal contract a few days before Labor Day.

Although public education, with all its imperfections and unmet challenges, has continually evolved since 1635, the curriculum today still addresses reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and self-discipline, as it did in the 1860s. Techniques, strategies, the student population, and societal influences are ever-changing. The Commonwealth still takes an active role; educational reform was legislated by the state in 1993, with the goal of establlishing a common core of learning with standard assessments and indicators of proficiency applicable to

MAGGIE LEONARD

Monterey kindergartners in 1997 (L to R):

On the ground:
Amy O'Brien
Caitlin Klan Cook
Samantha Backhaus
Taylor Amstead
Bonnie Knowles
Henry Fuore

In the tunnel:
Jhori Jergenson

On the slide:
Colleen Van Deusen

Above:
Elaine Bertoli
(assistant teacher)
Bennett Ferris
Kerri Sullivan
Emi Rosenberg
Mason Hines
Jason Duryea
Pamela Crawford
Susan Andersen
(teacher)

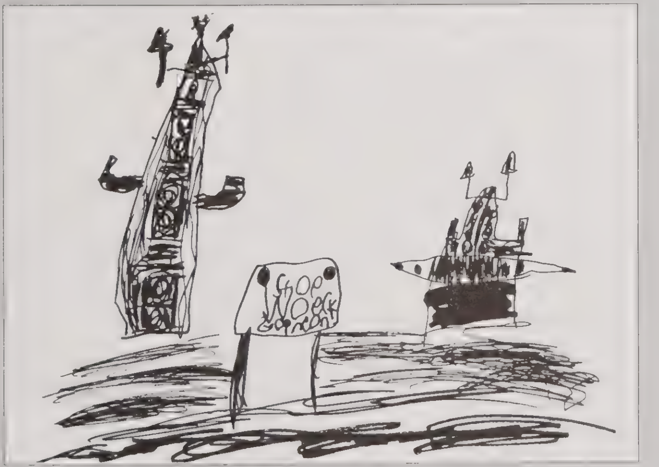
all grades through high school. Teacher tenure has been abolished, and school districts are more accountable those receiving public education. In the 1990s, even as in the the late 1700s, our democratic society needs a literate and informed population, and this remains an educational goal.

The desired outcome is still to provide young students with opportunities and experiences that will develop their potential. The repertoire of educational techniques has been upended every few years, in my experience. Some ideas are explosive and their results unambiguous. Kindergartners in Monterey are currently wearing a blindfold for part of each day. The desired outcome of masked tasks is to promote concentration, attention to detail, and organizational skills. A specific language of instruction is mastered by each child to facilitate masked tasks. Printing is still used in kindergarten, but now cursive writing is introduced as well: it is a large motor activity with fewer prerequisite motor skills. Kindergartners today are encouraged to use invented spelling, with the result that many children write before they can read. These are examples of techniques introduced over the last two years.

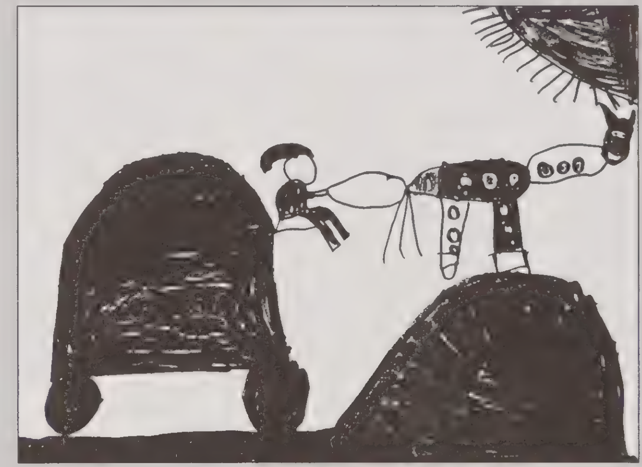
The Montery Kindergarten is an important connection with the past. Reading and memorizing inspired words composed by inspired people keeps us in touch with past. Keeping school in the Center Kindergarten provides students and citizens with a link to history and tradition, helping to build a foundation for a shared future. The good old days are the good days now.

I think, in the future, Monterey is going to go back to looking like it did in the old days with buggies and horses and all that.

— Lizzie Meier, age six.



"Stop, Work Going On," by Bennett Ferris, age six.



"Monterey Needs More Horses," by Emi Rosenberg, age six.

(When I'm an adult) I'll wait until
Monterey turns into a city
and then I'll move back again.
It needs more buildings, cars, more action,
more roads and adventure.

— Mason Hines, age six.

EDUCATING AN HOUR FROM MONTEREY

TEACHER, IS THIS A FOREST?

by

Christine Pigott Martin

Joshua worries about pistols.
Jason worries he won't get to be a grown up.

As I meet new neighbors in Monterey, I am often asked, "So, what do you do to keep busy?" When I tell them I'm a bilingual teacher in Holyoke, the inevitable question arises: "How long does that take you each day?"

It is not so much how long a drive it is, as how far that road takes me from Monterey, the town I enjoy living in. Holyoke is an hour, door-to-door, plenty of time to spend in the car. I pass the Monterey children boarding their bus in town each morning, and think they spend almost as long on that bus as I do in my car. Luckily for them, our destinations do not compare. My commute ends in the inner city, but the rigors of the drive are minor compared with what I face each day in school, and my young students confront all the time. I use my time in the car to prepare for the coming school day. Every time I drive into Holyoke, I wonder what succession of events and economics created those streets.

Rough, scarred tenement buildings share Main Street, a block from school, with empty lots, factories, garbage, and small businesses that pull down caged doors at night. This Main Street is below High Street, the line that separates a more hometown Holyoke from its impoverished sister, where children have nowhere to go. The school sits back from a side street, with large grounds in front and behind, surrounded by big, windowless factories and The Flats, housing first used by workers in the bustling factories, and now occupied by struggling families. My classroom is on the ground floor of the school, where windows are bolted and the tinted plexiglass is so cloudy and covered with spray-paint that the sun stays behind closed blinds all day. Fortunately, I can open the door onto the playground (an area with no equipment or playthings, of course, due to the neighborhood). I prop my door open from time to time for some air exchange. One day while I was at the board, a person yanked the door wide open and yelled, "Security breach! Why is this door open?"

"Air," was all I could manage to say, startled and amazed at once. I am sure to close it whenever we step out.

"Hmph," he grunted and closed it tight.

It is then that I imagine the Monterey kids at school, bright windows, class outside on a beautiful day, no fear of who might be walking around their school. I look at my students' faces, then turn back to the board and try to continue the lesson.

Just after college, when I was an assistant, my very first teaching supervisor told me right out I did not have the backbone for inner city work. I believed her, although clearly I did not listen to either of us. I had chosen an urban teaching specialty in second languages, and after returning to the Berkshires, I applied for work in Holyoke. Of course, I convinced myself that I would not accept the commute or the schools. I had read *Among School Children*, an account of one year in a Holyoke classroom, and thought: no way, I would never work there. Now, in the very same school about which that book was written, I find myself teaching in a cramped orange and brown room, where I wait to see who will be in school each day, hoping that they arrive safely, well-fed, and ready to learn.

My students are ten-year-olds who cannot begin to imagine that other towns and places exist outside Holyoke. They live in the buildings on those streets without seeing too much else around them. They are the only kids I know who do not look forward to going home. They sigh in disappointment when I mention an upcoming vacation. They sometimes do not like the day to end. More of them are asking to stay with me in the after-school program, for once they get home, they only go "downstairs," not out into fresh air, or over to a friend's house, to scouts or sports leagues. They go to the sidewalk. They run to the market for their mothers, maybe take a bike ride. If they live on one of the more infamous streets, concerned mothers do not even allow them to go downstairs. A trip to the park is not an option.

I am always plotting to get a few kids out of Holyoke each year, just bring them home for a day, show them that some towns are safe and peaceful, invite them to a holiday dinner, something to give them perspective, knowledge of anything else. Once I took my whole class on a field trip just to have fun outside for a whole day. They ran wild about the lawn for hours, finding worms and weeds and insects, amazed at dirt, stunned by flowers. We played Spud and blew bubbles and ate hot dogs. They did not stop talking about it for weeks.

This year we went to a sugar house as our first rite of spring. The kids were well-prepared for the maple events, but their questions on the way told more about their take on the world. Barely four blocks from school, in another less friendly neighborhood, I was asked, "Teacher, do you ever see this before? My Mom has," as if we had entered a distant land they only visit on special occasions. Along a back road we passed a cemetery, a highlight of the trip for some, who yelled out, "Sometimes there's no room for more bodies and they send them away."

"Teacher, when the gang killed my sister's boyfriend, why did they send him away?" It was the first time this child had spoken of the death, and I answered, "Well, probably to be near his family's home."

"Oh."

Then we passed a white mansion on a mountaintop. "Teacher is that the White House?" All the filmstrips and stories about maple sugaring and I had not thought about preparing for the bus ride. I am never ready to face how little these children know about their world, nor that they are exposed to more than we ever wish children to see. We have been studying the states since September, but when asked their city, state, or country, the first answer is still "Holyoke." Leaving Holyoke had to mean we would enter Connecticut or New Hampshire at any moment. No, only twelve miles north of Northampton. I sank back into the bus seat I shared with two boys and their sneakers, and watched the snow fall.

The general feeling I get teaching these children, after exasperation, is neglect. Someone is neglecting to guide them, to read to them at night, to give them responsibility, to follow through, to keep their hair free of lice, to allow them to explore, to dress them for winter, to say, "Thank you," to converse with them—just to allow them to be children. All this falls on the teacher, and teaching becomes a struggle between academic standards, personal goals, and reality. The kids never score high enough, never learn fast enough, always get pushed down by mainstream education; the chasm their upbringing creates just widens, setting them farther apart. Inner city school districts just do not invest enough in them. The teacher may have what they need, but the children won't get it without the district, the parents, and society addressing the poverty that envelops these families.

Each family differs, from one-parent to two-parent to foster parent or grandparent. Their struggles are the same, but each child carries it differently. One day I thought Father's Day must have come early, as all of my boys were writing postcards and letters to their fathers. I offered them envelopes, but not one child knew what address to use. At those moments I just breathe, and trust that one of them, some of them are listening, and that I am important for them. I try not to feel defeated when it seems I have spent an entire day on "Please" and "Thank you." I do not know how many of these fourth graders will make it. For some I can already see the frightening signs of trouble. I remind all of them, gently, how much I want to see them graduate, that they need to dream. My first graduating class will be the year 2004. I know I will be there to see them, but will they?

P. MURKETT

Off the float, Lake Garfield, 1995.

Often I am asked by colleagues, "Do you plan on moving closer?"

"No," I decline politely, while I am thinking, Why in the world would I ever do that? I would have to get a car alarm, and beep in and out of my car each time I stopped, and I could not walk anywhere I pleased, and I would have to drive a long way to find a swimming hole. No, thanks. Instead, I walk to my car at the end of the day, relieved to be driving away from it all. Each mile on the turnpike puts me closer to where I would rather be, in Monterey, a town with woods to step into from my door, trees to look at from my window, familiar faces, a heart for its children and a place I am more than happy to call home.

HOMESCHOOLING IN MONTEREY

by

Bonner J. McAllester

We came to Monterey, full time, in 1974. Ever since that time we have been homeschooling here, but back then the only people in our school were Joe and myself. We were the kids who were learning by doing, who were not going off to the usual nine-to-five jobs. We were in our mid-twenties and had decided to adopt a lifestyle of ecological consciousness, or treading lightly on the earth. We came to Monterey because generations of my mother's family had lived here and I felt rooted, connected to this place. The woods, the rocks, the brooks had been my happiest growing up places and the 60's spirit of "you can do anything you want" led me to this south-facing rocky wooded hillside.

The first thing we learned to do was sew a tipi. There is a lot of cloth in a tipi and a trick to getting it to lie right on its poles. Then we began clearing land for a garden so we could get off our diet of hotdogs and rice. We read about nutrition and world food production and took up vegetarianism so as not to support the production of grain for the meat industry. Our parents sighed and adjusted the Thanksgiving menu.

All the time we were clearing land, working in the food co-op, preparing the garden, thinking about building a house, we were getting to know our neighbors. We worked here and there as teachers, loggers, musicians. During our first winter we left the tipi to take residential jobs at Gould Farm. Here we studied maple sugaring, roofing, gardening. If anyone thought we were odd, living in a tipi and keeping our milk and butter in the brook, they never said. They loaned us a tractor, helped us dig a cellar hole, advised us on beekeeping. Ten years later we had folded up the tipi for good and moved into a big log house. We got to thinking about children.

Ten more years saw us still borrowing a tractor now and then. The kids were well out of diapers and the house needed a new roof already. Our education continued as we learned that cedar shingles don't necessarily last 50 years after all and considered how to replace them. This time there were four of us to think about the problem, talk to the neighbors, and then to put on the roof.

Our children are involved with every aspect of our homestead life here. When they got old enough to go to school we sent them part-time to a co-operative nursery school in Great Barrington. But with kindergarten coming on we began muttering about how we couldn't imagine their leaving home every school day for the next 12 years. The pattern was set for living and learning at home on our small farm, and pretty soon someone suggested homeschooling to us.

I don't think we had ever heard the term, even though my mother was herself taught at home by her aunt, Minnie Shepherd Keyes of Monterey. Minky, as we called her, was the resident grandmother of my young years. In her old age she lived with us during the winter and moved to her Monterey home on Route 23 in the summer where she loved to sit on the back porch in a rocker sipping lemonade and holding forth on such volatile subjects as politics (she was a socialist) and segregation (she was for it).

I wish Minky were still with us; she'd like our politics, but our integration would turn her around. At the time we adopted our first daughter from India, she became the only brown person living in Monterey that I know of, unless you count the burnished Florida habitues. The town rolled out the welcome mat for little 3-month old Sudi and put on a community dinner in her honor. People cooked Indian food, wore their paisley bedspreads from college, brought their Ravi Shankar tapes to play in the Church basement. Two years later I went back to India with two Monterey friends and we brought Cora home just in time to clean up after sugaring that year.

Cora is nearly eleven now and Sudi is tall and twelve. They have not been to school since nursery school. Their life and learning with us at home and in the Monterey community is not so different from what goes on in most homes here, it's just that we are able to do it more of the time than most people.

When I first went to see the school superintendent about teaching the kids at home he said, "I'm not going to ask you why you want to homeschool your children. That's your business, and in Massachusetts you have the right to do it. What I want you to show me is that you have the time." So I made charts accounting for the waking hours and time spent with the children. I bought ring-binder and some index tabs and invented a curriculum which included twleve different areas of study. At the end of every day I thought about what had happened that day and made notes under Math, Reading and Language, Writing, Science, History Geography and Social Studies, Physical Exercise, Art Drawing and Dance, Practical Skills, Music, Social Time, Peace and Social Activism, and Foreign Languages. " July 20, 1989: Math- learned to play Bingo; Science- trip to Ellen's heron rookery, examination of raccoon jawbone; Practical Skills- garden; weeding and thinning carrots especially."

At the end of each week I would look at these notes and write a little prose in a logbook, summing up the subjects, or giving at greater length an account of some conversation which would reveal progress or understanding in these areas. I put in photographs, examples of Sudi's work. The record-keeping was enough to drive a person crazy and after a few years, especially with adding Cora's separate charts and logbooks, I began to back off. My twleve subjects got lumped to 9, then 8. I began to get it that the school officials did not care to read all this accounting and neither did I. Pretty soon I was writing the annual summaries and curricula based on our daily journals. I could give a pretty good account of where we had been, what we had done, but it was always a leap to project what our plans were for the coming year. Who could have predicted that this would be the year Cora became a paper-maker and an expert on molds and deckles and printing in colonial times? Who could have seen that Sudi would pursue her passion for horses over at Kinallen Farm on Blue Hill Road, spending her mornings there with 4 or 5 horse-knowledgeable women learning the intricacies of stable management and horse-training?

Our curriculum is a home-based one with enough flexibility to take off in a new direction if one of us gets a passion. We have enough structure for daily practice in some areas such as music, foreign language, math, and writing and enough stability to abandon everything and go camping in the Rockies

Sudi Baker, daughter of Joe Baker and Bonner McAllester. Memorial Day 1997.

TOM ROSENTHAL

for a month. Like any parents we have enough humility and self-doubt to search our souls often about the choices we make for our kids, but so far we see them developing the self-confidence and imagination to survive any mistakes we may be making.

Through all of our home education, from the time we first put up our tipi down by Hunger Brook, the Monterey community, both human and environmental, has fed and encouraged us, challenged and accepted us. Someone once wrote: "All you really need to homeschool your children is love and a library card—and the library card is optional." My experience tells me that though this makes a nice quote it is not true; you also need community. Good schools provide this, and it takes more than four people. We were lucky enough, by reason of family, to land in Monterey for our homeschooling. Here, from the very start, we have found the community we've needed for our education at home. People respect our choices enough to give us encouragement and privacy. They know and like us well enough to ask questions and make suggestions.

Our school is centered in our log house. We made it of red pine logs, grown here in Monterey on Blue Hill Road and we built it with the help of a good chainsaw, a big rope with block-and-tackle, and help from our Monterey friends. Our curriculum is expanded by the goats and chickens, the garden, the brooks and the lake. We have a radio, a library card, a road atlas, an urge to travel. Whenever we come home, whether it is from a piano lesson or a long trip to the Rockies, we breathe deep in Monterey, nourished by the place and the people.

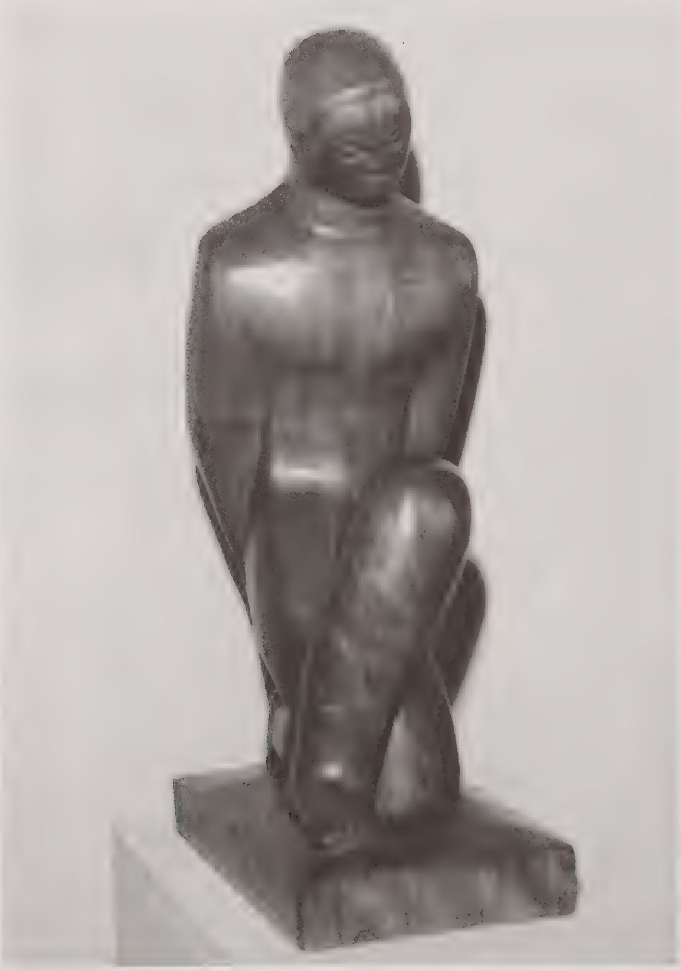
EREY GENERAL STORE

MAGGIE LEONARD

Bonner McAllester, Memorial Day 1997.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Muriel Lazzarini (Select Board), Dan Andrus (Parade Committee), and Grace Burke. Memorial Day 1997.



AL LENARDSON

"Introspection," a sculpture by Monterey artist Fred Lancome. A native of Paris, Mr. Lancome moved to Monterey in 1948 with his wife Lucie, and opened a restaurant called Sun-Inside in his home on Main Road. His carvings have been exhibited and sold around the world. Courtesy *Monterey News*.

Hillside Restaurant

Hillside Restaurant

25 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE
1972 - 1997

Reservations requested (413) 528-3123
Rt. 57, Hartsville, New Marlborough, MA 01230
(2-1/2 miles past Butternut Basin)

WILLOWOOD
HEALTH CARE CENTERS
Great Barrington - Pittsfield
North Adams - Williamstown
COMPREHENSIVE
INPATIENT SUBACUTE THERAPIES

- IV & TPN Therapy
- Peritoneal Dialysis
- Pain Management
- Oncology Unit
- Long Term Care

Physical • Speech
Occupational
Cardiac & Respiratory
Rehab

- Ventilator Programs
- Wound Care
- Alzheimer/Dementia Special Care Unit
- Transition to Home

CENTRAL REFERRAL LINE
1-800-445-4560

"Not Just Another Pretty Face"
Waterscaping

Landscape & Development Division
Landscape specialists for residential, corporate headquarters & commercial properties
Specialists in large specimen tree & shrub installation, grown at our nursery

Site Development Division
Pond installations & water gardens
Land clearing & grade changes
Roads & driveway installations
Topsoil * Sand * Gravel * Mulches

C.W. NELSON
Landscape Design & Nursery
Nursery Location:
19 Dodd Road
Sandisfield, Massachusetts 01255
413-258-3375
413-258-4057
Fax: 413-258-3307
"The Heart Of Design Is Ideas"
Over 50 Years of Experience

The Lake Garfield Association is dedicated and devoted to preserving the beauty and cleanliness of the lake. We have worked for years to ensure the ecological health of this natural resource and to allow for its enjoyment by the residents and visitors of Monterey. Please contact us to learn more about what you can do to help in our efforts. Together we can ensure that the lake is there to cherish for another 150 years.

LAKE GARFIELD
Monterey, Massachusetts

Lake Garfield Association P.O. Box 474 Monterey, MA 01245

AGAR Fuel Oil

Quality service for over 60 years

Eliminate costly winter freeze-ups, ask about our remote monitoring service plan for your oil burner today.

61
FUEL OIL
YEARS

Heating Oils
Burner Service
Heating Systems
Diesel • Gasoline
Furnace & Boilers
Automatic Delivery
12 Month Budget Plan

24 Hour Emergency Service

CHARLES W. AGAR
FUEL OIL
COMPANY
528-0375

Egremont Plain Road, Great Barrington

Congratulations
to the
Town of Monterey

Mount Everett Landscaping
&
Mount Everett Sanitation

Randy & Ronnie Leonard

Wheeler & Taylor, Inc.

INSURANCE & REAL ESTATE

Since 1871. Some Good Things Don't Change.

SHEA'S

PINE TREE INN

FOR A TOUCH OF NEW ENGLAND
IN A CASUAL ATMOSPHERE
Fine country dining since 1986.

The Shea Family and Staff congratulate the great New England Town of Monterey and its residents in celebration of 150 years ... a true milestone!

SHAMUS O'SHEA

LUNCHEON • DINNER • NIGHTLY SPECIALS
U.S. ROUTE 7, SHEFFIELD, MA 01257

PHONE: 413-229-2924 OR 800-846-2924

Happy 150th Birthday
Monterey

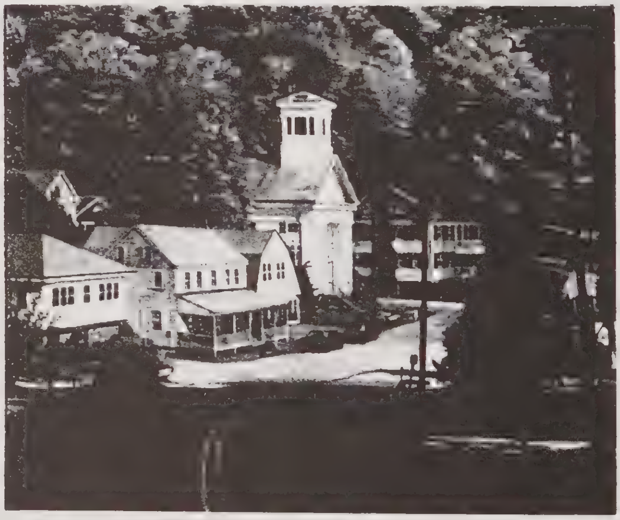
from

Andrews Insurance Agency
all forms of insurance

Independent Insurance Agent®

309 Main Street
Great Barrington, MA

413-528-0888



BERKSHIRE AUTUMN
MONTEREY, MASSACHUSETTS, 1994

A full-color reproduction of an acrylic painting by Frank D'Amato.
Image size: 27" x 10 ½"; framed to 33" x 17".
THE ART DEPARTMENT, P.O. BOX 337
MONTEREY, MA 01245, (413) 528-3723

or

Available through the
MONTEREY GENERAL STORE.

Congratulations Monterey

HEBERT REALTY INC.

We've enjoyed being your hometown, professional Real Estate Company since 1955 and look forward to serving you in the 21st Century.

413-528-4880 office
413-528-3440 home
Internet: http://heberttgo.com

Linda Rabiner Hebert
Licensed Broker, GRI, CRS, CRB

CHRISTIE'S
GREAT ESTATES

TARASUK FOREST MANAGEMENT, INC.

"Management for the lifetime of your forest"

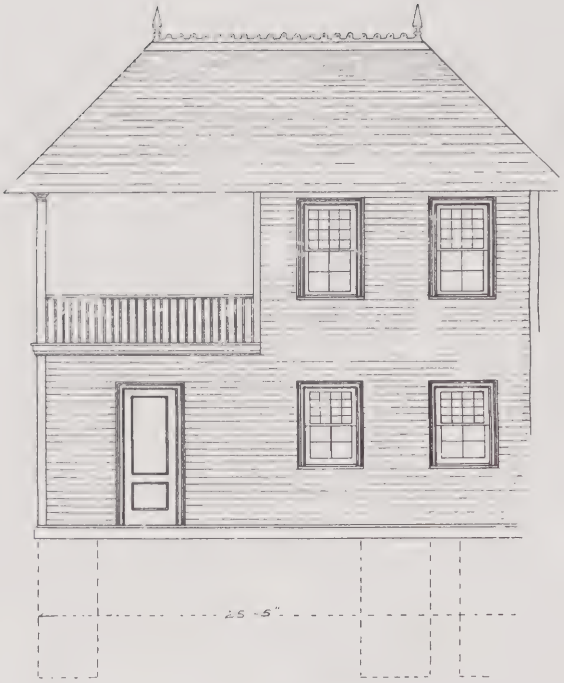
Robert Tarasuk - Private Consulting Forester Since 1980

Working on the landowners behalf to maximize forest productivity while enhancing the long term conservation of fish, wildlife and forest resources Currently managing over 20,000 acres of forest land in the southern Berkshires

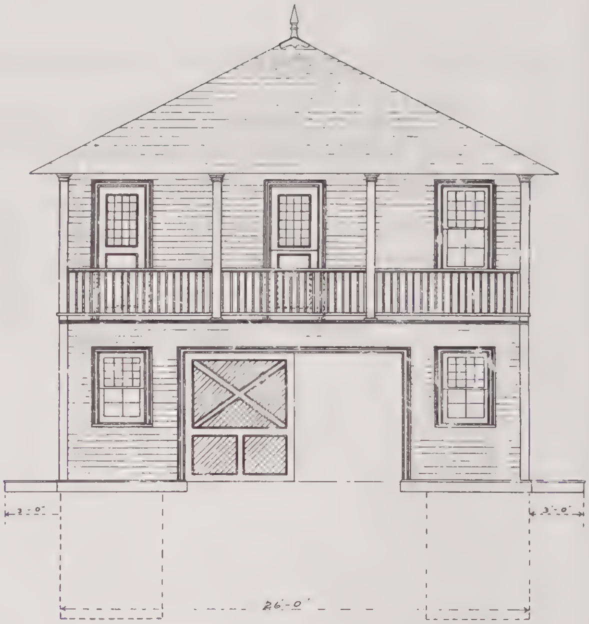
Forestry Services

- Chapter 61 Forest Land Classification For Tax Savings
- Forest Management Plans
- Sivicultural Forest Practices/Ecosystem Management
- Nature Trail Construction
- Wildlife and Fisheries Habitat Analysis

413 - 258-4929

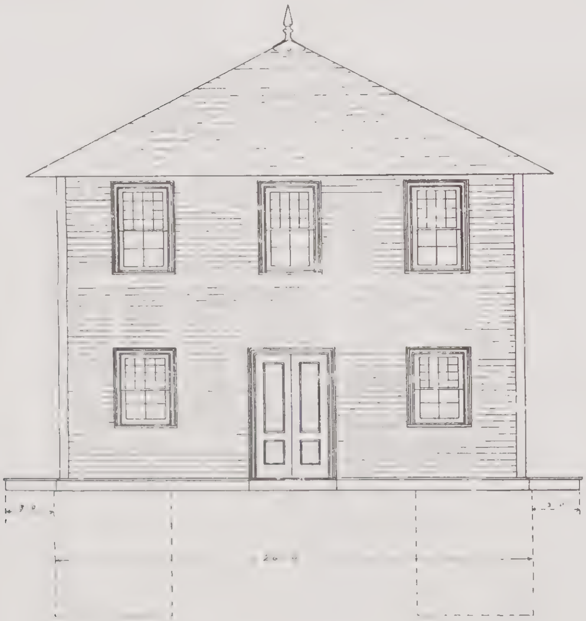


— Side Elevation —



— Front Elevation —

— Scale 1/4 In. = 1'-0. —



— End Elevation —

— Richard Berger, Arch't. —
— No 309 Broadway, N Y C —

Proposed Boat House. —
— Montérey - Mass —
— Dr. John Horn, Esq. —

Chapter Six

AFTER GARFIELD

MEETING HOUSE AND TOWN: ENTERING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

by

Kathy Page Wasiuk

Rural manufacturing, thriving here at mid-century, had waned by 1900, as economies of scale and the new sources of power—coal, oil, and electricity—pushed small, isolated, water-powered industries to the margins. Monterey became a pastoral village with a smaller population, 455 residents at the turn of the century. Church membership decreased correspondingly, but the church carried on, calling a popular new pastor, John Dooly, in 1898. He had retired to Monterey after a life's work at missions on the Bowery in New York City. Dooly's biographer Myra Mayo quotes an 1889 *Albany Gazette* describing Dooly as one who "understands human nature well and is not easily imposed upon." He served Monterey for twelve years, leading the church's celebration of its 150th anniversary in 1900.

Mayo credits Dooly with attracting many friends from New York who bought lakeside lots and built substantial homes. A summer colony named Garfield Park was established on the southern shore of the lake, and eleven cottages—some of them "very ornamental and expensive"—were built by 1900. Rock Ridge, costing the impressive sum of $45,000 to build (in a time when the entire assessed value of the town was $229,207) had risen on the west shore. For the less well heeled, rooms in boarding houses like Prospect Hill and The Pines were available. One could, for example, have a room at Lake Garfield Farm for a dollar a day, with picnic grounds, boats, good fishing (live bait a specialty) fresh eggs, vegetables, and pure milk all advertised. Monterey had been discovered by city dwellers anxious to escape the noise and crowding of urban life. Three to four hundred boarders came each summer to the village, attracted by the air, which Dooly described as "dry and bracing and very healthful, owing to the pine forests and the elevation," and by the peaceful, restorative scene and quiet nights.

A long distance telephone line was installed, mail was

Rock Ridge, situated above Lake Garfield off the Tryingham Road, originally built for Curtis J. Judd in 1898. Subsequent owners were Hecht, Arthur S. Somers, and Harold Schwab. In 1978 Arthur II (son of Arthur S.) and Alice Somers bought Rock Ridge. During their eighteen years of residency they opened the house for festivals and events attended by many Montereyans. From an old postcard, date unknown. Courtesy of Virginia and Robert Duffy, current owners of Rock Ridge.

delivered once a day by stage, and the village held a schoolhouse (then one of five), Tryon's Hotel, Langdon's Store (with post office), a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, and the Berkshire Hills Cooperative Creamery. The Monterey Library had been established in 1891. Brewer Pond, the lake closest to town, had been renamed Lake Garfield in 1881 to honor the assassinated President who, as a youth, had spent happy times in the house of relatives at the base of Mount Hunger. John Dooly described the situation in the church's centennial booklet: "Very few of the farms in the township are idle. The general tone of morals is good, and the inhabitants are orderly and law abiding. There has been no [liquor] license granted in the town for several years. The prospects are that Monterey will become each year more popular as a summer resort for a good class of city people…"

The meeting house remained at the center of town life. Dooly's congregation of 117 members engaged in serious and sober efforts, even stern Victorian sanctions, as they asserted moral leadership. It took more than a profession of faith to remain in good standing. Regular church attendance was required, and certain behaviors—drunkenness, swearing, public neglect of one's family—could result in a committee of two calling on the wayward; absent any change or expression of regret, a second visit was made to help reform the reprobate. If necessary, these actions were followed by a motion brought before the whole congregation that "watch and care be withdrawn," leaving the sinner on his or her own. Membership was a serious obligation which did not end at the meeting house door.

Following the Civil War, women had begun to establish their own organizations, which offered congenial social opportunities and helped them develop leadership skills such as public speaking, fund raising, and organizational management. Congregational women formed the Ladies' Aid Society, which welcomed women from a variety of church backgrounds, including the Woman's Missionary Society, and the Young Women's Guild. These organizations became the backbone of the

"…the inhabitants are orderly and law abiding. There has been no [liquor] license granted in the town for several years. The prospects are that Monterey will become each year more popular as a summer resort for a good class of city people…"

Amy Loom on Lake Garfield, 1900.
Photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Joseph Houhgton (left) and William Everett (right) at Wayside, the family cottage on Lake Garfield. They made the trip from Connecticut with their Monterey banner flying. Date and photographer uncertain. Courtesy John Seirup.

church, raising money for the minister's salary, for repairs to the meeting house, as well as scholarship funds for a young woman student in India. It was during this period that the tower and side vestibule were added to the building. The Young Women's Guild raised the money to buy a reed organ for the meeting house in the 1890s. By the turn of the century, women constituted the majority of the congregation, 72 of 103 members.

The meeting house was maintained in reasonable shape, supported by the First Congregational Society. In 1901 the collapse of the Western Bonds (an investment in Nebraska land) hit the Society with a fifty-per-cent loss in the face value of their investment, but local organizations softened the blow to the congregation. Many village women belonged to the Ladies' Aid Society, which, although not officially a church organization and theoretically open to women of all faiths, supported the meeting house by keeping it clean and raising funds for carpets and cushions. These ladies also raised funds for scholarships, and to aid the down-and-out; they provided flowers to the hospitalized, notes of condolence and encouragement, and a covered-dish supper to feed community stomachs and spirits.

The Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor had a Missionary Committee, Sunday School Committee, Lookout Committee (to keep an eye out for prospective members and "by personal investigation satisfy [themselves] of the fitness of persons to become members of this society"). They worked earnestly to promote their vision of a proper life, and absorbed a sense of leadership. Many names listed on the rolls of the Young People's Society appear in Monterey history. In 1911, for example, active members included Julius Miner (later a proprietor of the General Store), Parker Harmon (later Monterey police chief, as well as proprietor of the Gulf station that is now Walsh's Auto Repair), the Goulds of Gould Farm, Mrs. Clarence Kinne of Kinne's Grove, Sheldon Fenn, the Bretts of Brett Road, Harvey

TEMPERANCE

by

Lisa Simpson

The effort of women in Monterey to close down the bar at Tryon's Hotel shows the strong feeling evoked in the nineteenth century on the subject of strong (the contemporaneous term for liquor). The temperance movement was a force in both rural and urban life, particularly prior to the Civil War.

To the Selectmen of the town of Monterey

We the undersigned Ladies of Monterey feel that the public house kept by Albert Tryon, as at present conducted is a serious evil.

We understand that intoxicating liquors are freely sold there to many men whose families at home are suffering for want of the money spent at Mr. Tryon's bar.

Some of us have been painfully shocked while passing the house for the sight and sounds of drunkenness. Some of our children have been sorely frightened by meeting reeling swearing topers, as they were returning from school. Therefore, we would respectfully petition the Board of Selectmen to interfere in the matter, and in some wise efficient way put a stop to the nuisance.

Our hearts are burdened, we are more fearful and anxious than we can express. Must our town become a by word and a reproach?

Must our streets be made unsafe for our children to pass? Must the abomination that is making desolate so many homes be allowed to remain in our midst unchecked?

In view of these inquiries we pray you present this our petition before the meeting on Saturday, June 13, 1868.

Complete text of the handwritten petition.

In the seventeenth century alcohol played an important role in the life of the European settlers, and this continued into the 1800s. In Europe, where the water was tainted, everyone who could afford it had beer, hard cider, and wine for daily drink. The Mayflower was stocked with "hot waters." Every good Puritan housewife knew the method for making beer to supply her family with a thirst quenching drink believed to fortify a person for hard daily labor. Apple orchards were soon planted by settlers, not for eating apples, but hard cider. Once children were weaned, they too drank beer and cider. No one objected to drink—it was part of life. Ministers and town leaders did object to public drunkenness, and those caught were fined, put in stocks, or jailed.

What, then, led people to join societies and pledge total abstinence, after two centuries of socially acceptable drinking? A variety of causes contributed to this change. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the use of strong increased. Average yearly consumption rose from two-and-a-half gallons per person in 1792 to seven-and-a-half gallons per person in 1823. Various religious groups addressed what we now call alcoholism, with the rapidly growing Methodist religion leading the way. In addition, this was period of general reform. There was firm belief that man and society could be perfected, and a number of humanitarian causes were born, including the abolition movement, prison reform, women's rights, diet reform, and temperance. All were intertwined, with the same people involved in many movements. The major underlying cause was the rapid and frightening social change that accompanied the Industrial Revolution. The final, immediately persuasive cause of change in attitudes toward drink was peer pressure. When wealthy town leaders publicly signed their names and joined a society, many others followed.

The earliest societies were formed to promote temperance, the moderate drinking of alcohol; beer and wine were favored over hard liquor. Later temperance societies promoted total abstinence. These organizations asked people to sign a teetotal pledge, whereby absolutely no strong was consumed. Some pushed for state legislation, while others favored individual discipline. There were sharp divisions within some societies.

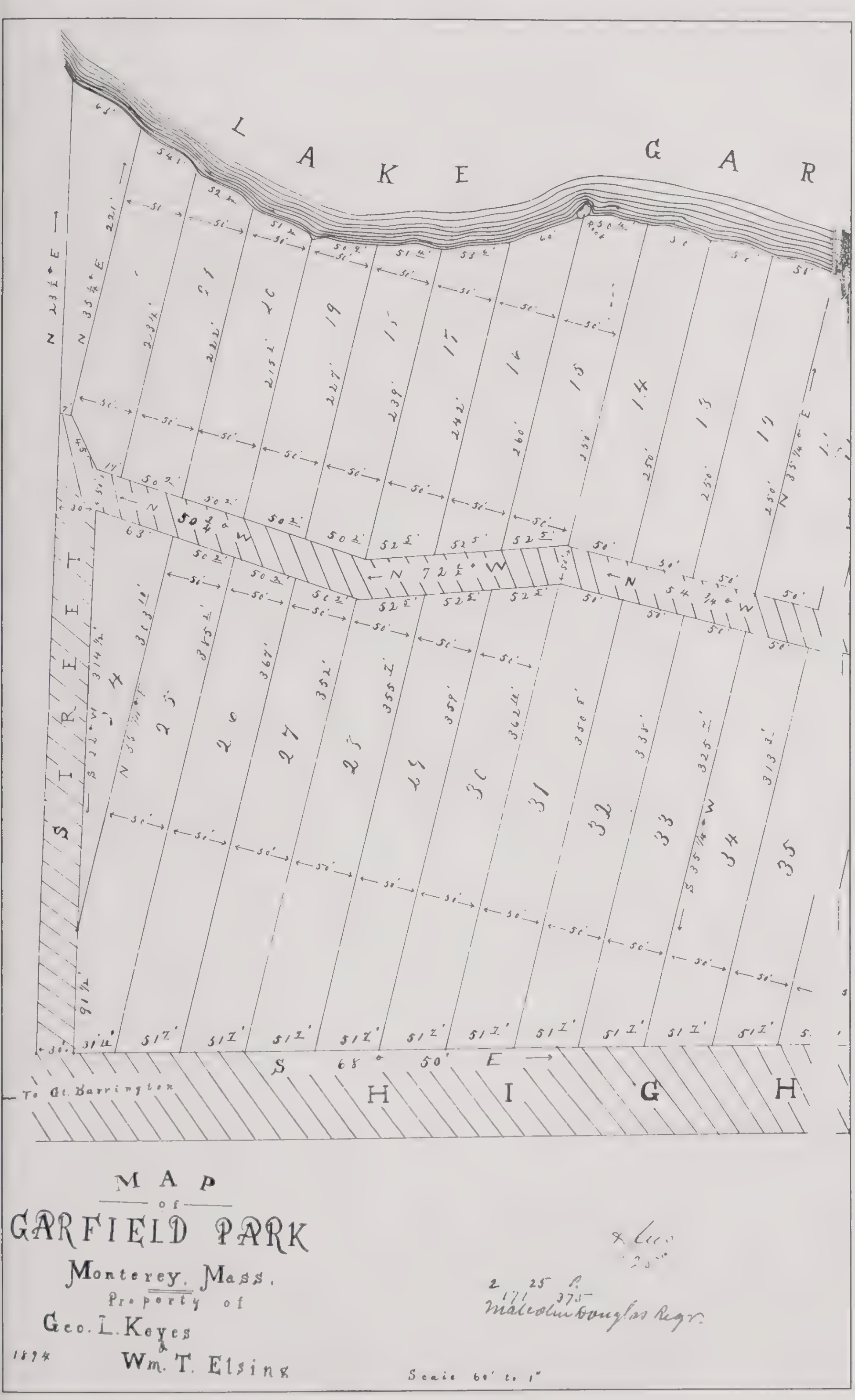
Temperance activity in Monterey helped bring about a unanimous vote in 1883 to ban the sale of liquor within the town. In the 1930s a locally initiated vote to lift the ban was roundly defeated, as it was again in the 1950s, this time on a state ballot in a November election. Monterey remained dry until November of 1962, when 111 voters favored allowing the sale of alcohol "in packages" (not for consumption on premises), outpolling 96 voters against the change. In the same election, voters rejected allowing consumption on premises—the sale of alcohol in bars within town. All three votes were quite close.

Bogart (who later owned land by Elephant Rock), Jared Thomson, and some fifty-five others.

Helen Townsend, a teacher at Hampton Institute, composed a verse for the church's centennial booklet (1850) entitled "The Women of the Church," from which we quote these lines:

For temperence women's voices
were raised
Though many attempted to drown
Their help has been great and up
to this date
We rejoice in a no-license town

The 1920s and '30s saw the growth of a summer colony named Elephant Rock. Robert Brown of Oberlin, Ohio, felled trees on his land on the northern shore of Lake Garfield and built a log cabin near a spring. Within the next fifteen years other families, connected by their Oberlin experiences and wide-ranging friendships, had built nearby. Hupi Road, as well as the lakeshore, began to see more houses. Grand plans were once drawn to subdivide a swath there into the Berkshire Bungalow Club, with lots 50 feet wide by 150 feet deep. Fortunately, investors purchased multiple lots, and combined them into larger parcels. Summer camps grew up along the same side of the lake: Owaissa and Monterey (later called the Jason Camps after "Chief" Jason, their owner and well-loved founder), and Camp Fernside (later called Camp Glenmere, and in its last years, Camp Shalom); Camp Half Moon appeared



Plan (on file at the Southern Berkshire Registry of Deeds) of the lakeside subdivision of 1894 called Garfield Park. Dr. William Elsing, of the New York Mission Society, and George Keyes, who owned a farm at the east end of Lake Garfield, were partners in this venture. Several families associated with the Mission Society bought Garfield Park lots.

on the shores of Lake Buel, and Camp Meadow Lark replaced the Berkshire Summer School of Art in fields surrounded by woods on Art School Road. They all supplied a healthful and refreshing experience for generations of campers. A nine-hole golf course was built near the village, complete with clubhouse. The stage continued to run into Great Barrington for some time, but eventually was replaced by automobiles.

The meeting house saw various ministers come and go. B. S. Crosby (1914-1918) served during a time when several second-generation Montereyans died, some taken by the world-wide influenza epidemic: John Hyde (a member for forty-six years), Wilbur Miner (forty-three years), and Mary Miner (who had joined in 1876). In 1930 Anna Brochu died, a member since 1867; and in 1936, condolences were offerred to the family of James G. Dowd, a member since 1863—seventy-three years of participation at the meeting house!

The Rev. R. H. Abercrombie, a charismatic and respected community leader, assumed the pastor's place in 1920. In 1924 the summer people gave the meeting house its first furnace, replacing the wood-burning stove, and Wallace Tryon installed electric lights. In October, 1925, Abercrombie led a gala celebration of the 175th Anniversary of the gathering of the church, and at evening's end "the Ladies invited the guests to take a cup of tea in the Basement before taking their cold ride home" in their buggies or (perhaps) an open Model A Ford car.

Ada Houghton (wife of Joseph Houghton). She was often seen riding her bicycle with a large camera in a basket on the handlebars. Some of her pictures of Monterey early in the twentieth century were made into postcards. Courtesy John Seirup.

In 1928 the meeting house Society purchased an organ from a church in Cliffordale, Massachusetts. The organ itself cost $200—a sum promptly raised by the Ladies Aid—and $135 more was paid to disassemble and transport it to Monterey. A small extension was built at the rear of the meeting house to install the organ works, and in January of 1929 H. A. Brownell of Winchester, Massachusetts rebuilt the organ on its new site with some help from Dr. Crane, County Missionary, who played at the following Sunday service, "and we rejoiced in its sweet tone which has mellowed with age. We were proud of our organ but waited eagerly to hear what our summer friends would think of it, and so far as I have heard, all were enthusiastically pleased with it."

The Ladies' Aid continued to help fund the meeting house. Many women active in those years had names familiar to townspeople today: Hulda Westberg, Belle Weiss, Nina and Della Tryon, Grace Miner, Edith Wilson, Margery McLaughlin, Mrs. Kinne, Mrs. Hebert, Lucy Eaton. Church membership held steady at seventy-five.

The Rev. William Clark took the pastor's job in 1940. He sought to "minister through labor," which meant spending some time at work with and for various men in the town, getting to know them and their families. It was the era of designated Sundays: there was Camp Fernway Sunday, Gould Farm Sunday, Old Home Sunday, Grandfather's Sunday. One Sunday in February of 1944, a young man from Gould Farm preached on the need for better race relations, and the next week was asked to step in as interim pastor. He was W. Raymond Ward, who still makes his home in Monterey.

Ray Ward had been the sanitation inspector for dairies in eastern Massachusetts. He came to Gould Farm in 1942 to supervise farm operations, following his interests in agriculture and intentional community. He and his wife Mary had served the pulpit elsewhere in Massachusetts and Maine, and had briefly joined an optimistic, short-lived scheme to run a farm in upstate New York for foreign missionaries home on leave. Ray said, "In Monterey, I didn't have to build community—it was here!"

George Mahlon Miller, a retired minister with a summer home in Monterey, succeeded Reverend Ward's interim pastorship. Tall and thin, Miller was a conservative, traditional minister. He was evidently well-suited to a town with only fourteen registered Democrats: attendance at the meeting house swelled, especially in summer, and even during World War II.

Dr. Miller died in 1948 while still pastor, and Ray Ward was offerred a permanent post. "Well," he said, "I am not seeking the Monterey church, but do wish to be of service to the community, and so I accept." Ray was also the village bus driver, so he could even provide transportation to the meeting house! He took all the village children to school in the 1937 bus-on-a-truck-chassis that everyone called The Roller Skate. In time, he also served as Town Clerk, on the Board of Selectmen, the Board of Health, the Board of Public Welfare, and the Finance Committee.

Anita Carroll-Weldon. Memorial Day 1997.

TOM ROSENTHAL

Ray and Mary Ward involved themselves and the meeting house fully in town life. After town meeting each spring, the Ladies' Aid served a community meal in the same downstairs room. Monthly pot luck suppers followed by slide presentations were also held there. Sing-alongs on the front steps were another popular summer amusement. Concerts by Richard Dyer Bennett and Carleton L'Hommedieu were enjoyed upstairs. One summer, advanced Tanglewood students gave a series of organ concerts.

Sadly, even as it was constantly in use, the building was slowly deteriorating. In 1975, the Congregational Society decided to "get a tree company to use their bucket for Henry Bynack [a carpenter from Hartsville] or his son to assess what needs to be done to the south and east cornices of the roof." Limited, sometimes temporary, repairs have been made over the last twenty-five years: a rest room was added, the organ alcove was insulated, the basement social room was painted, and a new septic system was installed. The belfry was shored up in 1992, and stands above main road today with help from temporary two-by-four crutches. Funds have not yet made possible the general overhaul needed to protect and preserve the meeting hosue.

In 1995 the Congregational Society, which had served as the financial arm of the church since 1809, was formally dissolved. Responsibility for maintaining the meeting house came to rest with the Trustees. In the last entry of the Society's record, Clerk Raymond Ward wrote

> Other hands may add to this record a history of the founding of this Society, but I have done what I could, and now my work is done. As the future comes rushing toward us, history gives us few clues on how to meet it, but it does tell us how we got where we are today. "The past is prologue." The future is God's gift.

MONTEREY MEETING HOUSE
CAMPAIGN
Saving the Past for the Future

MAGGIE LEONARD

The Monterey United Church of Christ opened its capital campaign, the Monterey Meeting House Fund, in June of 1997. Trustees set a goal of $209,000, seeking gifts and pledges over a three-year period. The funds will be used primarily for structural repair of the building. Construction of access for handicapped persons will also be undertaken, and the church aims to establish an endowment fund to provide for future needs.

References

1. Mayo, Myra D., *His Name Was John: A Biography of John Dooly*, ms, 1954.

2. *History of the Congregational Society in Monterey, Mass. 1750-1900*. Great Barrington: Courier Book and Job Press, 1900.

3. Ibid.

4. Records of the First Congregational Society of Monterey, ms, December 20, 1901.

5. *Consitution and By-Laws of the Young People's Society for Chrisitian Endeavor of Monterey, Mass.* Great Barrington: Edward Y. Foote. 1895.

6. History of the Congregational Society in Monterey, Mass., rear cover.

7. Record of the Congregational Church of Monterey, Mass., ms., October 11, 1925

8. Record of the Congregational Church of Monterey, Mass., February, 1929.

9. Interview with Raymond and Mary Ward, August 11, 1996.

10. Record of the Congregational Church of Monterey, March 7, 1948.

11. Records of the First Congregational Society, August 12, 1975

12. Records of the First Congregational Society of Monterey, Mass., March 21, 1996.

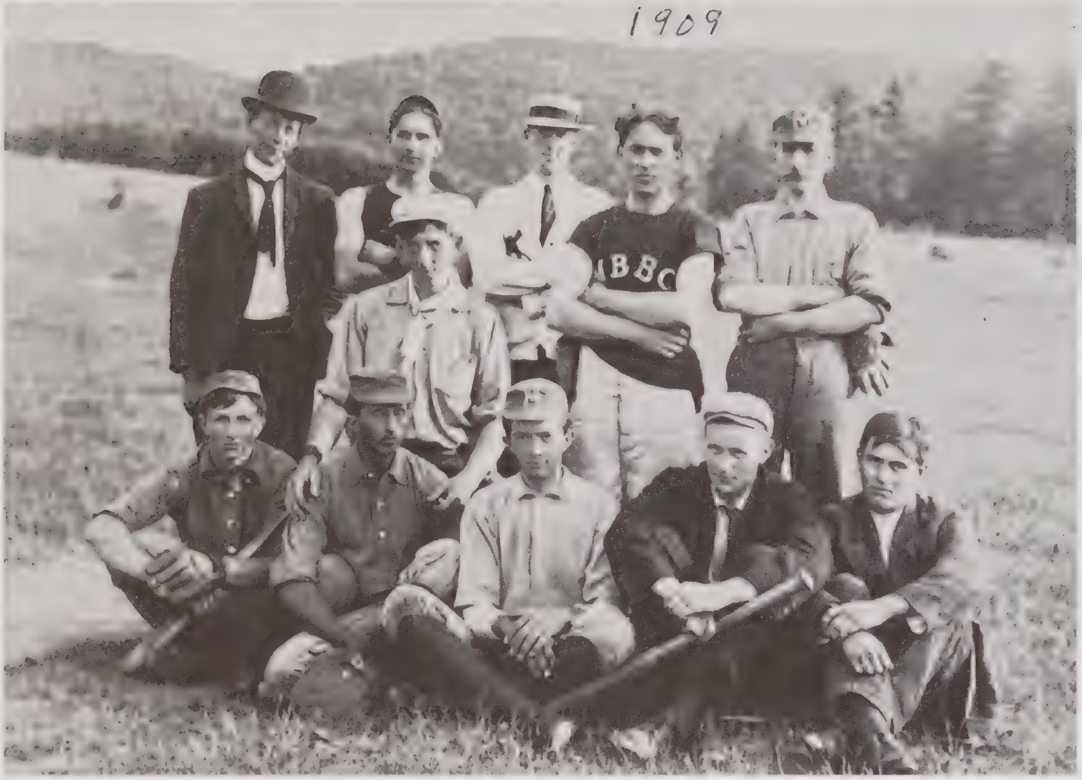
Left to right: Tom Morrison, Robert Gauthier, Henri Morrison, and Pam Morrison. Memorial Day 1997.

TOM ROSENTHAL

> "In Monterey, I didn't have to build community—it was here!"
> – Ray Ward

Dinah Mielke with Monterey birthday cake. Memorial Day 1997.

MAGGIE LEONARD



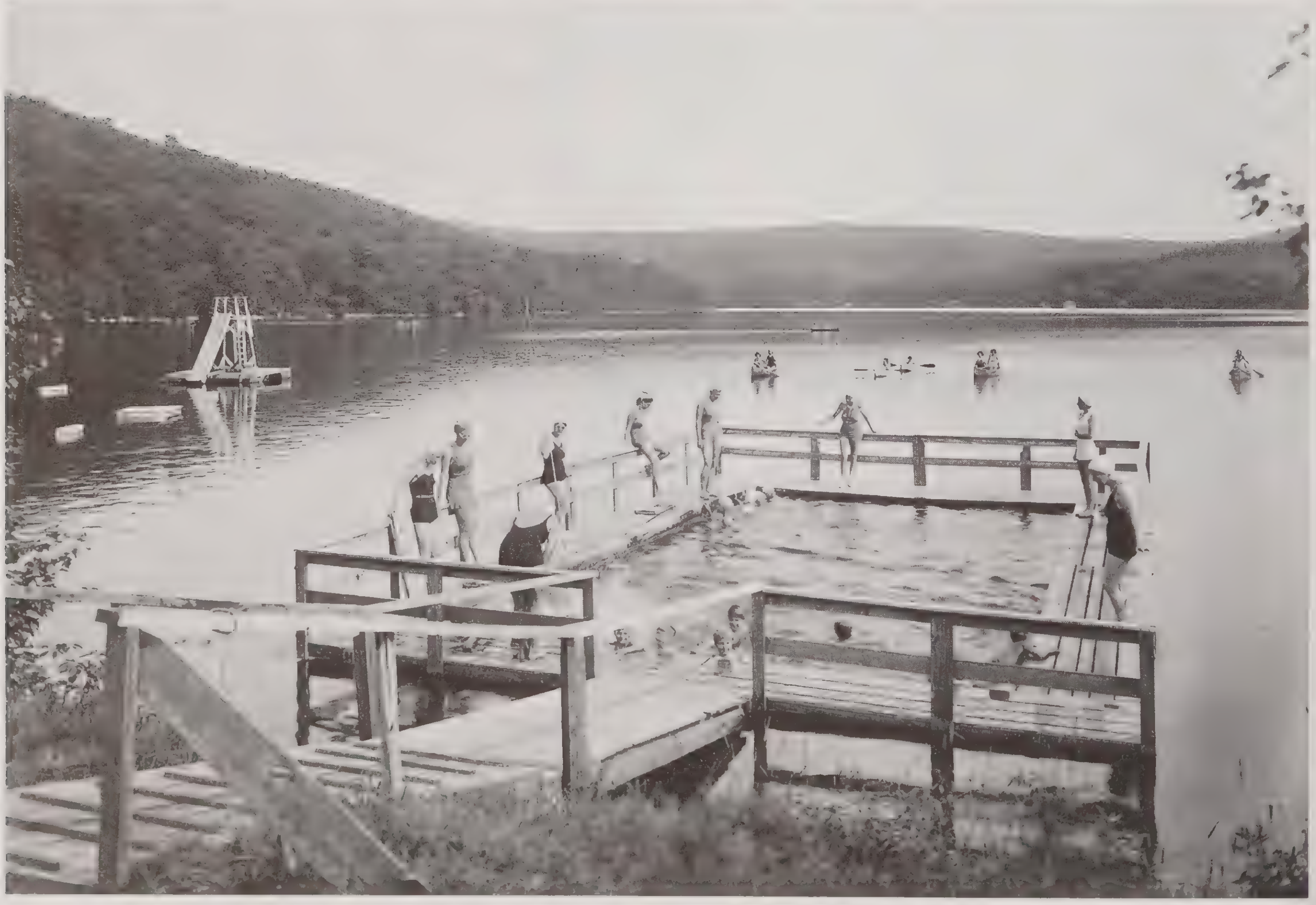
1909 Monterey Ball Team

Ed Stoiber, Manager
Joe Johnson
Dick Bidwell
Fred Prehn
Earl Loom
Jack Burke

Perry Fargo
Ed Carrington
Frank Carrington
Harry Gladwin
Clarence Eihorn

Photographer unknown.
Courtesy June Tryon.

Teaching beginners in "The Crib" at Camp Owaissa, 1942. From a postcard, photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.



ARTS AND LEISURE

by

Peter Murkett

In this century, the influx of people who were not here for the sake of industry, commerce, or agriculture was a new thing for Monterey, in degree if not in kind. The wealth of the summer "colonists" was a financial boon to the town, as reported in the *Springfield Sunday Union and Republican* on January 14, 1934:

> Twenty years ago Monterey officially recognized what a valuable asset to the town is its summer resort business and the importance of Lake Garfield in connection therewith. To control the water rights and flowage of this gem of Berkshire lakes it was voted in town-meeting to appropriate $4,000 for the purchase of the rights of the Ousatonic Water company of Derby, Ct. The final payment of this debt was made in 1933. Formerly cottage owners around the lake, of whom there are now 90, often protested against lowering the water level during the height of the resort season in July and August. The Derby concern simply used the water as required by its customers for power. The outlet of Lake Garfield is the start of Konkapot river. Several cottagers threatened to leave unless something was done. The town acted without delay and recreation won over commercialism.

The same newspaper account reports a reduction that year of $7 in the Monterey tax rate, from $27.70 to $20.70. "No other Berkshire town made such a record last year. While in most Western Massachusetts towns there was a marked decrease in real estate valuation Monterey had an increase of $21,000 due to new construction—mainly summer homes."

Wise management by town officers and urban wealth were key components of this situation, but there was more to it than that. The wealth attracted to Monterey was in some cases substantial, but it was not stratospheric, as was the case in other Berkshire towns. Many in the summer community were boarders at numerous inns, or people of modest means who managed to put up simple lakeside cottages and find a few months off for some family members most summers. They loved the lakes, fields, and woods, as well as the people they found here. Several summer residents were members of the clergy, and even for the many who were not, the trip to Monterey had a spiritual feeling.

Long-time local residents and newcomers of every sort crossed paths all the time. Wallace Tryon was evidently having a great time as he thought up good ways to provide for the entire population:

> At this time [1929] the town was running wild. There were three camps for children at the lake, with no restrictions when parents could come to visit. Brookbend was filled and bulging at the seams. Berkshire Summer School of Art was full, with about one hundred and sixty students at the camp and the overflow stayed at boarding houses in the village. Father Hughes' camp was filled as was Hephzibah Heights and New England Keswick. Della Tryon managed the Tearoom, having a cook and two helpers in the kitchen, three waiters for serving meals and a girl at the fountain. The Tearoom stayed opened almost every night until one-thirty or quarter of two. A woman would come in early in the morning, clean and sweep up, fill candy cases ready for the next day's rush. Sometimes I had to leave the garage and come and help serve ice cream cones.

Monterey was also headquarters of the South Berkshire Landowners' Association, of which Wallace Tryon was secretary and treasurer. There were about 200 members of the group, which was formed for protection and conservation, and controlled some 30,000 acres of land in Monterey, Otis, Tyringham, Lee, Lenox, and Great Barrington. Six patrolmen roamed the woods during deer week, and hunting was allowed on association lands by permit only, issued by Wallace himself at $1 each to non-landowners, and 50¢ to landowners.

Wallace Tryon was the only local year-round resident to buy stock in the Lake Garfield Golf Club, established in 1928. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eaton of New York City were prime movers in forming the golf club. (They summered at

Brookmead Farm on New Marlborough Road while building Indian Cave Lodge on the south shore of Lake Garfield.) The club built a nine-hole golf course on a ninety-three-acre tract situated quite near the town center—north of Main Road and west of Tryingham Road—with fine views over Lake Garfield to Hunger Mountain in the east, and west to Mount Everett. He describes golf in Monterey as follows:

> At the west end of the property a large club house with kitchen, showers, and ballroom was built, and the view from the porch overlooking the mountains on a New England sunset evening was out of this world. They had many activities in the afternoon and evenings. In the large ballroom at one end. . .stood a large open fireplace made of fieldstone taken from the stone walls on this property. At the north side of this sixty-foot building were two large glass doors that opened onto the first fairway. This was very convenient for elderly people to enter the building from ground level. In the center of this room hung a large chandelier which was very attractive. They had many social dances with a five piece orchestra playing until midnight. The dances were held on Saturday nights for the convenience of the many persons who worked in New York, and came by train to Great Barrington or Hillsdale on Friday night to be met at the station by a family car. They had clam bakes, corn roasts and many potluck suppers during the summer season. The Rev. George Miller was the minister who was preaching here then, and he started "sings" at the clubhouse, which were held in the inside of the building every Sunday evening at eight o'clock. The singers came early and stayed late. Mrs. Grace Miner was at the piano. . . .
>
> The old library was moved to the land of the golf course and used for the. . .caddy house. A large freezer was bought and the players could keep their beer cold, as well as have a nice fresh sandwich made to order by the counter girl who was Amy Enoe. Upon their return from the ninth green hot coffee and cold soda were also on hand.
>
> The club had a big loss as the building caught fire and burned. From then on the club went down hill until they decided to sell the land and equipment.

Exclusion

The growth of summer residency in Monterey was a welcome development. Wallace Tryon's enthusiasm for busy village life seems characteristic of those who came on holiday as well as those who lived and worked here through the year. There was, however, an element of exclusion to that life that was typical of the entire region in that time. Inns and boarding houses of Berkshire County commonly did not take Jews, and those in Monterey followed the practice. One brochure published by a Monterey establishment around the turn of the century states the exclusion specifically: "No Hebrews taken." Another of a few decades later uses only one word to state the inclusion and make clear the exclusion: "Gentiles." Sometime after the mid-1940s the language in a brochure from the same inn became "Selective Clientele." This prejudice sometimes erupted in less than genteel fashion.

The Berkshire Courier reported a cross-burning in Monterey in May of 1926. The event followed a controversy over whether to grant Barney Mirman a slaughtering license. He had been a landowner in Monterey, and had held a slaughtering license in previous years, but yearly renewal was required, and a vote at annual town meeting in February had instructed the Selectmen (Rufus C. Brett, Elery G. Heath, and Richard S. Bidwell) not to grant any license in town that year. Mr. Mirman

From Fernway Camp brochure:

"The older girls are given an opportunity to learn golf and to play it. Under a competent man instructor they are taught the proper use of the different clubs, and enlightened upon the subject of golf etiquette. When they are sufficiently advanced in their play, they are taken to a neighboring golf club where permission to play has been obtained at a very nominal charge."

Courtesy June Tryon.

got up a petition to rescind the ban, and a special town meeting was called to settle the question by ballot vote. The outcome was forty-six votes in favor, and forty-two votes against granting the license. The report in *The Berkshire Courier* notes the intense but not overtly hostile politicking that continued down to the wire on the close vote: "Mr. Mirman was active in behalf of his license. He distributed cigars with the liberality of a ward politician . . . [using] his butcher truck constantly to bring voters to the church and return them to their homes." The opposition was equally aggressive, and after some of the votes were allowed to be counted before the polling was closed, "several pleasure cars immediately resumed their trips and the distribution of good cigars continued."

About a week after Mr. Mirman had his license granted, Monterey residents were "rudely awakened literally and figuratively Saturday night at midnight by the sound of a loud explosion." Investigation revealed a cross burning on the hill above the schoolhouse in the town center. *The Berkshire Courier* (June 3, 1926) reported:

> All kinds of opinions have been hazarded in the village as to the persons responsible for the burning and explosion. "The Klan," famed for its burning crosses throughout the country, comes in for its share of blame in the informal discussions. Then too, there are those who endeavor to link the display with the activities of both parties on the Mirman license matter. Whatever may be the reason for its burning, it has had the effect of startling the inhabitants of the village considerably.

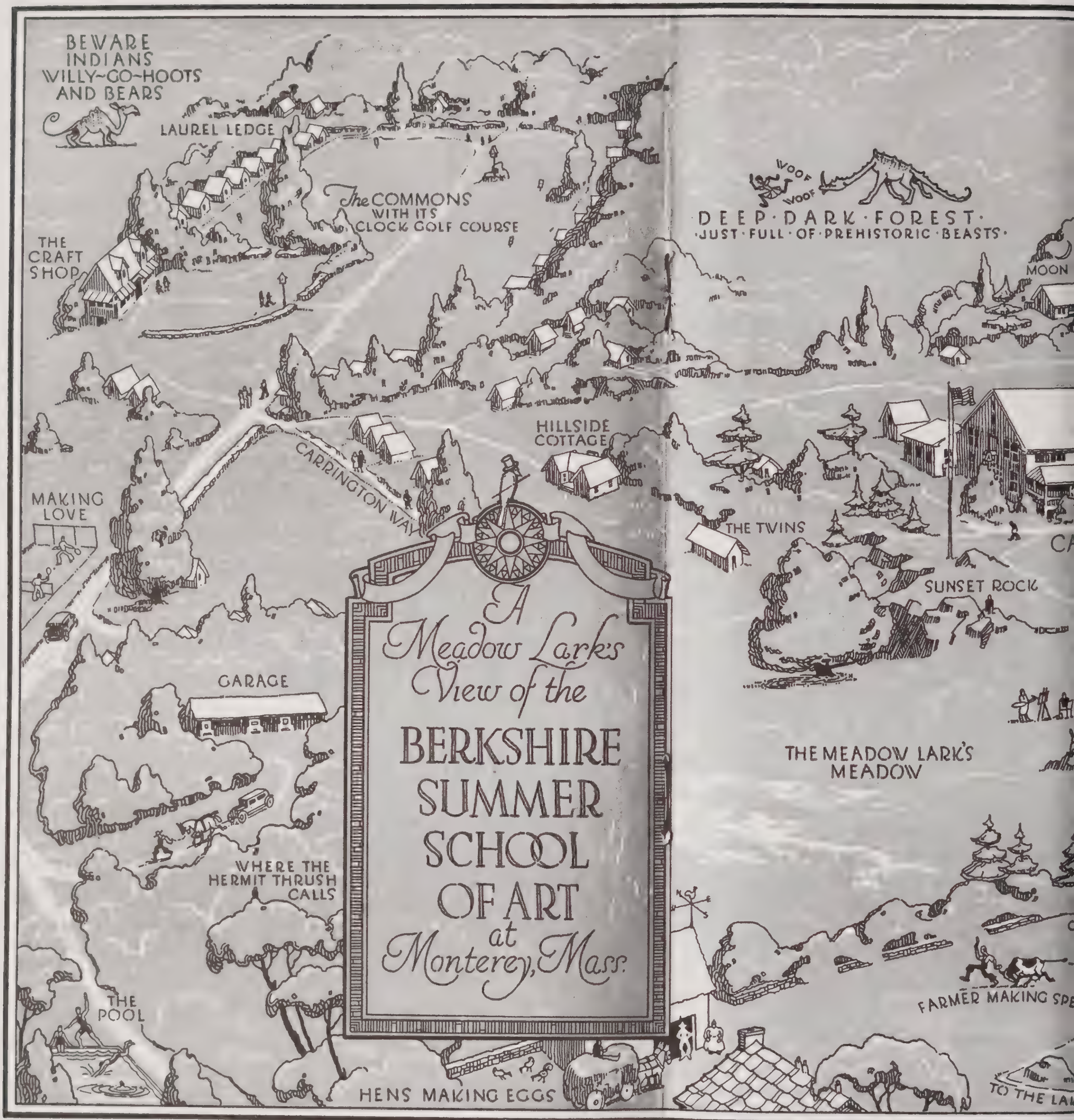
Klan activity, including the burning of crosses, is reported to have occurred elsewhere in the Berkshires during the 1920s. Sheldon Fenn remembered the incident here in Monterey, and added the information that Barney Mirman was Jewish. He felt certain that this was a strong element in the controversy. Shel thought that some people might also have been concerned about public health. A butcher selling fresh, unrefrigerated meat off the back of his wagon, as Barney Mirman did, may have seemed to some dangerously behind the times. As Shel remembered it, all cuts were priced at 25¢ a pound. He had no idea who may have staged the cross-burning.

Trap shooting at the top of the hill behind the Center School. Left to right: Guests of Mr. Eaton 1, 2, 3; Fannie Phelps; Ben Eaton; guest of Eaton; Jack Burke; Harry Gladwin; Perry Fargo; Joe Johnson; Harry Eaton. Photgrapher and date uncertain. Courtesy June Tryon.

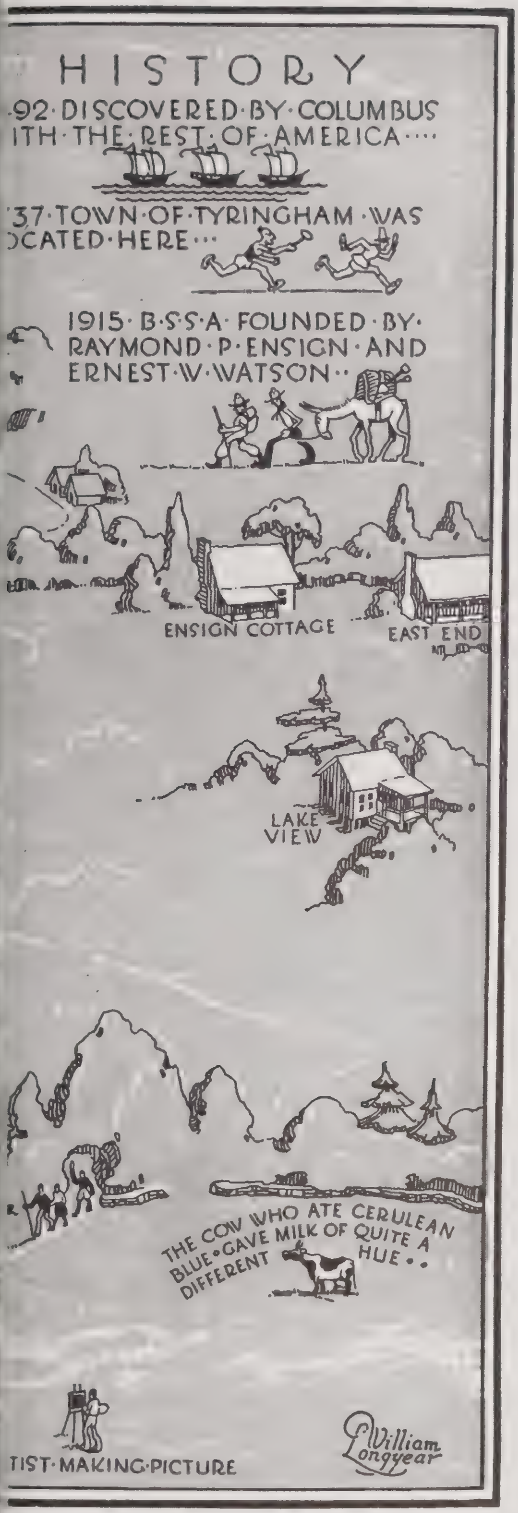
Raymond P. Ensign and Ernest W. Watson founded the Berkshire Summer School of Art in 1915. Mr. Ensign received advanced training in art at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, graduating in 1905. He later taught in the School of Fine and Applied Arts at Pratt (along with Mr. Watson), and was for a time Director of the Chicago Art Institute.

Mr. Ensign led an art tour through the Lake Country of England in 1910. A few years later he vacationed in Monterey, and the landscape here inspired teacher and artist anew. In 1913 he purchased the unoccupied Carrington house (now The Bidwell House Museum). Ernest Watson was his guest there the following summer, and together the two men conceived the art school idea. They bought adjacent land from Barney Mirman (a local butcher who peddled cuts of meat from his wagon), and hired the Whitney Brothers of Hartsville to build a central structure (Carrington Hall) where students dined and gathered for talent shows and other communal events; the builders also put up forty-five two-person bungalows.

The school opened in 1915. The cover of the catalog for that first year is a woodcut printing by Ernest Watson in black, blue, green, and gold—a spreading tree in the open against a distant, hilly horizon. The strong influence of the English Arts and Crafts movement is clear in the printing and design of the title page. John Ruskin, a leader in that movement, provided the inspirational lines done in simple calligraphy on the frontispiece: "Mountains seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals: full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar: kindly in simple lessons for the worker: quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker: glorious in holiness for the worshiper." The catalog presents the advantages and economies of this new stateside summer school for artists and art teachers: "The charm of the Berkshires draws to their golden summers thousands of city folks seeking renewed life and spirits, but they go for


BEWARE INDIANS WILLY~GO~HOOTS AND BEARS
LAUREL LEDGE
The COMMONS WITH ITS CLOCK GOLF COURSE
THE CRAFT SHOP
WOOF WOOF
DEEP·DARK·FOREST·
·JUST·FULL·OF·PREHISTORIC·BEASTS·
MOON
HILLSIDE COTTAGE
CARRINGTON WAY
MAKING LOVE
THE TWINS
CA
SUNSET ROCK
A Meadow Lark's View of the
BERKSHIRE SUMMER SCHOOL OF ART
at Monterey, Mass.
GARAGE
THE MEADOW LARK'S MEADOW
WHERE THE HERMIT THRUSH CALLS
THE POOL
FARMER MAKING SPE
HENS MAKING EGGS
TO THE LA

Centerfold of the 1928 Berkshire Summer School of Art catalog. Courtesy Monterey Historical Society.


HISTORY
92·DISCOVERED·BY·COLUMBUS
ITH·THE·REST·OF·AMERICA····
37·TOWN·OF·TYRINGHAM·WAS
CATED·HERE···
1915·B·S·S·A·FOUNDED·BY·
RAYMOND·P·ENSIGN·AND
ERNEST·W·WATSON··
ENSIGN COTTAGE
EAST END
LAKE VIEW
THE COW WHO ATE CERULEAN BLUE•GAVE MILK OF QUITE A DIFFERENT HUE••
TIST·MAKING·PICTURE
William Longyear

the most part to the large Berkshire towns which are on the railroad. The more secluded spots are reserved for artists and nature lovers." A tiny capsule of local history is offered, credits of resident faculty and guest lecturers are given, and courses (including landscape painting, interior decoration, commercial art, jewelry, block printing, book binding, nature study, lettering, wood carving, and so forth) are described. The Whitney Bungalow, socalled, is described as being

> designed for two persons. Thus the unpleasantness of dormitory life in a temporary structure with many in each building will be avoided and each one may enjoy quiet and home-like seclusion when desired. The bungalow has a floor area of 9 x 12 feet, is 5 feet high at the eaves and 9 feet at the ridge. It has a wood floor, a stout wood frame and wood sides half way to the eaves. The rest of the structure is of a heavy tent canvas. ...The bungalow is raised from the ground , is absolutely dry, is light, airy, and affords an unusual degree of comfort and freedom. ...Each bunglaow is furnished with two iron cot beds with good springs and mattresses. Each bed is provided with a pair of woolen blankets, cotton blankets, comforter, sheets, pillow and pillow slips. There is, in each bungalow, a collapsible table, two chairs, wash-stand, combination wardrobe and chest of drawers, rug, lamp, lantern, mirror, pails and basins. ...No effort has been spared to make sanitary conditions and arrangements unquestionably perfect.

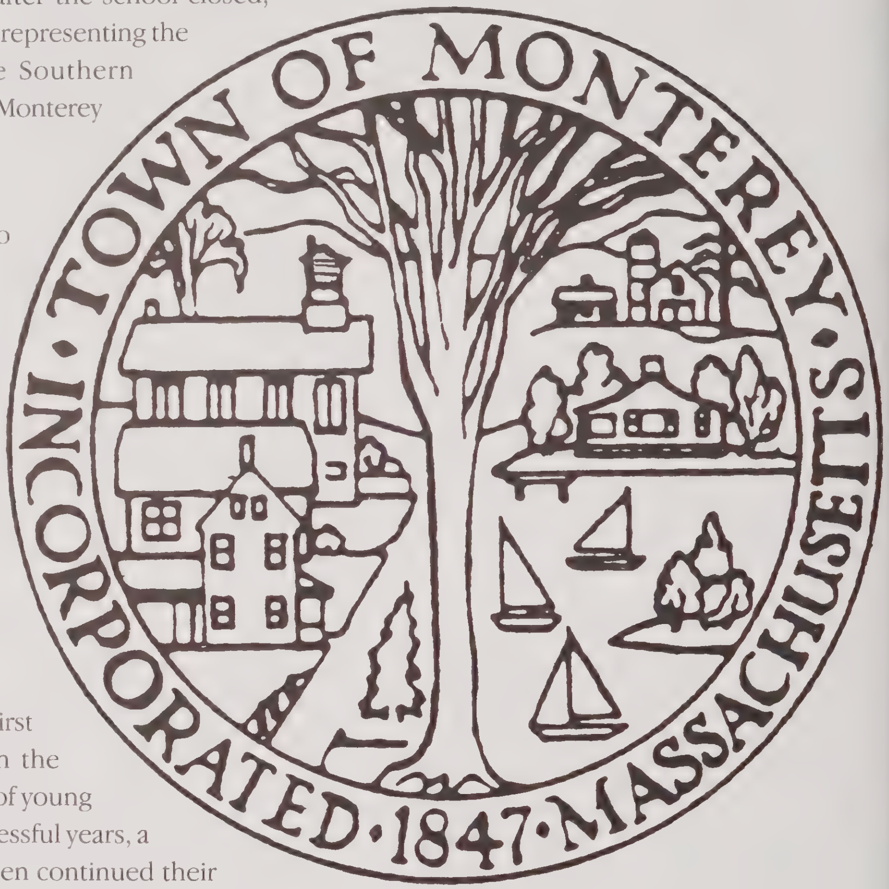
It has been said that these bungalows, set in a field on the hillside, glowed at night like Japanese lanterns, the lamplight within filtering through the canvas sides and peaked canvas roofs. An artist paid $9 per week room and board, $12 if he or she required exclusive use of a bungalow, and $8 for the few ordinary tents with wooden floors. Registration and tuition (which entitled students to take as many courses as they wished) came to $35. The school session lasted six weeks, but those who wished to spend the entire summer on the grounds could stay on, rent-free, until September 15. The dining room would be kept open to meet demand.

The catalog concludes:

> THE BERKSHIRES. MADE IN AMERICA.
>
> You can't go to Europe this summer. Why not spend it with pleasure and profit in America and in the Berkshires?
>
> Figure the cost. Where else can you live so economically and gain so much?
>
> An ideal vacation life; delightful sunshine; invigorating air; purest spring water. Tennis, croquet,

> tramping. Boating, fishing, bathing in lake near-by.
>
> A little bacon, a coffee pot, with some sandwiches, and we're off for a day through the woods and fields; on commanding hilltop or by shady brook. Then home again in time for supper, a twilight hour on "Sunset Hill," and later a happy evening in Carington Hall around the mammoth fireplace. Sometimes stories and games; sometimes music and dancing; sometimes a lecture upstairs.

The Berkshire Summer School of Art flourished here for twenty-one years, completing its final season in 1936. It was a pioneer school of its type in America, and developed an excellent reputation, reflected in the practice of granting graduates advanced standing when they enrolled in degree-granting schools of art.



The Monterey Town Seal, designed by Edith Wilson.

Raymond Ensign stayed on in Monterey after the school closed, operating Brookbend Inn for a time, and later representing the town on the committee that formed the Southern Berkshire Regional School District. He died in Monterey on September 9, 1969.

A few years after the Art School closed, two artists arrived at Brookbend on vacation from New York. They were Edith Wilson and Marjorie McLaughlin, both graduates of the Chicago Art Institute, where Raymond Ensign had been director. They all had Chicago roots in common, as well as a love of art, and soon became friends. Edith and Marjorie settled here in 1942, buying the house on the corner of New Marlborough and Main Roads that had been in the Harmon family. They lived there for more than fifty years.

Edith Wilson and Marjorie McLaughlin had first teamed up in Chicago to establish and run the Gallery House, where they showed the work of young artists from the area. After two and a half successful years, a fire destroyed the gallery in 1939. Both women continued their art careers in Monterey. Marjorie was an interior decorator and Edith painted, drew, and sculpted. Together they designed, built, and furnished houses in the area. They were also active in the community: Marjorie was a trustee of the Monterey Library for twenty-four years, and Edith held many offices over a long period. She helped win consent of the town to establish zoning, and helped persuade the state legislature to allow election of planning board members. (Monterey had the first elected planning board in the Commonwealth.) Edith served on the School Committee with Raymond Ensign.

The McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Fund, dedicated to assisting Monterey high school students with their higher education, was established after Marjorie died in 1991. When Edith died in 1995, she left the town a further legacy in the form of their land and two houses on New Marlborough Road, to be used for municipal purposes as determined by the town.

SUSAN McALLESTER

Edith L. Wilson

1913 – 1995

I am an artist!

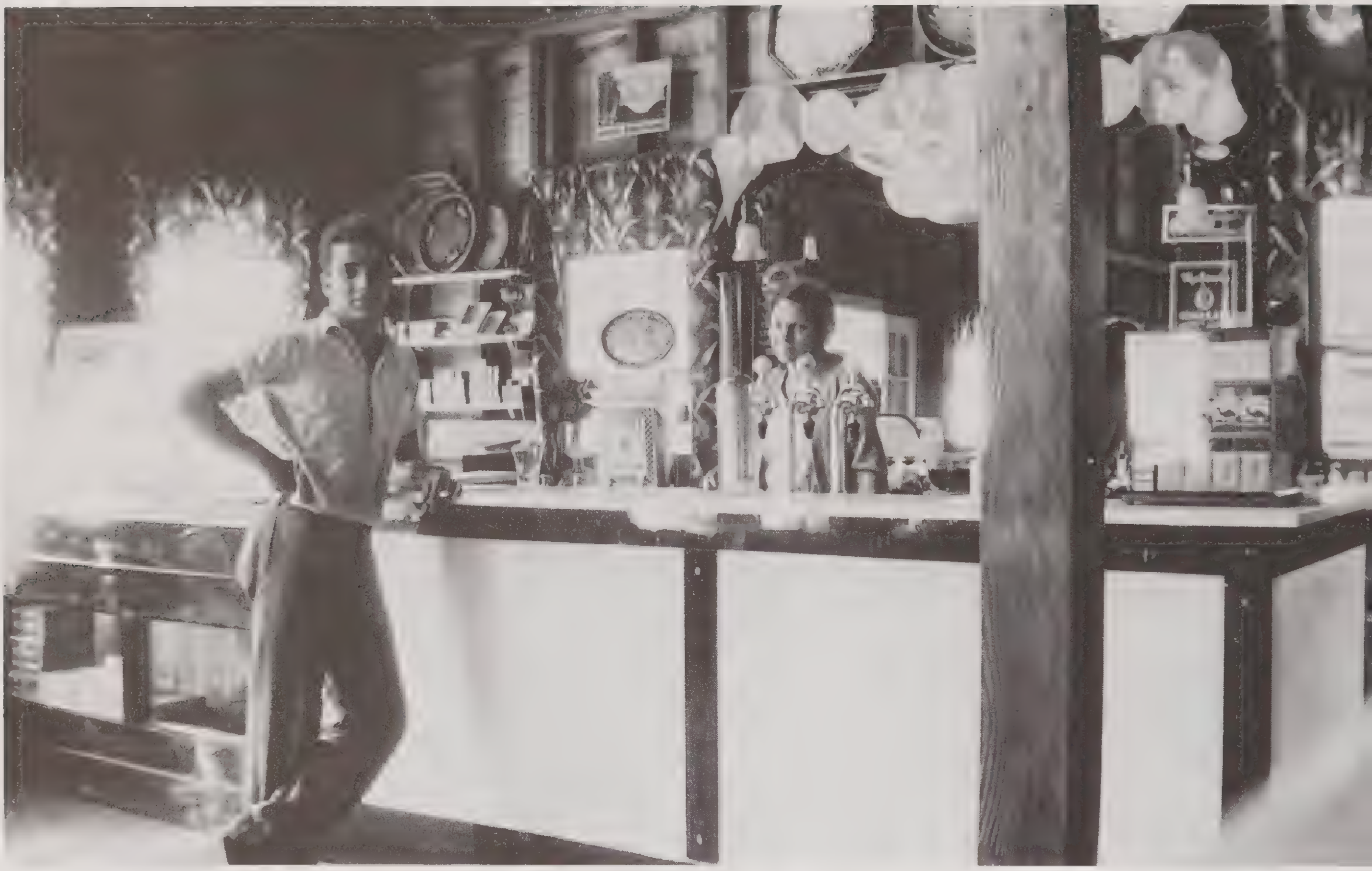
I think my own thoughts
Preferring them to any told to me.
Through life have come nudges,
cries, screams.
I have felt, heard and assimilated all
But the output from my soul-gut
Comes from where?

I weep for the artists
Who dreamed, starved and died.
Their work is now on the block—
Going, going, gone for millions.
Shame and pity on grasping hands and
calloused hearts
Of those who will never understand.

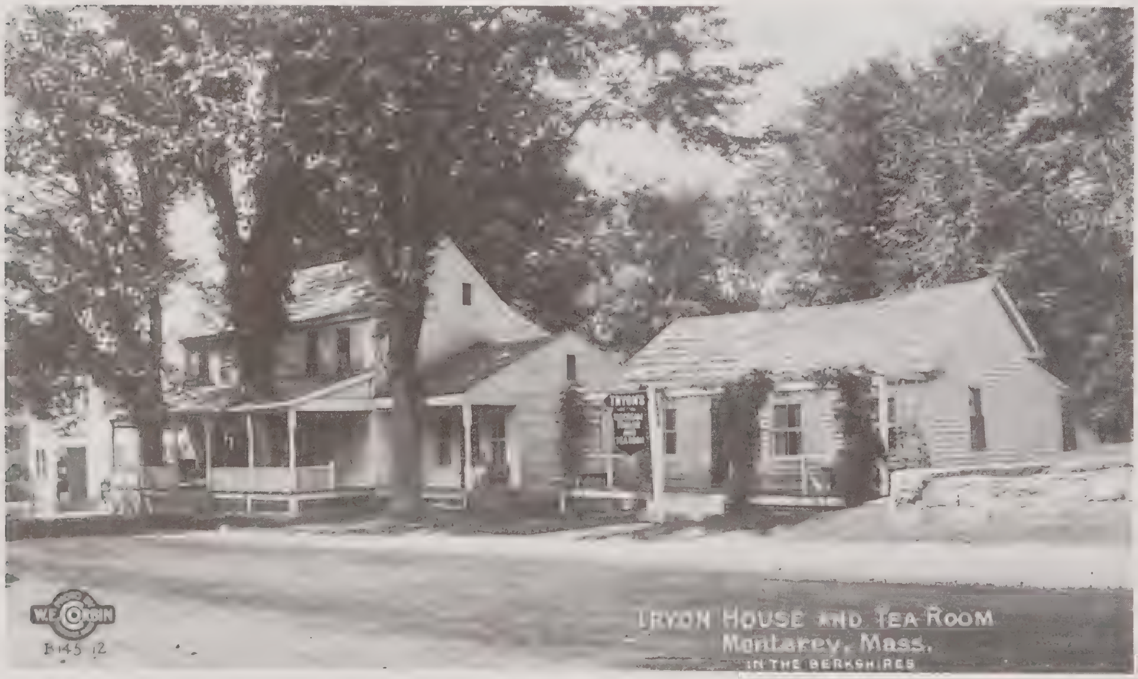
Bonded to all who,
Through an unfathomable haze
Have loved, cherished, adored and lived
For heaven knows what?
We are sure it exists
And it does and will forever.

I am an artist! No other way!

— Edith L. Wilson
April, 1990



Dean Ensign (son of Raymond Ensign, a founder of the Berkshire Summer School of Art) at Tryon's Tea Room. Ruth Tinker is behind the soda fountain. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.


W.E. CORBIN
B145 12
TRYON HOUSE AND TEA ROOM
Monterey, Mass.
IN THE BERKSHIRES

Tryon's Tea Room before 1929, when the present gambrel-roofed structure (with its gable end facing the road) was built (see photo, p. 121). From an old postcard, photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

VERA LOUISE FORREST

At the age of twelve Vera Louise Forrest came to Monterey to work at Tryon's Tea Room for the summer. She was the daughter of Flora Delia Ariail and Elmer Lester Forrest, and the granddaughter of Hannah Pixley Ariail, who lived on Beartown Mountain Road. Elmer Forrest was caretaker of an estate in Stockbridge, and Vera lived there with her father and brother during the winter. She began her diary at age eleven, shortly after her mother's death. These are excerpts from that journal, presented here courtesy of Mrs. Flora Brantley of Raleigh, North Carolina, daughter of Vera Louise.

Summer came and Edward left for a job in Monterey, Massachusetts. He was to work for Wallace Tryon in a garage, pumping gas, etc. I can truthfully say I missed him.

The following May we moved back to Stockbridge. Dad was to be a caretaker of a large estate belonging to a Mr. Karrick.

The next summer the man came for Edward to go to Monterey to work as he did summers. I was on my way upstreet and he stopped and talked to me. He asked me how I'd like to come over to the same place and go to work for his sister and cousin in their ice cream parlor. I thought he was joking but how much I wished he wasn't, so I said, "Sure, I'd love to." Evidently he had asked Dad if I could and Dad had said yes. So the following Saturday night Dad took me over to Monterey. It was the second time I had been away from home. After Dad left I sat on the front porch steps and cried. Wallace Tryon came and sat down beside me and tried to cheer me up. Then his cousin, Della Tryon, came and took me over to the tea room, showed me around and explained what I had to do.

> After Dad left I sat on the front porch steps and cried. Wallace Tryon came and sat down beside me and tried to cheer me up.

Here I worked for two summers, the second one I stayed on after the season was over and attended school for two months there. But I didn't like it; no one my age around, so Dad finally came and brought me home. When I arrived home, I discovered Dad had sold some things when he wanted money for a drink. One thing was my high chest of drawers. The drawers were locked and were full of my things. One was a doll, which Mother had dressed for me and had used the combings of her hair and made a wig of for the doll. Other mementos were in those drawers. I was just sick. Those were my treasures and now they were gone. I went to the second-hand store where Dad had sold it, but it was already gone.

I graduated from Williams Grammar School in 1927 from eighth grade. We girls had all made white dresses in home economics sewing class, all alike. Our teacher, Miss Peck, was real proud of us. They did look nice and we wore blue and white ribbons in our hair and the same ribbons were tied on our diplomas. Each of us had a red rose pinned on our left shoulder. We were a large group; the boys wore blue suits and white shirts. We were one of the largest classes to graduate: sixty. All anxious and eager to start high school. Never will I forget that day. I had begged Dad, weeks before, to buy me a pair of white slippers and not until the day before did he get around to get them. Bringing them home to me, and lo and behold, they were too small, and they were high white-top shoes; they were awful. I took them and went crying over to the big house. (We were on the Karrick Estate—Dad was superintendent there.) I showed the shoes to the colored cook. She was as white as me, but had huge black spots on her arms and always wore long sleeves. I never knew that she was black. She was so nice to us kids. She took those shoes and with a pair of shears, cut them way down. Then took white shoe polish and went over them. They didn't look too bad, but there were so tight and pinched my toes. I wore my regular school shoes to the town hall where the exercises were to be held, then I changed. All I could think of was my poor aching feet all during the two and a half hours. We put on a play before the graduation exercises. It was all I could do to keep from crying, they hurt so much. What a relief to get them off!

Edward Forrest, Vera's brother, in front of Wallace Tryon's garage, about 1930. Photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Soon I went back to Monterey to the same place Edward worked in the summer, the Tryons'. They owned a garage where Edward worked. I worked in the tea room or ice cream parlor, called both. I worked in the tea room doing dishes, serving sandwiches, ice cream, etc. They were strict with me. There was a Mr. and Mrs. Tryon, their daughter Nina, son Wallace, and a cousin who ran the tea room, Della Tryon. Everyone bossed me. I never knew who to mind. One would tell me one thing and another would tell me to do something different. They insisted I stay with them and go to school in Monterey. I did for a few months, then my father came for me.

Well, the next summer I wanted to get away so I went back to Monterey, but this time I worked for a Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith. She had been my Sunday School teacher when I had gone to church there in the summers before. Mr. Smith was a deacon in the church. I hired out as a cook and waitress—fourteen years old.

That was the first time in my life I felt free to enjoy myself. I'd work all day, then change clothes and walk down town to the ice cream parlor, where I'd been for two years before and where Edward worked before. Now there was a young boy my age working there. We both took a liking to each other. His name was Leon Clark from Washington, D.C. He was handsome, a real nice fellow. He'd walk me

Maple Rise, the home of Herbert and Mary Etta Smith on Beartown Mountain Road, where Vera Forrest cooked and kept house during the summer in the 1930s. Photographer unknown. Courtesy Richard G. Smith.

Vera Louise Forrest. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

home nights around ten, after he'd gotten through work. I was thrilled! Me, with a boy friend!

One day, Mrs. Smith asked me to bake a stuffed chicken and make a lemon pie. I was scared. I had never made a pie before, cakes and cookies, yes, but never a pie. Well, there was a Martha Washington Cookbook there, so I got it out and tried following it. I didn't measure things too good, got too much shortening in. And Mrs. Smith had insisted I use a dough mixer. Said she could taste a person's fingers when they used their hands. It was an awkward thing to use and after she left, I used my fingers. Well, I rolled the crust out and it broke all up, so I put it in the pie plates in pieces; made two pies, and made the filling according to directions. At dinner, when I served the pie, I gave everyone a piece except Arthur. His mother asked me why I hadn't given Arthur any, and I said, "He said he wouldn't eat any because I had to patch the crust." His mother handed him hers and asked me to get her another piece. They all, even Arthur, said it was the best lemon pie they had ever eaten, so I was real proud of my first two pies.

I had never dressed a chicken before, and when the hired man brought that chicken in with feathers and all, I thought I'd die. Well, I remembered Daddy putting the chicken into a pail of boiling hot water,

The second Tryon's Tea Room when it was new in 1929. The building remains today. Photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

then picking the feathers and pin feathers out. So I did that, then put the chicken on the board to dress it. As I had always watched Dad do it, I thought to myself, "I can do it, too." I washed it, stuffed it with the dressing made from the recipe in the Martha Washington Cookbook. Put it into the roasting pan and then put it in the oven. But after it had baked a half hour or so, I began to think, "Now there was something in the neck and something that should come out." So I took the roasting pan out, cut the neck of the chicken and found the crop; put the chicken back in the oven and cooked it. They all said it was delicious, but I wouldn't eat ANY of it. I chopped the giblets up and put them in the gravy. Thus, my first big meal that I cooked on my first job as a cook and waitress was a success.

Oh, how I loved those summers. Dances at the Grange Hall Tuesday nights and at the school house on Friday nights; round and square dances. Those days, I would rather dance than eat.

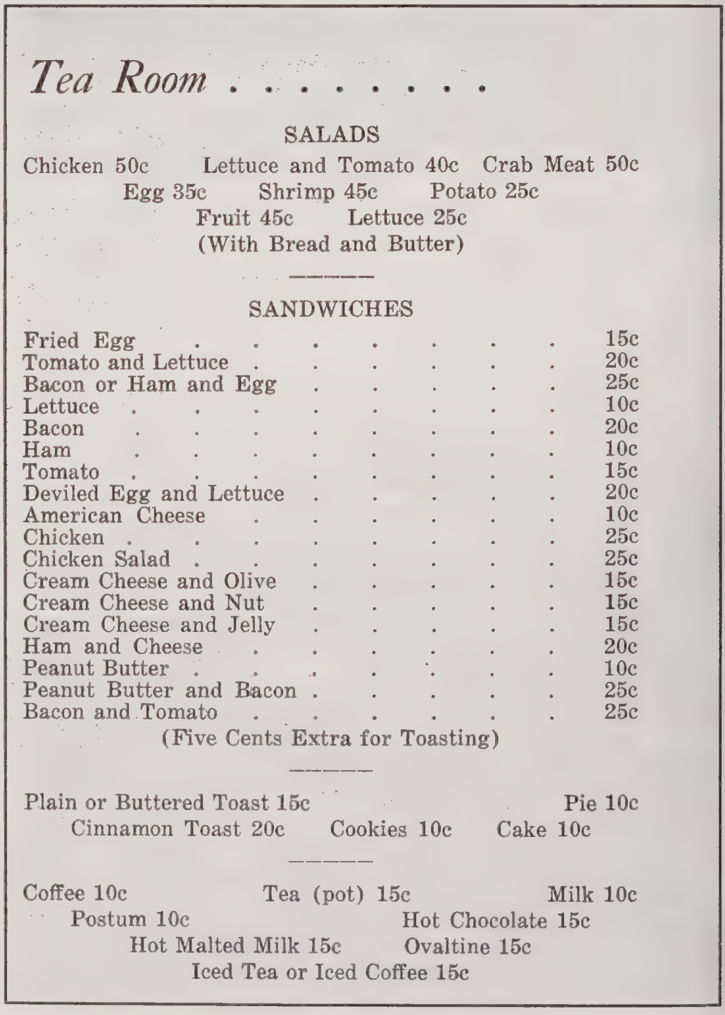
I was paid ten dollars a week which was a lot of money in those days. After I'd been there a couple weeks, I heard Arthur tell his mother at the breakfast table one Monday morning that I was going to have to do more work—such as the laundry and some cleaning. I made up my mind, he could go to the devil and I rebelled. I said I'd quit. So he said he'd show me how easy it was to do the wash. He got out a big boiler, filled it with water, and then proceeded to put the sheets and pillow cases in it, some of his white shirts, then his blue and black socks. I knew what would happen, but I never said a word. He knew so much, let him do it. If you could of seen those white things after they had boiled a while, streaked with blue and black colors. Did he cuss. He said, "Why didn't you say something?" And I said, "But you're so smart, and you were going to show me." They weren't scrubbed, just rinsed and hung out on the clothes line. After that, the laundry, sheets, pillow cases, towels, etc., went to the laundry. Lucy did all their undies and things and I did my own. I kept the dining room and kitchen, plus my bedroom and bathroom clean, and they had an older woman come and clean the rest of the house.

Mrs. Smith was the organist in the Congregational Church and I loved to hear her sit and play the piano. She was good and every now and then she'd have some singer come and practice with her before they would sing in church on Sunday. One was an Indian fellow who attended college; Sundown was his name. What a beautiful voice! I loved to hear him sing. One time I asked him to sing, "Beautiful Ohio." Never have I ever heard it sung like that before. It would bring tears to your eyes. He came to Monterey to stay with an Indian family who lived in town; came several summers. We girls were all crazy about him. He was handsome, but he never bothered with any of us.

Oh, how I loved those summers. Dances at the Grange Hall Tuesday nights and at the school house on Friday nights; round and square dances. Those days, I would rather dance than eat. And I guess I did just that for I was real thin.

And the Smiths were nice to me. They liked to eat at 6 p.m., and they sure got it at 6 p.m.; never any later. I knew Lucy and Arthur would of liked it later, but because of

On the menu at Tryon's Tea Room.
Courtesy June Tryon.



Tea Room . . . .

SALADS

Chicken 50c Lettuce and Tomato 40c Crab Meat 50c
Egg 35c Shrimp 45c Potato 25c
Fruit 45c Lettuce 25c
(With Bread and Butter)

SANDWICHES

Fried Egg	15c
Tomato and Lettuce	20c
Bacon or Ham and Egg	25c
Lettuce	10c
Bacon	20c
Ham	10c
Tomato	15c
Deviled Egg and Lettuce	20c
American Cheese	10c
Chicken	25c
Chicken Salad	25c
Cream Cheese and Olive	15c
Cream Cheese and Nut	15c
Cream Cheese and Jelly	15c
Ham and Cheese	20c
Peanut Butter	10c
Peanut Butter and Bacon	25c
Bacon and Tomato	25c

(Five Cents Extra for Toasting)

Plain or Buttered Toast 15c Pie 10c
Cinnamon Toast 20c Cookies 10c Cake 10c

Coffee 10c Tea (pot) 15c Milk 10c
Postum 10c Hot Chocolate 15c
Hot Malted Milk 15c Ovaltine 15c
Iced Tea or Iced Coffee 15c

MAGGIE LEONARD

Morgan Clawson and friends. Memorial Day 1997

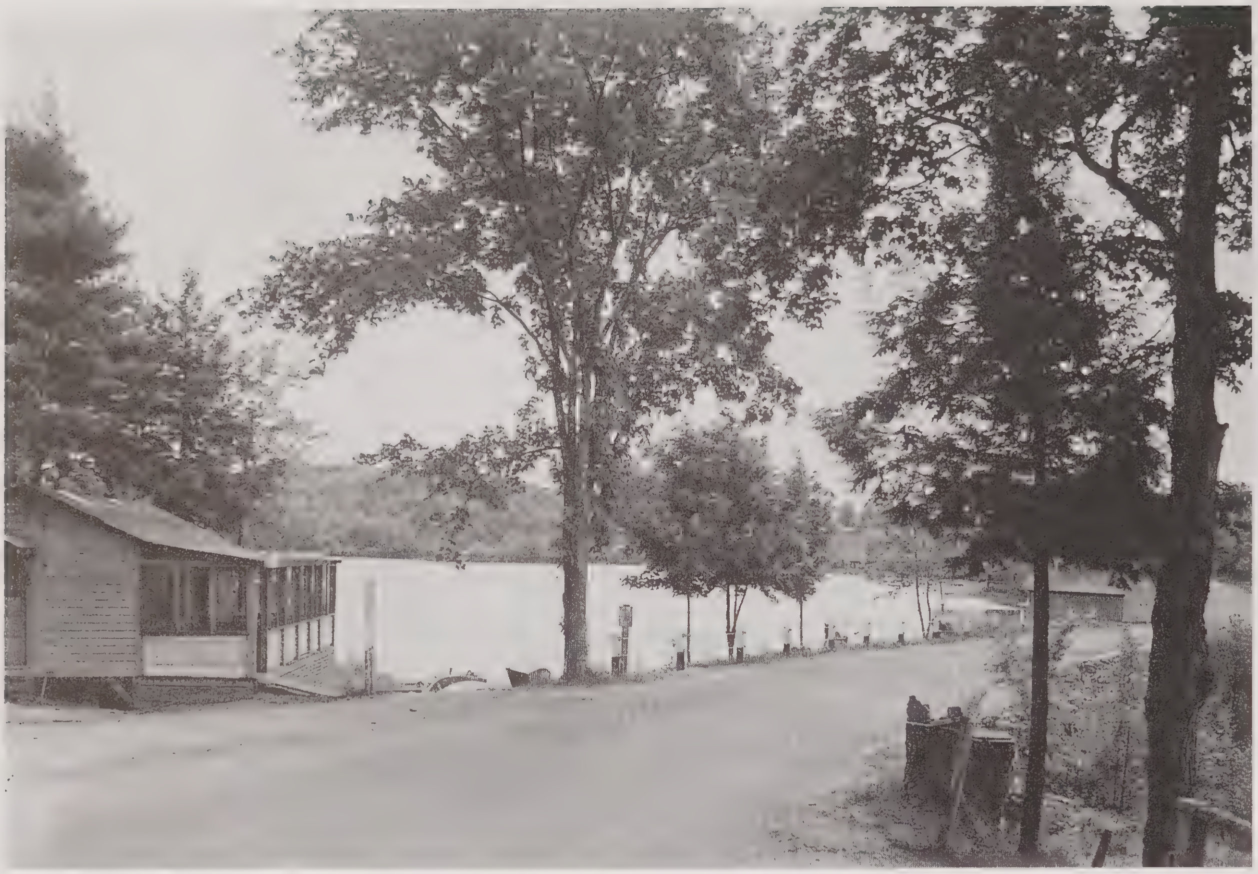
Preston's having to eat early, they put up with it. After they'd get through dinner, Lucy would put Preston to bed. Then the four of them would play bridge. They'd still be playing bridge lots of nights when I'd come in, eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Then they'd wake me up later fighting, saying, ‘You should of played this" or, "You shouldn't of done that." I made a vow that I didn't want to learn to play bridge. I have several times tried, but each time an argument occurred and I just rose up and went home. I will not argue over cards.

Leon Clark worked at the garage downtown for three years and each year we ran around together. Then the fourth year—to be my Senior year in high school—a new boy was at the garage in Monterey. He was a very serious boy, tall, dark-haired, dark eyes, named Sidney Haggs. Everyone told me that he didn't like girls and they said, "He's too quiet, Vera, you won't like him."

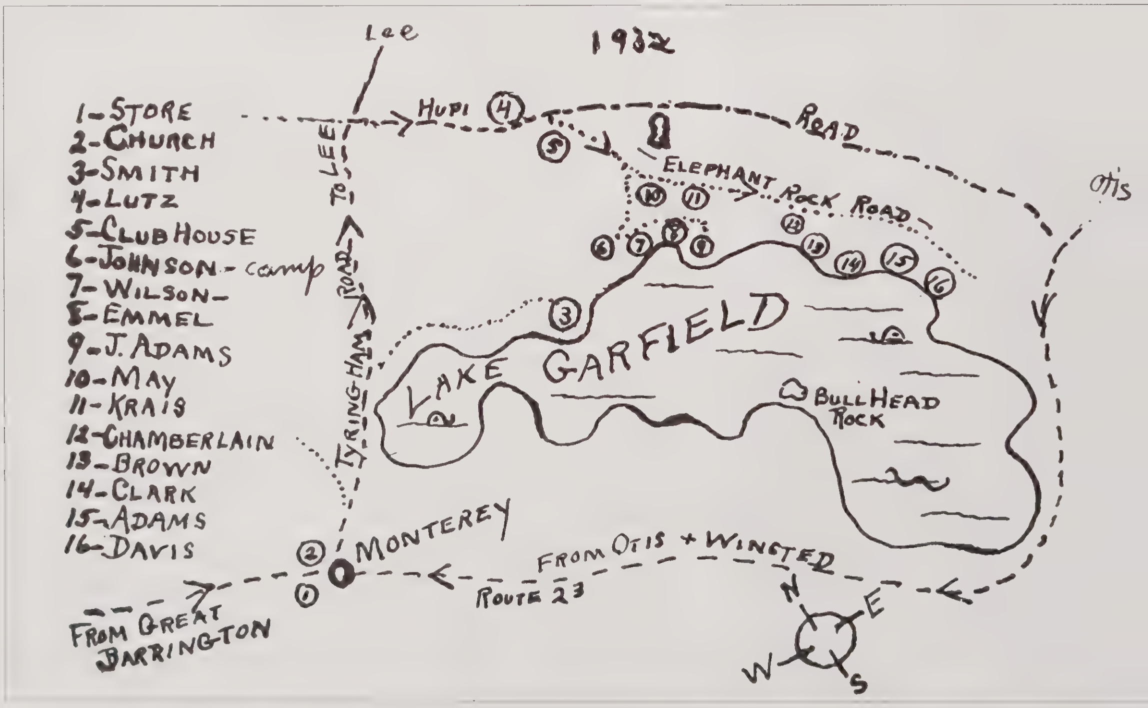
I kept coming down to the ice cream parlor each night. We'd all play the juke box and dance with one another. This fellow started coming in after he'd gotten through work and he'd watch us. Finally, one night when I started to walk back to the Smiths, he followed me and said, "I'd like to get acquainted with you. My name is Sidney Haggs. I'd like you to be my girl. I don't dance, but I'd like to walk you home nights." So from then on, he'd walk me home. He told me he was an only child, his father was dead, that his mother had taken a job as a housekeeper at Stevens' place there in Monterey, so she could be near him. She worried so about him and called him each day. He was a big fellow over six feet tall. He was a Canadian by birth. His mother would get so jealous if he mentioned he went out with a girl. So he'd tell his boss, Wallace Tryon, that he was going to bed, then after he washed and cleaned up, he'd sneak out and walk me home. They found out soon after, but would tell his mother that he'd gone over to the house and they thought to bed.

That summer, I had several beaus. One, a tall dark curly-haired fellow named Joe Eaton. He worked as a chauffeur, guide, counselor at a girls' camp called Camp Fernway. Another fellow who was a wonderful dancer, Robert Maxwell from New Marlborough, and could he dance, the hesitation waltz especially. He was tall also, but had light hair and was real good looking.

Mary Pease Langdon, wife of Henry W. Langdon. Portrait by Sisson, Gt. Barrington, date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.



An old postcard (date and photographer unknown) showed this view from the west end of Lake Garfield. The cottage in the left foreground now belongs to the Amidon family. The road goes over the early dam. The structure in the right background housed the gates that let water into the Konkapot River. This was controlled by the Ousatonic Water Company, way downstream at Derby, Connecticut, until summer residents of Monterey purchased the water rights for the Town of Monterey in 1913. Courtesy June Tryon.


Lee
1932
1-STORE
2-CHURCH
3-SMITH
4-LUTZ
5-CLUB HOUSE
6-JOHNSON - camp
7-WILSON-
8-EMMEL
9-J. ADAMS
10-MAY
11-KRAIS
12-CHAMBERLAIN
13-BROWN
14-CLARK
15-ADAMS
16-DAVIS
TO LEE
TYRINGHAM ROAD
HUPI
ROAD
ELEPHANT ROCK ROAD
Otis
LAKE GARFIELD
BULL HEAD ROCK
MONTEREY
FROM OTIS + WINSTED
ROUTE 23
FROM GREAT BARRINGTON
N
E
W
S

This map of Lake Garfield and surroundings has the year date, 1932, written in by hand at the top. It was made into a postcard. Courtesy June Tryon.

Dr. Brown's lakeside cabin, completed in 1922. The logs are chestnut, hauled down off Mount Hunger. From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

COTTAGE LIFE ON LAKE GARFIELD

by

Jana Burch Shepard

Herbert Peterson bought a lot on Lake Garfield in 1930 and built a cottage where his daughter, Olive Burch Davis, spent many summers. Olive's daughter, Jana Burch Shepard, knew life at the lake from infancy, and continues to summer in the family cottage with her husband Royal Shepard. Jana gives the following account of the origins of what became known as the Elephant Rock Community, and remembers her summertime life centered around the cottage built by her grandfather.

The Elephant Rock Community was situated on land originally owned by Hyland Dowd. There was a large sandstone monolith on his farm that might remind you of an elephant. Hyland's ancestor, Cornelius Dowd, came to the Berkshires in 1730 and bought a large parcel of land on the lake for either six felt hats or ten beaver hats. (There are two versions of the transaction.) The present Hupi Road was then known as Dowd Road since the Dowds owned the land on both sides. Hyland's daughters were Jennie and Grace. Jennie Dowd Rogers lived on Hunger Mountain Road not far from the present Route 23. Hyland's other daughter, Grace Dowd Scott, inherited the land on the lake. Grace was in an institution during her later years, and her land was sold off gradually, only as necessary to provide for her upkeep. She trusted Dr. Robert Brown to advise her regarding these transactions. When he suggested the name of a buyer, that was the will of God and the land was sold.

Dr. Brown was a vigorous, talented man who was pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Waterbury, Connecticut. He was over six feet tall and had snow white hair when I knew him. His wife Mabel was sister of the famous physicist Robert Milliken. Dr. and Mabel Brown first arrived on Lake Garfield about 1905 to camp out on what is now known as "the Point." This was when a horse-drawn stage brought mail and passengers from the train in Great Barrington to Monterey. The Browns saw rattlesnakes sunning themselves on the rocky ledges near the present Butternut Basin as the stage wound slowly up the steep hill. In 1920, after they had camped in several locations around the lake, Dr. Brown purchased a hundred feet of lakeshore property from Grace Dowd Scott, who gave him permission to use dead chestnut trees on the mountain to build a log cabin. This he did with his own hands, and the assistance of John Benson and his old white horse Dolly. The cabin was completed in 1922.

ELEPHANT ROCK
MONTEREY, MASS.

From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

At the time of his death in 1938, Dr. Brown was Professor of Practical Theology at Oberlin Theological Seminary. Mabel died in 1970 at the age of ninety-two. They were our founding father and mother, arranging for their friends and friends-of-friends to purchase land. They frequently invited all of us to their cabin for picnics around an outdoor fireplace. The families of Adams (now Delight Dodyk and Terry Wing), Bryan Clark (the cottage is now burned down and the land owned by Delight Dodyk), Edith Chamberlain (now Allen), and Harley Lutz (now Kathy Wasiuk) were all in some way connected with the Browns or Oberlin College.

My grandfather was Herbert Peterson, a newspaper owner and publisher. He bought our lakefront lot on the present Elephant Rock Road in 1930. It was a magnificent location for a house, with two gigantic hemlock trees on either side of a slope where we would put our path to the lake. It would have taken two men to touch hands around one of those hemlocks—at a stretch! By our future dock there was a rock about five feet across that formed a shelf overlooking the lake. My grandfather wanted the cottage to be inconspicuous, so he placed it a hundred feet back from the shoreline and left as many trees as possible. Why then was it painted red? Possibly because about two years earlier, my grandfather had built a cottage on Lake Champlain in Vermont, and painted it red. The Lake Garfield cottage, you see, was to be an exact replica of that one.

He had hoped his children would spend time with him at the cottage in Vermont—especially since my grandmother had died. Unfortunately, Vermont was just too far away from New York City and New Britain—his children could seldom visit. Then my grandfather's old friend, the Rev. Franklin J. Kennedy, proposed swapping the Vermont cottage for one to be built by his four sons somewhere closer to New York. He had a friend, Dr. Robert Brown, who might be able to arrange for the purchase of a lot on Lake Garfield in Monterey, Massachusetts. And so it was. The four sons, who were students at Oberlin, built Peterson Camp in 1931 while they camped in a grove of hemlock trees not far from the site of the cottage. Dr. Brown's son Edward served as carpenter's assistant. Later the Kennedy brothers built the cottage of Earl and Katharine Adams next door, and went on into the construction business. I was two years old when my grandfather purchased the land in Monterey, and three years old when the cottage was built.

Another part of the Elephant Rock Community was down a hill from Elephant Rock Road close to the lake. Dr. Fred Emmel bought land from Nellie Bogart about 1920 and built a boat house. Other houses adjacent to Dr. Emmel were built in the next few years. (Nellie Bogart had purchased a large parcel of the Dowd property and she then resold it to several persons.)

In 1942 a Playhouse Association was formed to purchase and maintain a club house where amateur theatricals were performed. (Mabel Brown once did an impersonation of Eleanor Roosevelt.) All of the cottage owners on Elephant Rock Road bought shares—and even some frequent visitors, such as Edythe and Herbert M. Peterson, my aunt and uncle. As late as 1949 we still had Saturday night suppers there. The Association maintained (and still maintains) the road from the Lutz cottage (Blueberry Hill) at the top of the hill to the garage of Peterson Camp. By 1936 Nellie Bogart had developed her spring on land near Hunger Mountain Road and piped down water. The Elephant Rock Association agreed to maintain the waterlines to its cottages. Following Harley Lutz and Earl Adams, my mother, Olive Burch Davis, was president of the Association from 1948 to about 1985.

Members of the Elephant Rock Community were devoted to the church and to the town of Monterey. Katharine Adams restored the shutters of the General Store and repainted the list of products originally sold there. We all participated in community sings at the golf club, with my grandfather's big bass voice drowning out many of the others.

During the Depression my mother purchased the property from her father with the understanding that it would be his home for the rest of his life. It was a happy decision for me: I was able to spend the spring and fall there with my grandfather, my mother came up weekends on the train, and of course we spent the entire summer there. My father had died when I was four years old, and my mother and

Fishing at Bullhead Rock, near Parker's Cove on the south shore of Lake Garfield. From an old postcard, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Summer Camps

Dr. Nathaniel Ives established Fernway, a camp for girls, in 1918. Every morning Dr. Ives began the day with a camp assembly at which he told nature stories. He drew upon those by Thornton Burgess published in the *New York Herald Tribune*. He also related his own experiences in witnessing large crow conventions. Later the camp became Camp Glenmere, and then Camp Shalom.

Camp Owaissa (from a Native Amercian word for bluebird, pronounced "o-wah-ee-sah" in the original tongue, and "o-way-sah" by Monterey campers) was founded by Mrs. George W. Oliver, a New York City public school teacher, in 1915 on Lake Buel. In 1921 Mrs. Oliver bought land west of Dr. Ives' Fernway on the north shore of Lake Garfield, and moved Camp Owaissa there. She ran the camp until 1926, when Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jayson purchased it, along with adjoining land on which they founded Camp Monterey for Boys, a separate brother camp to Owaissa. The Jaysons operated both camps for forty-one years, spending their last season as camp directors in the summer of 1966. For three years after that the Jaysons leased Owaissa to Mrs. Langer, who had been assistant director. Thus from 1915 through 1969 thousands of girls became Owaissa campers (and for a somewhat shorter period, a large number of boys at Camp Monterey as well) for part of a summer in Monterey.

Camp Meadowlark replaced the Berkshire Summer School of Art in the woods and fields off Art School Road.

Dwight Little built a lodge and some cabins, two tennis courts, and a picnic ground on the Monterey shores of Lake Buel in the 1920s. He named it Littlecrest. Camp Half Moon was built for the children of guests at Littlecrest. The Haver family purchased Littlecrest in 1958 when Dwight Little died. They renamed it Seven Arts, and on July 4, 1959, opened it as a motel. Guests over the years included the Fokine Ballet Company, the Washington Senators farm team, and Pincas and Eugenie Zuckerman.

I lived in a city apartment after that. It was heavenly to be at the cottage on beautiful Lake Garfield. Ever since then it has been my real home.

Ernie Heath leading oxen. Memorial Day 1997.

In coming to our newly built cottage in 1931, our main purpose was to get back to nature and live simply. My grandfather had a leather satchel of huge wrenches and other tools because he felt that he was too far in the wilderness to expect much help from repair men. We had no electricity until 1947, and there was heavy work to be done. My father built stone steps down to the lake, and some trees had to be taken down. We carried pails of water from our shallow well and springs. Most bathing took place in the lake, although I remember some pretty cold baths in a galvanized tin tub in front of the house. I considered our outhouse, with a half-moon in the door, to be absolutely charming. (It is now used as a tool house.) Each morning we gathered together a host of kerosene lamps to be cleaned and readied for another evening of reading and card-playing.

Our icebox held huge blocks of ice. About once a week we drove into town and visited the ice house behind Tryon's garage. As a child I could not get over the miracle of this ice—cut from my beloved Lake Garfield and packed in sawdust for the summer months. We roped the ice on the back of the car before bumping over dirt roads all the way home. We carried many pails of water to wash it off before using huge tongs to carry it into the house. It was a pleasure to drink the raw milk purchased from the Heath family and later from the Tryons. You could whip the cream off the top of the bottles. Not so delightful was an encounter with the Heath's bull which left me more breathless than I have ever been since!

I loved pets but there was no place for them in our New York apartment. How to have pets for the summer only? The Heaths solved my problem by allowing me to catch two of their wild barn kittens each spring and return them in the fall. One summer I had a dog, although not for long. A friend of my mother's gave her a wire-haired fox terrier. We named him Balboa or Balbo, for short, because he was an explorer. He explored every tradesman who came down our walk, appearing friendly and then suddenly nipping an ankle. The laundry man tried to make a hasty exit—Balbo leaped for the seat of his pants and was left with it while the man ran back up the path. Mother was desperate. She took Balbo to the post office and asked if anyone would like a thoroughbred dog. One farmer said he had always wanted one and Mother made him promise among all those present that he would not hold her responsible for the actions of this animal. That night Balbo killed a hundred of the farmer's chickens. I believe he had a nice life as a stud dog in New Rochelle after that.

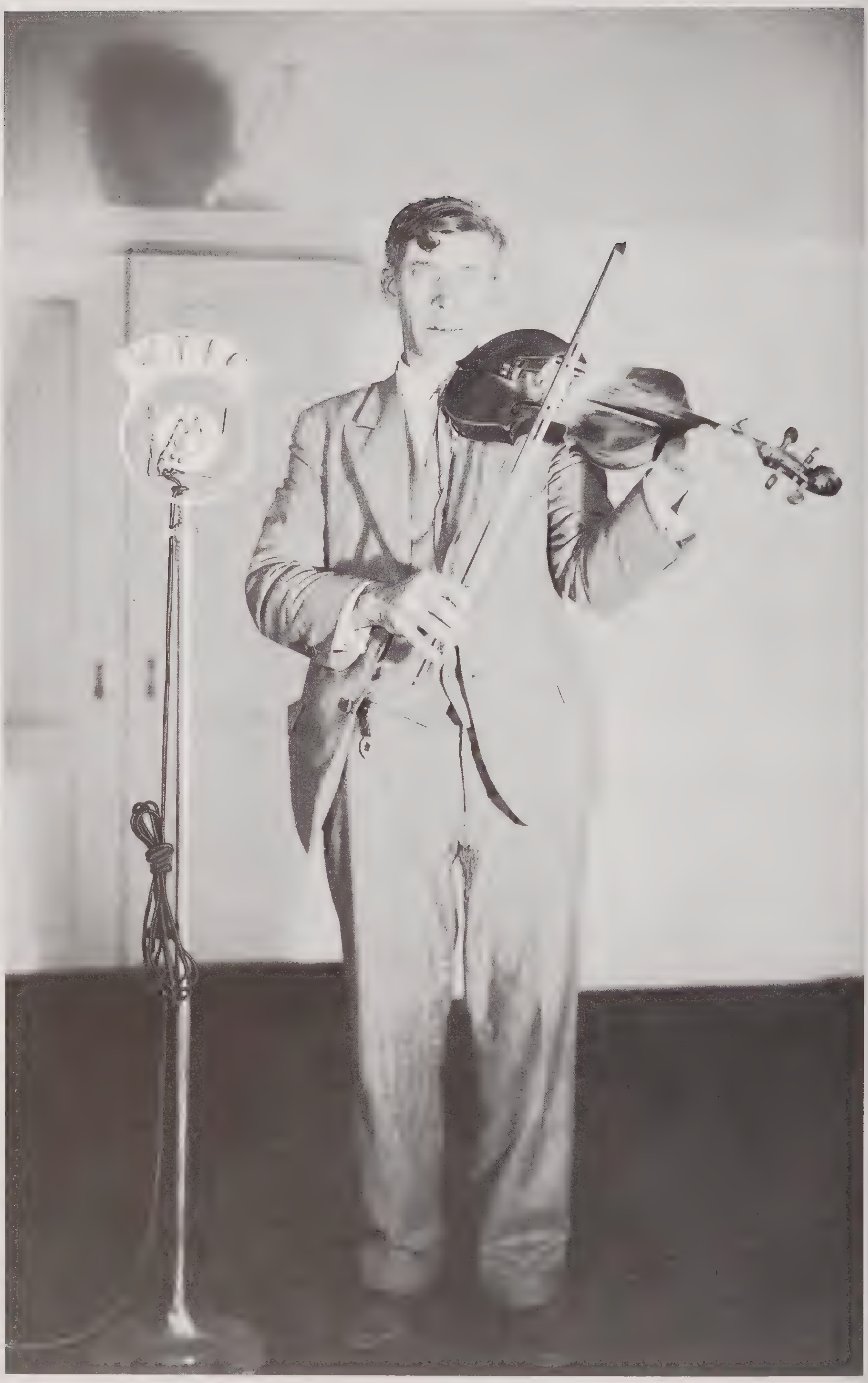
Even more exciting than having pets was knowing people in Monterey—both townspeople and summer residents. My grandfather was great friends with Julius Miner, who delivered the groceries on rainy afternoons and then settled by our fire to tell stories. Julius collected insects for me and kept them hidden behind canned goods in the store, awaiting my arrival. Mrs. Miner welcomed me to her home to play with her daughters, Frances and Lois. Frances was my age and Lois somewhat younger. We loved playing in the hay in the barn, swinging down on a rope from what seemed to be great heights. Mrs. Miner introduced me to certain New England customs, such as setting the table after each meal. It was a large family and she had to be well organized. Her father, the Rev. R. H. Abercrombie, was minister of the church in the 1920s and '30s; he spent hours on our front porch discussing theology with my grandfather. Mrs. Miner's brother, Newman Abercrombie, and Julius Miner's twin brother Lester, both bachelors, were also members of the Miner household. Newman was the town librarian and loved having children visit the library—so much so that he frequently dispensed with their library fines. Lester was a quiet, thoughtful man who kept the store while Julius delivered groceries and showed real estate. Julius was fond of reminding us that he had been born ten minutes earlier than Lester.

World War II changed our quiet summer routines. To save as much fuel as possible, only one member of the Elephant Rock Community sallied forth for food and mail each day, and on the return trip the driver turned off the ignition at the top of the road and coasted home without using any fuel at all. One day it was Bob Cornish's turn to go for the mail. He rowed across Lake Garfield, walked into town, got the mail, and went fishing on the way back. At the end of the day he remembered the mail, which included a tiny package almost lost in a pocket of his jeans. It was a diamond engagement ring for Barbara Lutz.

On Wednesdays a group went to the matinee at the theatre in Stockbridge. The grand dames of Elephant Rock, including Katharine Adams, Rachel Lutz, Mabel Brown, and my mother Olive Davis, were all chauffeured by Earl Adams. Sometimes I was allowed to squeeze in also. First we went to the dump. On the way back we bought the week's groceries for all those families—feeling very patriotic about our trip.

The early years of the 1940s were filled with activities on the lake, hikes, and blueberry picking. The boys were caddies at the golf club. They loved to discuss the issues of the day with my grandfather. But it was square dancing that we enjoyed the most. On Friday nights my mother loaded the red Pontiac convertible with me and as many boys as the car would hold, and drove us to the Grange in the town center. Dancing began at nine, when Sammy Spring arrived after milking his cows. Sammy was the best fiddler and square dance caller I ever heard. Barbara Tryon recalls that the crowds were so large that the window sash were taken right out of their frames to let in more air. Sammy had one call that we all listened for with the greatest anticipation: "Swing her in the center and kiss her if you dare." One night, in an excess of enthusiasm, Alan Lindsay dared to kiss Frances Miner in the square. Her father Julius Miner spoke to my mother about it the next day—after all, she had brought this unruly group to the dance!

Raymond Tryon taking ice from Lake Garfield in 1936. Photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.



"Sweat and swing with Sammy Spring"

Sammy Spring milked a few cows and kept some pigs and chickens at his farm on Cold Spring Road in Otis. When the chores were done he packed his fiddle and headed for the dance hall. No one could sit still when he played for traditional New England square dances. The Monterey Grange was a frequent venue. Favorite tunes among dancers were "Darling Nelly Gray," "The Needle's Eye," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and "Swing Your Jenny." Sammy was in great demand and traveled to play, but it was his habit to return to the farm, no matter how late. He is reported to have arrived back home from dances in Hartford at sunup, just in time to milk his cows. Hartford area radio stations broadcast his music. The complete orchestra included his son Martin Spring on piano, and son-in-law Harold Svenson of Otis on drums; William Hawley, East Otis, played banjo. Sammy's fame extended beyond New England. He represented the region in the 1939 National Folk Festival in Washington, D.C., and played his music for the wives of three presidents—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Studio photograph, date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

The Train to Monterey, Circa 1935

by Olive Burch Davis

During the 1930s and early 1940s, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad scheduled a 5:45 special train, running from Grand Central Station to the Berkshires. It was special because it made the trip to Great Barrington in three and a half hours rather than the usual four. The train was an express to Stamford and a local from South Norwalk north. Regular weekenders in the know planned to arrive at Grand Central no later than 5:15, go through a side gate before the main gate was open, and proceed directly to the Club Car. In some ways it seemed like a real club, as friends greeted one another before reading the evening paper, playing cards, or writing that final memo. When the train finally started and was well on the way, a martini or other drink could be ordered. Through judicious ordering and slow eating and drinking, dinner could last until the train reached Danbury.

At Danbury the engine was changed from electric to steam, and surplus passenger cars were removed. This took anywhere from fifteen to thirty minutes, and often caused passengers to become impatient and irritated. However, the trip north from Danbury was so beautiful and relaxed—with views of hills, rivers, ponds, and grazing cattle—that the delay was soon forgotten. A holiday spirit was engendered by the wail of the engine as it approached each station and the tooting of horns and the babble of welcoming voices.

When the train finally arrived in Great Barrington, generally twenty minutes late, it was welcomed by a throng of men, women, children, dogs, and taxis. Some Monterey weekenders kept a car in Great Barrington to drive to and from the station. It was often after ten o'clock before we reached the Langdon General Store and the welcome of Lester and Julius Miner, who kept the store open to accommodate latecomers. It was a great convenience to lay in a supply of food at this time. Often there were specials on pot roasts, legs of lamb, or chopped beef, as well as local produce and staples—all this without the benefit of a modern freezer.

There was the opportunity to play golf and have a change of scene. And part of the pleasure of having a house in the country was to undertake "do-it-yourself" projects. Nothing seemed too difficult to attempt. Julius encouraged these endeavors by relating stories of the success of others and selling nails, tools, paint, and even seeds and plants. On Sunday mornings, before and after church, first aid supplies were available for blisters and aching muscles.

Two days were never long enough to fully savor the thrill of trial and error projects, the beauty of the country, and the pleasure of sharing ideas and experiences with friends and neighbors. Sunday afternoon came all too soon. The railroad provided two trains for the return to the city, one at 3 and one at 6:30. There was no Club Car on this return trip but there was the *New York Times* Sunday paper to read, and an opportunity to doze and dream of the next Monterey weekend.

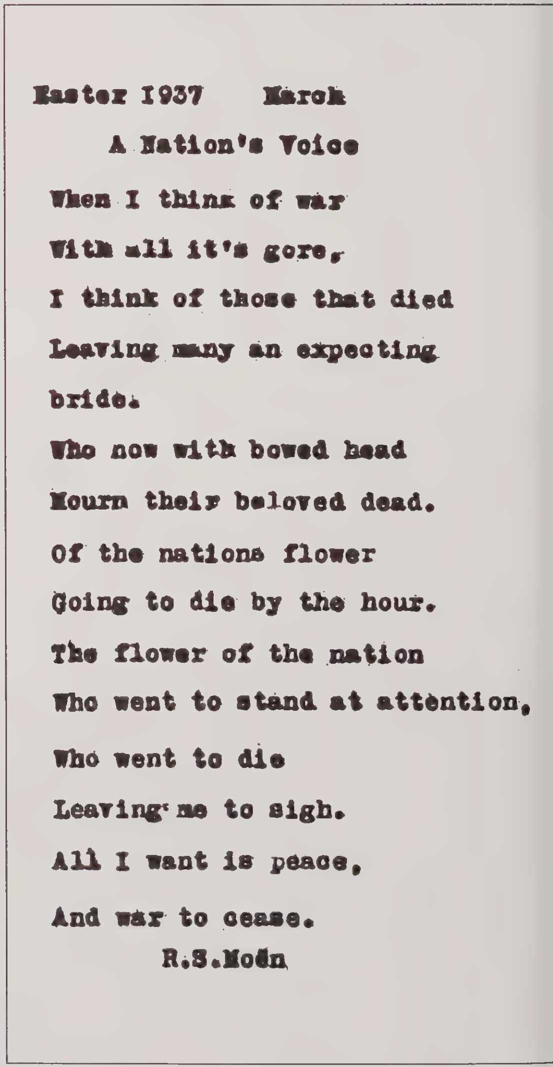
View of Lake Garfield from Indian Cave Lodge, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. From an old postcard, photographer and date unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

WAYNE DUNLOP

In front of the schoolhouse.
Memorial Day 1997.

MEMORIAL DAY 1997

Parade Committee
Dan Andrus, Chair
Stephanie Grotz
Stefan Grotz
Peter Brown
Del Martin
Maureen Meier
Arnold Hayes
Barbara Gauthier
Tom Rosenthal



Easter 1937 March

A Nation's Voice

When I think of war
With all it's gore,
I think of those that died
Leaving many an expecting
bride.
Who now with bowed head
Mourn their beloved dead.
Of the nations flower
Going to die by the hour.
The flower of the nation
Who went to stand at attention,
Who went to die
Leaving me to sigh.
All I want is peace,
And war to cease.
R.S.Moen

Copy of a poem written by twelve-year-old Raymond Moen.
Courtesy Charlene Bearce Lambert.

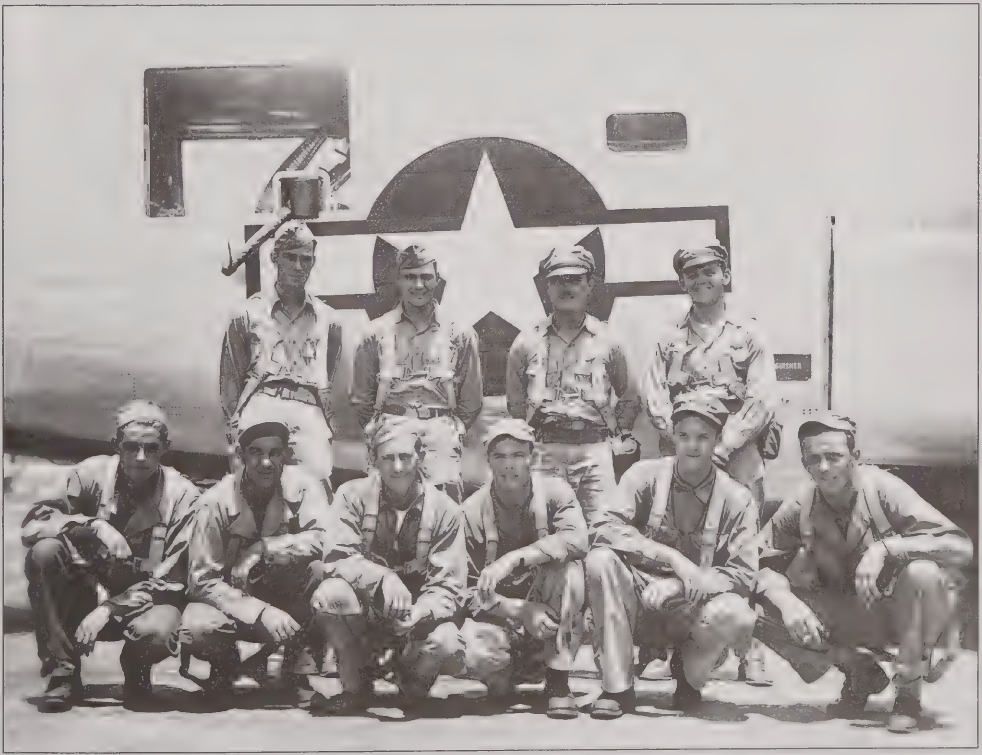
Tech. Sgt. Raymond Sokolowski Moen

May 22, 1924 - February 27, 1945

"March first, 1945, was a bright, sunny day, not very cold, but just cold enough to hold the freshness of the snow that fell most of the night." So begins a family account of the funeral in Monterey for Technical Sergeant Raymond S. Moen, son of Mrs. A. Rene Moen of Monterey and Stanislaw Sokolowski, and the stepson of A. Rene Moen of New York. He died at Walter Reed Hospital on February 27 that year.

Sgt. Moen become ill in service with the 15th Army Air Force B-24 Liberator group based in Italy during World War II. He was a radio operator and gunner aboard a bomber flying at high altitude without benefit of a pressurized cabin. Illness he suffered as a consequence of the great number of missions he flew proved fatal. Even after becoming ill he remained with the crew, showing his characteristic loyalty intensified by war. He took part in three different campaigns, and his group flew missions over several strategically important targets with place names that are familiar today. As reported in the *New York Times*, "his organization has taken a leading part in the destruction of the vaunted Luftwaffe, and opened the campaign against Ploesti by leading the first daylight attack on April 5 [1944]. It coordinated its heavy bombardment with the attacks on Anzio and Cassino and later prefaced the Allied landing in Southern France by knocking out coastal installations and gun emplacements during the group's combat operations. It has established several bombing accuracy records." Sgt. Moen won several medals and oak leaf clusters.

At the funeral in Monterey Rev. Sidney McKee spoke to family and friends who packed the church: "During his last two months in the service he was ill. But he did not give in. He did not wish to break up his crew. He stayed on to the last bit of his physical strength. His whole aim in life was to do his job aright." Rev. Ray Ward, who conducted the service along with Rev McKee, prayed for the congregation, to thank the Lord "for all that Raymond has meant in this community and in this church. We shall miss his enthusiasms, his keen mind. We offer Thee thanksgiving for the encouragement people received from knowing him, for the attitudes that were changed because of him." Sgt. Moen is buried in Corashire cemetery, a young man full of promise taken too soon by war.



Sgt. Moen (front row, far right) with his crewmates and the B-24 they flew over Europe in World War II. Photographer unknown. Courtesy Charlene Bearce Lambert.

Monterey Veterans of World War I
1917 – 1918

Benedict, Harold B.
Bidwell, Charles A.
Bills, John H.
Brett, William C.
Brown, Fred W.
Chamberlain, Tom K.
Coleman, Alan H.
Courtney, Roy J.
Cummins, Frederick J.
Eihorn, Clarence P.
Enoe, Charles O.
Enoe, Herbert S.
Everitt, George W.
Everitt, John E.
Gregory, Alton M.
Hallock, Roy G.
Hoodes, Lewis
Johnson, Joseph H.
Keyes, Clinton W.
Leuchs, Fred Sr.
Moulthrop, George
Pearson, James C.
Rogers, Irwin H.
Schneider, Emil
Scott, Harry T.
Smith, Arthur D.
Staples, Roger H.
Thomson, Jared B.
Tryon, A. W.
Tryon, Delmor
Tuttle, Ruby
Twing, J. Munson
Wenglinsky, Samuel
Whitestone, Walter

Monterey Veterans of World War II
1941 – 1945

Amidon, Dean P.
Andrus, Thomas E.
Backhaus, Erwin
Barnes, Orville H.
Barnett, Roland
Black, Theodore M. Sr.
Blum, Joseph W. Jr.
Bolvig, Lawrence
Brett, Donald W.
Bronstein, Arthur J.
Bronstein, Sigmund H.
Bull, Tim
Burns, Howard W.
Camp,Jack
Carlson, John I.
Carnese, Paul
Cohen, Milton
Colodny, Arthur J.
Colt, David G.
Connery, James S.
Coupar, Agnes L.
Coupar, Elizabeth M.
Cronk, Richard M.
Danaher, Richard J.
DeMartino, Hugo
D'Amato, Frank
Drescher, K. Gordon
Dugan, Osborne E.
Dunlap, Richard
Edson, Raymond T.
Ensign, Powell
Everitt, Daniel
Everitt, Theodore R.
Falcon, Ted
Fargo, Alburn
Fenn, Frank Lewis Jr.
Fijux, John W.
Funk, Arthur
Guden, Jack C.
Hall, Charles H.
Hall, James W.
Hall, Joseph J.
Hanlon, Ralph T.
Hart, Clifford R.

Hart, Harold R.
Hastedt, Anna
Hastedt, Arthur C.
Hastedt, Fred J.
Hastedt, William
Haynes, Nathan Jr.
Heath, Elery W.
Heath, Orville G. Jr.
Heath, Wendall W.
Helmrich, George J. Jr.
Hinman, Horace
Holton, John H.
Inter, Mathew
Jayson, Richard N.
Jayson, Robert M.
Jefferson, John F.
Kessler, Hans
Kimberley, Arthur W.
Kirschner, Morris S.
Koivisto, A. Wilbert
Kranz, Alan Z.
Leuchs, Frederick L.
Locke, Edward
McDarby, Joseph W.
McIver, John
McMahon, Gerald S.
Martin, William J.
Melnick, Sol
Menaker, Edward G.
Mensi, George A.
Mielke, William E. Sr.
Miller, Paul M.
Moen, Raymond S.
Monk, Arthur J.
Moses, Herbert E.
Moses, Robert F.
Nichols, Clarence
Nichols, Leslie B.
O'Connell, Eugene W.
Oislander, William B.
Page, Warren K.
Papp, David
Pasche, Marcel

Pearl, Mortimer
Pekrul, William E.
Phillips, A. Peter
Potter, Roger A.
Quisenberry, Karl S.
Redlich, Meyer
Regan, John J. Jr.
Roland, William E.
Rotondo, Frank
St. Georgio, Anthony
Scheffey, Lewis C.
Schlichter, C. Robert
Shulman, Sidney
Smith, Arthur P.
Snyder, Horace M.
Snyder, John W.
Snyder, Richard W.
Somers, Arthur S.
Somers, Edward McC.
Stafford, Gordon L.
Stafford, Shelton
Stafford, William L.
Stevens, John A.
Swann, William
Thorn, Paul E.
Tryon, Richard D.
Tuttle, George A. Jr.
Varney, Allen
Vickerman, Harry O.
Vosburgh, Virgil H.
Vosburgh, Weston J.
Weber, Leonard
Weitz, Paul W.
Westberg, Ernest O.
Whitestone, W. S. Peter
Wilson, William E.
Wing, Martin S.
Wolfer, Henry G.
Wool, Nicholas F.
Wondrasch, Joseph
Zackim, Benjamin
Zad, William
Zantay, Zoltan
Zucco, Victor F.

Monterey's Veteran of the Indian Wars
1870 – 1898

Bidwell, Orlando C.

Monterey Veterans of the Spanish-American War
1898

Bidwell, Orlando C.
Phillips, Harry
Moen, A. Rene

Monterey Veterans of the Korean War
1950 – 1953

Brockman, William I.
Champigny, Carl E.
Champigny, Earl P.
Cherneff, Martin H.
Everitt, Daniel
Fenn, Frank Lewis Jr.
Hall, Clarence W.
Hall, Ernest A.
Hasko, Charles S.
Hastedt, Arthur C.
Hayes, Arnold A.
Haynes, Nathan C. Jr.
Locke, Edward
Lyman, Douglas
Owen, John A.
Palmer, Dorothea
Palmer, Wayne
Schneider, Robert
Tchack, Theodore A.
Trott, Stuart H.

Monterey Veterans of the Vietnam War
1965 – 1975

Amidon, Dean P. Jr.
Amidon, Phillip B,
Brallier, Stanley
Bradley, Thomas F.
Bull, Jared
Bynack, Mike
Dutcher, James
Field, Wayne
Hall, Clarence W.
Hastedt, David A.
Hayes, Arnold A.
Heath, Kenneth
Jenkins, Ian Ross
Johnson, Elmer
Leavitt, Aaron M.
Le Comte, Douglas M..
LePrevost, Peter C.
L'Hommedieu, Charles
Mielke, William E. Jr.
Parret, David
Phelps, Frederick
Place, Joanne
Price, Hampton
Sawers, Robert E.
Thomson, Lyman
Van Horn, Mark
Vickerman, Peter
Vickerman, Thomas
Walsh, Brook
Wolf, Emmanuel C.
Zucco, John V.

Monterey Veterans of the Persian Gulf War
1991

Amidon, Phillip B.
O'Connor, Denis R.

Monterey Servicemen in Peacetime
1939 – 1941
1946 – 1950
1953 – 1965
1975 – 1991
1991 – Present

Grotz, Stefan
Leining, Michael
Lyman, Dale
Pratt, Arnold L.
Sheridan, Richard. C.

The Monterey Veterans' Memorial

The Monterey Veterans' Memorial Park was established and dedicated on July 4, 1997. One stele inscribed with the names of Monterey veterans of World War II, and a second bearing the names of Monterey veterans of the Korean and Vietnam Wars were raised on a plot of town land on Route 23 at the corner of Blue Hill Road. The land adjoins Corashire Cemetery. A Veterans' Memorial Committee, chaired by Dean Amidon, raised funds and commissioned the two steles erected on the site. Committee members were Frank D'Amato, Arthur C. Hastedt, Arnold Hayes, Georgiana O'Connell, and Raymond Tryon. The Committee continues its research into the history of Monterey men and women in the armed services. Plans are under way for a third stele to be raised in the near future, inscribed with the names of all Monterey veterans of previous wars, including World War I, the Spanish-American War, the Indian wars, the Civil War, the War of 1812, and the American Revolution.

TOWN OF MONTEREY · INCORPORATED · 1847 · MASSACHUSETTS

WAYNE DUNLOP

Maynard Forbes at the wheel. Memorial Day 1997.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Monterey Fire Company Memorial Day 1997.

(L to R)
Ken Dempsey
Mark Makuc
Rick Prew
Tom Andrus
Patrick Sheridan
Franny Huberman
Keith Ives
Paul Makuc
Shawn Tryon
Maynard Forbes
Del Martin
Scott Sheridan

PUTTING OUT FIRES IN MONTEREY

by

Peter Murkett

Raymond Tryon's name first appears in the recorded history of Monterey firefighting in 1944, when at age fourteen he was paid $1.80 for his services. His late father Wallace Tryon was the first Monterey chief, taking on the job in 1930, when the town organized formal fire protection for the first time. Raymond became chief of the Monterey Fire Department in 1954, and has served continuously in this capacity for forty-three years. His son Leigh is now Assistant Chief of the Monterey Fire Company, Ltd. (the formal name today of Monterey's emergency service). Leigh's son Shawn has joined the fire company, and his younger son Christopher is awaiting his thirteenth birthday, when he will become a junior member. This continuity of leadership has been vital in building an effective emergency response in Monterey. Our fire company is admired throughout Berkshire County. Organization and training of local volunteers began a few generations ago.

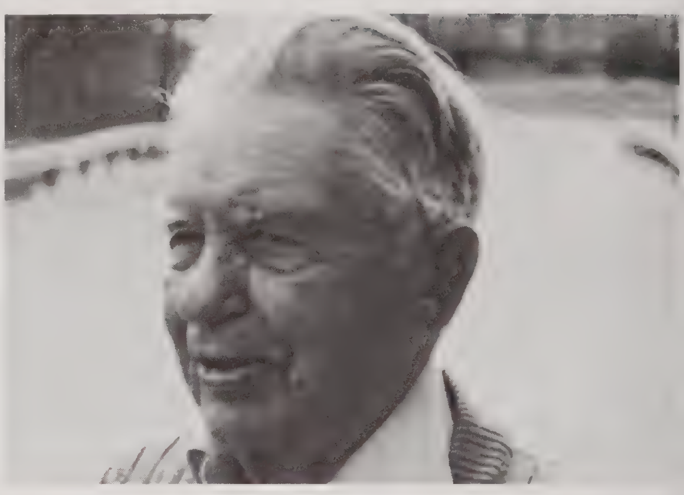
At Annual Town Meeting in 1930, voters appropriated $1,000 for "fire apparatus." This sum, added to $249 from the state, allowed purchase of a portable fire pump and hose capable of pouring thirty gallons per minute on a blaze. In the words of H. Perry Fargo, then Forest Fire Warden:

> After this equipment had all arrived we found it was not complete without a truck for transportation.
>
> A. W. [Wallace] Tryon immediately wrote to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Diefenderfer, summer residents of Monterey, and they gladly donated their old reliable Cadillac touring car, vintage of 1916, to be used as we saw fit, and with the aid of the boys and a few dollars worth of lumber, iron, bolts, paint, etc., we constructed a very satisfactory fire truck . . ."

Later in the same report Warden Fargo advised residents "in case of fire [to] call B. E. Tryon's, 164-3, and state the nature of the fire; then forget the telephone and fight the fire until we can get there and give you aid. One call is all that is necessary: Mrs. Tryon will do the rest."

After thanking "the boys" and noting his pride in the "cooperation we have in this town," he concluded:

> Last, but not least, I wish to thank A. W. Tryon, who has given his time unstintingly in the construction of our equipment, has housed it all in his garage free of charge, sees that all is in running order at all times and as the time has now arrived when we need a fire chief I would suggest that at our annual town meeting, February 2, the selectmen be instructed to appoint him to this position.


KATHIE TRYON

A. Wallace Tryon, about 1980.
Courtesy *Monterey News*.

Wallace Tryon led Monterey firefighters for eight years. In 1938 John Lambert headed a committee charged with purchasing the town's first fire truck, and later that year succeeded Wallace as fire chief. The town appropriated $2,000 for the vehicle—a basic Ford truck costing $790, with pump and 1 1/8-inch hose added; it was delivered in June, and garaged at Art Hebert's shop and Beartown State Forest. In October work began on the firehouse that still stands at the head of New Marlborough Road. In 1939 the building was finished and the new truck moved in. The budget that year for fire protection was $690. The alarm in those days went out over the phone; Margaret Harmon took the call, and spread the word. In 1944 a large siren was installed on the roof of the firehouse; everyone knew when there was a fire.

Parker Harmon succeeded John Lambert as Chief in 1947, and Ray Tryon succeeded Parker in 1954. A new truck was purchased in 1955 for $10,000, with pump and hose capable of delivering 600 gallons per minute. The volunteers set about organizing and training available manpower to make the best use of the new equipment. Whenever the siren blew at suppertime, dozens of eager men converged at the scene of the fire. Sometimes raw energy overwhelmed organized training. Ray remembers fireground situations during those years that were so chaotic "hoses were cut with an axe to stop the foolishness."

In the 1960s and '70s the situation improved. Fire science came to Monterey, and members began learning how to attack fires from within a structure using little water, and how to vent through the roof. Scott Air Packs (back-pack breathing apparatus used in smoky close quarters) became the order of the day. Monterey firefighters began to learn the futility of pouring water on a burning building from across the yard. Communications also improved: red phones were installed in firefighters' homes, and later on pagers were used to alert firefighters without broadcasting the alarm. *Firehouse* magazine, regional gatherings of local volunteer chiefs, and training sessions sponsored by the Massachusetts Firefighting Academy all contributed to a better understanding of how to put out fires. Real practice took place every week.

In 1976 the town bought a new attack truck ($44,000 this time) and in 1979 a new tank truck ($75,000) carrying two thousand gallons of water and equipped with four-inch hoses was added to the fleet. The independent, non-profit corporate entity called the Monterey Fire Company, Ltd., was established on July 4, 1980, with perhaps as large and diverse a membership as it has ever had. Members took

The first Monterey firehouse, at the intersection of Main and New Marlborough Roads. Date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

out a mortgage and set about building a new firehouse. Contributions, in cash and in kind, came from all sides. In addition to firefighting, emergency medical response, and construction, the company learned the art of the steak roast in summertime, and managed a few gravity car races in the early fall. There was always work to do, but the company also knew how to have—and share—a good time. Townspeople flock to the steak roast, marking their calendars for the last Saturday in July year after year. The voluntarism of that period was widely inclusive, and an inspiration to many. The firehouse that all townspeople use today was dedicated in 1982, and the mortgage the fire company took out to build it has now been paid off.

In the late 1980s the company built a large pavilion where the steak roast and other community events are now held. Before long local hockey players and skating enthusiasts, with cooperation and help from the fire company, the Monterey Parks Commission, and the Monterey Water Company, transformed the pavilion every winter into an ice skating rink. Volunteer labor and funds raised locally added improvements over the years. The annual Monterey Hockey Tournament, with its prize Monterey Cup, is now a winter feature, and Montereyans of all ages skate on smooth ice under a roof whenever temperatures allow.

Today the Monterey Fire Company continues a long local tradition of meeting emergencies that threaten life and property. Circumstances have changed since the beginning of organized fire protection here in 1930. By current state law local volunteer fire companies have primary responsibility for public safety in towns, and state law also mandates that all volunteer firefighters be trained as first responders. Currently medical emergencies account for half or more of all calls received by the Monterey volunteers. The company now includes three EMTs, and has a defibrillator and personnel trained in its use. Monterey has joined a county-wide emergency dispatch communications system available to all residents by calling 911.

Raymond Tryon, about 1990.

Weekday response is the traditional Achilles' heel of small-town volunteer companies. Work routinely takes many Monterey emergency responders out of town where they can't get a call, or reach the scene of an emergency quickly. At the 1994 Annual Town Meeting voters approved a bylaw establishing a "real estate tax exemption program for residents of the Town serving as members of the Volunteer Fire Department." The exemption applies to real estate "occupied and owned by such individual as his or her domicile, or. . .owned by a member of the immediate family." It is an incentive for firefighters to become resident owners in Monterey, building durability into the fire company by their commitment to place. The bylaw is comparable to the state program that establishes a special tax rate on agricultural lands as a means of preservation. It is a covenant, a structural acknowledgment of the value of voluntary fire service.

The tornado that roared through Monterey in 1995 was by far the greatest threat to public safety ever experienced here. Communication by radio, phone, and vehicle was utterly shut down for hours after the storm, yet local organization, skill, and manpower proved more than sufficient from the first moment.

Such sudden and extreme isolation was certainly a new experience, but community self-reliance is not. Under the leadership provided by generations of Tryons, and especially the long commitment of Ray Tryon, a dedicated group of Monterey volunteers has come to the aid of all townspeople. Since the days when Wallace first led "the boys," and in the years since a housefire could cause pandemonium, much has been learned.

In the evening on Memorial Day, 1995, a tornado moved east through Egremont, Great Barrington, an Monterey after first touching down in New York state. Three people were killed at Eagleton School near th Monterey town line: Christopher Bilodeau (age fourteen), Leslie Elson (age sixty-one), and Vinson Verbl (age eighteen). In Monterey eight through roads were blocked by fallen trees, poles, and wires, hundreds acres of woodlands were leveled, and many houses and vehicles were destroyed. Electricity and phon service were cut for days. Courtesy *Monterey News*

23
MONTEREY
57
SOUTHFIELD

MERYL JOSEPH

WATER

by
Mark Makuc

The Monterey Water Company is a local enterprise that continues to puzzle the state.

In a document dated 1916, Delmor C. Tryon, Julius Miner, Elmer Kinne, Jasper Bills, Clarence Kinne, Charles Gregory, Albert Tryon, Henry Langhaar, Mary Reed, Carrie Deland, and John Burke incorporated as a water company. They had all helped fund development of a water source on the Sandisfield Road, and wanted to protect their investment in relation to "other parties who did not contribute to the cost." In 1917 the legislature incorporated this group in the Special Acts, Chapter 267, which allowed the corporation to own land valued at less that $10,000, and also allowed the town of Monterey the "right at any time to take or purchase the franchise" by a two-thirds vote at an annual town meeting. Original subscribers were issued two shares of stock. Once the group proved they could supply the town with water, more people joined, and there were more shares. Over the years bigger pipes were laid, but gravity did the main work, and the company led a quiet existence.

PETER MURKETT

The spring which originally supplied the Monterey Water Company.

By 1967, however, the state had started to regulate small water companies, and stockholders were not in any position to make necessary improvements. In 1969 they turned the company over to the people using the water. Those people organized a cooperative; each household had to buy one share of stock and was given one vote in all decisions. This cooperative served Sandisfield Road downhill of the reservoir, and Route 23 from the parsonage through the town center to Ernie Heath's, with extensions to Brookmead Farm on New Marlborough Road and the Hayes home on Tyringham Road. A new storage tank was installed higher on the hill to increase pressure, and a chlorinator was added to disinfect as the state required. From the beginning Joe Lanoue has handled the daily operation, reading the meter and adding chlorine. Gail Heath was clerk, Henry Makuc treasurer, and (Kenneth) Bob Heath president. Tryon Construction fixed leaks and never billed the company. All these volunteers kept the costs down, and the sixty or so connections in the center of Monterey enjoyed cheap, potable water for many years.

By the mid-1980s regulations began to catch up with the company. A plan to replace sixty-year-old pipe was halted while the company assessed the future. Testing requirements grew exponentially: lab work showed that a pesticide used on avocados in California had not found its way into springs above the village. Even chemicals known to exist in Massachusetts were not found. Many hours at meetings and training in Springfield did not change operations, but did keep the government happy. Bylaws were updated, and the Department of Public Utilities allowed rate hikes to be decided by the company without interference from Boston. (The previous rate hike had been used for two years to pay the lawyers' fees necessary to get it.) Anticipating improvements, the company raised rates by 300% to an average of $230 annually. The state was not surprised; when asked what might be an excessive rate, they suggested at least as much as cable television. When told Monterey did not have cable, they said the rate could equal the real estate tax bill.

As the budget of the state Department of Environmental Protection was cut, the department decided to charge user fees to the companies it regulated. When the Monterey Water Company received the $1,150 annual bill, the company decided to fight it, and soon discovered that the agency had exempted all municipal systems from this fee. The decision not to pay was followed up by letters and calls of protest. This culminated in the Monterey Water Company's greatest moment when the DEP drove Bob Heath to Boston and he met with Commissioner Greenbaum. The meeting resulted in a change in the fee plan. It was now based on how much water was used and charged to all companies. This equitable fee resulted in a savings of almost $1,100 every year for the company.

In the early 1990s the company decided to finish its pipe replacement program. Current regulations concern themselves with the purity of water at the source, and not the distribution system. While the state was demanding that million-dollar filtration systems be built, the company went out and mortgaged itself for $75,000. Combining that with money that had been saved, Tryon Construction completed the pipe replacement program. The only bad tests in the past had occurred because of the aged pipe. Common sense prevailed. Switching over to the deep well has allowed us to avoid filtration, and rates continued to be reasonable.

The latest battle with government has been over taxation. The Internal Revenue Service assigned the company tax-exempt status, but—ironically—the Monterey Board of Assessors did not. Twenty-eight years of providing water through volunteer labor and cooperation does not change the fact that in 1917 the company was formed to protect the investment of those who built the system. New bylaws are not enough. Improvements undertaken by the Water Company have raised its personal property tax to approximately six percent of its total budget. In the meantime, the Monterey Water Company sets an example of people in this town working together to overcome bureaucratic interference and provide a service to residents.

The next time you have a coffee at the store, or drink from the fountain in Greene Park, or ice skate at the pavilion, please consider the time and effort required for water, which most people take for granted.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Dean Amidon, Master of Ceremonies, Memorial Day 1997.

COMING UP IN CHURCH

by

Kathy Page Wasiuk

I started spending my summers in Monterey in 1947. My grandparents bought a little house on the north side of Garfield in the thirties, and proceeded to expand it in every direction—up, down, and sideways—to accommodate family and myriad guests. They chose Monterey to escape the doldrums of the New Jersey summer, and because longtime friends from Oberlin College, where my grandfather had taught, had built cottages along the road they called Elephant Rock after a piece of glacial humor at the head of the road.

They were Protestant Midwesterners born and bred, Victorians who depended on patterns and rituals unfolding in prescribed ways. My grandmother, for example, did not leave the house without a hat. Gloves were worn if one was going into town—meaning Great Barrington. Dinner was at 7 p.m., and one did not appear at the table wearing the same outfit in which one had spent the day mucking about. The ladies all went to the Wednesday matinee at Stockbridge, the men played golf, everyone played bridge, and everyone we knew went to church on Sunday, as regular as the day of the week.

Ladies in the church basement. Date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Particular care was taken in dressing after Sunday breakfast. My grandmother had a variety of hats, all with netting across the front, which she wore in rotation through the month. My grandfather wore red ties; red was his favorite color, and he had a substantial collection built by many birthday and Christmas presents. I was given a quarter for the collection plate, always handed over with strict instructions not to lose it and to be sure to put it in the plate. My grandfather piloted the Buick down to the village, leaving us off at the foot of the front church steps while he went off to find a place to park.

I remember helping my grandmother and then Aunt Mabel Brown up the steep stairs to the front door, where we were greeted by someone standing in the vestibule. I would hang around, waiting for my friends to show up with their families, until my grandmother shooed us into the sanctuary.

It was a high-ceilinged room, often cooler than outside, as it had been closed up all week. It was quite spare, without decoration or ornament, which left only the view out the windows for visual amusement. I was small, so that meant looking up to the sky: perhaps God was up there, looking down on us? It was enough to quell my squirming. There were books to fiddle with—hymnals and Bibles—and interesting brackets with round holes designed for inserting fingers. I was given crayons and paper and spent the time coloring pictures of whatever floated into my head. Eventually, I grew tall enough to see over the back of the pew in front of us, and I became aware of other things in the room. There was, for instance, a display of some pewter tableware in a little cabinet inserted in the front wall. There were flowers—usually wildflowers, but occasionally something grand, like gladioli from someone's garden. There were other people: women in pastel or flowered dresses, children who twisted and squirmed and stuck out their tongues (just a little) when we could manage eye contact, men in white shirt collars against deeply tanned and creased necks. Mrs. Peet, who seemed to me a woman of considerable sophistication, always wore beautiful beads that matched her earrings. There was the organ, and Mrs. Miner the organist: a small woman with white hair wound in a knot held by heavy tortoise-shell hair pins, who wore two hearing aids that on occasion gave a piercing squeal during the service. She played the organ with great gusto and panache, regardless of occasional wrong keys. Up front there were people in robes: one, a man in black, who talked, and a group in white who sat together up on a little platform on the left. It didn't take long to figure out that they were the high point, and always had one specialty number when the rest of us did not sing and all eyes were on them.

As a teenager, when Bob Daggett was pastor, I joined the choir during several summers, as did my friends. We'd troop over to Mrs. Miner's parlor on Thursday afternoons to rehearse what I knew by then was called the anthem. By that time there were very few adults in the choir. In fact, there was only one: Mrs. Miner's brother, Newman Abercrombie, who also served as the town librarian. Newman was a tall, rail-thin, somewhat cadaverous specimen, and I believe he had two functions in the choir: to keep us kids in line and to count the house. He would, during the middle of the service, make a tally of the attendance, and write it down in a little notebook. I have no idea what he did with the information.

Sitting in the choir gave me a whole new vantage point. I now looked out at the congregation, instead of being in the midst of it. This also meant that I was quite visible to my grandmother, who monitored my behavior from her seat. My friends, who sat with me, were no help in keeping me out of trouble. Often, I would give my quarter to one of the boys, as he had pockets and it was difficult for me to manage all the sheet music, the hymnal, and the quarter. Just as often, he would tease me by refusing to give it back to me, in spite of my silent but escalating demands for it, until just before the collection plate arrived under my nose. Sometimes that earned both a poke from Newman and a glare from my grandmother.

Unidentified ladies and the stage run by Elery Heath and Arthur Barnum. Date and photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.

Sunday services were not all. Upstairs, Richard Dyer Bennett gave concerts, as did Carleton L'Hommedieu, famed organist at Mount Hermon School. Dramatic presentations were

The Taste of Town

Every Friday I remember my family setting out money and an empty egg carton or two on our kitchen table. The "egg lady," Marion Thomson, would come by on her route and deliver fresh eggs, carefully counting the change from a purse laden with coins. For many years I took fresh eggs for granted, but after college food-service eggs that did not make the grade I appreciated coming home to the real thing. Many childhood memories of Monterey included local people and their produce. I can still smell and taste the one-pound blocks of butter from Frances Brett, and the potatoes from the Enoe farm, which even Shel Fenn agreed were the best in town. We had our own vegetable garden and our own specialities, too, but what I will never forget is all the fresh milk I grew up on. Over the years I was fortunate to have had milk from the Brett's, Lowland Farm, Eric Pedersen, Woodburn Farm, and (as we called our own house) Ledge Gardens.

My family had cows with names like Burnice, Marcy and Aida, and with their extra milk we raised pigs, among them Augusta and Victoria. I have never tasted any pork that compared to our own, raised on Jersey milk. When the cow freshened in the spring we got cream that would stick to a spoon turned upside down. Experiences with our animals fill family conversations to this day. A birth is miraculous, but bottle feeding the runts from Bob Heath's pig litters taught us that raising anything is full of work.

— Mark Makuc

imaginatively staged without a curtain, and the occasional string quartet or pianist performed. Although it was a sanctuary on Sundays, a place for examination of conscience and the development of spiritual life, that did not impede music and laughter and applause on other occasions. No line divided the spiritual from the cultural; they were two sides of the coin of higher expectations.

Downstairs was called (rather grandly) the Social Room. Community suppers were (and still are) a regular event there, usually with a program of someone's slides, or a talk by some traveler. Men set out long tables and folding chairs. Women organized easily in the tiny kitchen, pulling out the wildly unmatched china, setting places with stiff paper napkins, and popping pans in and out of the oven.

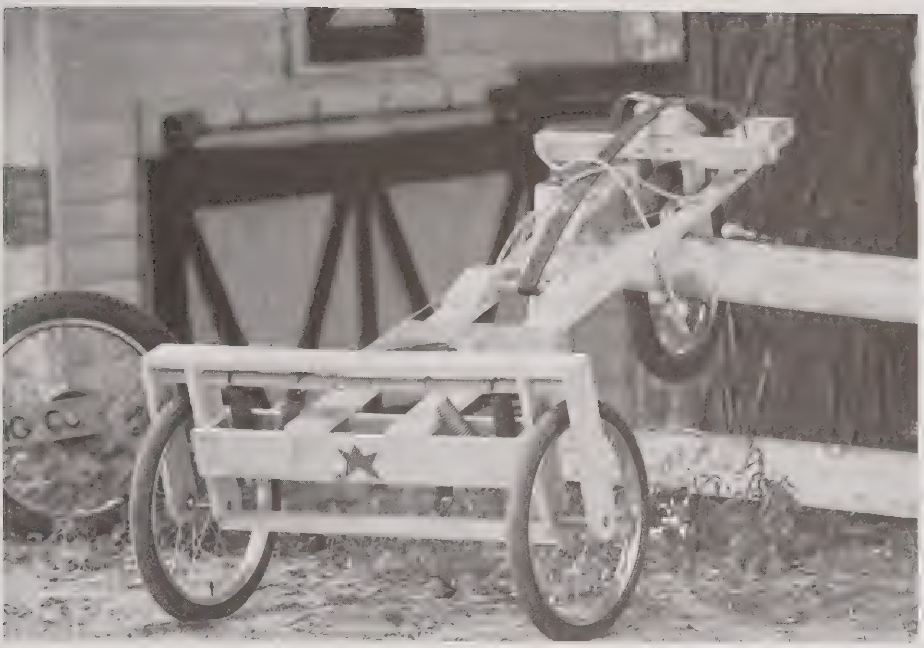
Home made baked beans, quivering jello molds, rich noodle casseroles with an occasional piece of chicken, tossed salad with fluorescent orange French dressing, sliced white bread and a squared pat of butter, urns of coffee, and cake of several varieties appeared: the staples of inexpensive, made-for-a-crowd, middle-American 1950s cooking. The food was unvaried, nourishing, always needed a little salt, and I loved it. The women set the dishes to soak while we attended the program, hearing the speaker and then discussing what could be done about the refugees, the less fortunate, those in need of some small help Monterey could give, and then women washed up the dishes, in thoughtful quiet, and men went outside to smoke.

Of course, eventually I began to listen to the lessons learned upstairs and down, and hear how they demanded that I be involved in the world. Ray Ward talked about respect and kindness to neighbors, a word he gave the broadest possible definition. One Sunday Bob Daggett offered a self-examination of his automatic reaction to a mentally retarded man who had happened to sit next to him in Friendly's. A light went on about considering my own attitudes toward others. Virgil Brallier worked to organize ecumenical services with rabbis, priests, and pastors from across the county, and I began to learn about being Jewish, being Catholic, about the validity of cherishing other traditions. Keith Snow, now, reminds me of the value of time taken to nourish my spiritual life. Some of them preached from the pulpit. Most of them talked from the floor. The lessons were easily heard, sometimes difficult to live, but universal in their applicability. They are where community is truly lodged. For me, "upstairs, downstairs" carries a resonance of considered thinking and a committed life—both meeting in the same house.

MAGGIE LEONARD

The Rev. Keith Snow,
Monterey United
Church of Christ.

Shaylan Burkhart.
Memorial Day 1997.



Red Star Express in 1975, driven by Pete Murkett in the first annual gravity car race. The vehicle lost badly in a repeat appearance after winning the first year, and was not raced again. Courtesy Michele Miller.

THE GREAT GRAVITY CAR RACE

by

Peter Murkett

The gravity car race was conceived in the late spring of 1975. Bill Russell stopped by the cabin one evening with a book of photos by turn-of-the-century French photographer Lartigue. There were action shots of races held by certain European dandies who made graceful tubular steel coasters complete with rack and pinion steering, and raced among themselves. Their wealth, breeding, and abundant free time were not as impressive as the cars and the art of the race. Before the evening was over, a gang of southern Berkshire sports piled into the pickup that ran and went looking for a suitable hill.

New Marlborough Road was cool, from the pond by the town line down around the turn by Bowles' driveway and onto the flat below the Scheffey farmhouse. Or Wellman Road: straight down, then a sweeping curve before crossing the little bridge at Gould Farm's swimming hole. (How many would end up in the drink?) But Wallace Hall! Now *that* was a course: a fast start at the top by the Sandisfield Road, with long stretches—down, flat, then down again. It would make a steadily building downhill run before it spilled cars into a banked hard right turn at the very bottom. Anyone who lasted would have to come out of that turn like a shot.

Team picture before a game of donkey baseball at Greene Park in the 1950s. Left to right: Russell Burke, Peter Phillips, Tom Gillis, Dean Amidon, Claude Burke, (partially hidden?), Bob Heath, Ray Tryon, William Mielke. Courtesy Fran Amidon.

The boys decided to race on Labor Day weekend so they could have all summer to build cars and get things organized, or at least the last few days of August. There were only two rules: car and driver together had to weigh no more than 275 pounds (later 300), and no brakes.

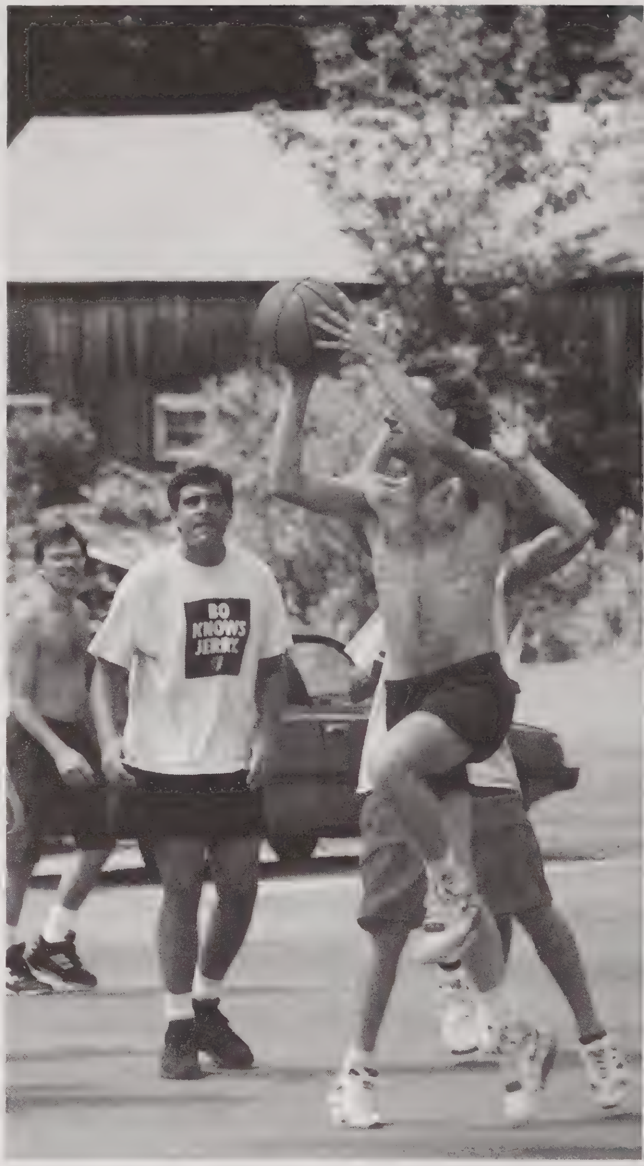
Race day was crisp and sunny, high spirits all around. Smiles, quiet betting. The chassis of one car was made of laminated elm bows, two separate loops that made a figure eight loosely joined in the middle for good, road-holding suspension. In the writer's opinion, this was the slickest gravity car ever made—inventive, graceful, and well-built by Kurt Hoelter and Willy Laird. Unfortunately, the wheel-axle-chassis construction wasn't strong enough for the brutal dirt-hill course. Some drivers had to carry their cars across the finish line. The official timekeeper took his stopwatch down the course riding on a motorcycle ahead of each car, after Roy Carlson sent them off with a blast from his shotgun. The winner that first year was Peter Murkett, riding his Red Star express, a three-wheeled contraption high off the ground, and so absurdly sprung that the front wheel flopped over *to the outside* on the final turn—but it came back up, and he crossed the line with his derby hat still on, in the slowest winning time ever: one minute, thirty-nine seconds. This was completely documented because Mike Ansell, ever ahead of the times, brought a video camera, and used it well. The First Annual had style.

The Second Annual was won by a kid named Mark Ellerkmann who took the chain off his bike (pedal brakes) and hung on while it careened down the hill, around the turn and across the finish line, unbelievably upright. No one was hurt.

After a year of sometimes heated debate, the rules stayed the same except for a new emphasis on the phrase "handmade vehicles," which had been assumed all along. Two wheels were okay, but the chainless bike had been done, once, and well enough at that. It was now obsolete.

For the next three years in a row, Beartown Bob Stevens won hands down. He shaved a full five seconds off his time over the years, riding a three-wheeler framed in tubular steel. There was an entire Beartown Racing Team with several entries of similar design, all pretty fast. The team t-shirt asked "How they gonna stop?"

The town road crew somehow managed to grade and rake Wallace Hall Road before the end of August in those years. The Fire Company got in on the deal as principal race sponsor, selling corn on the cob, beer, and hot dogs on race day at a stand by the final turn, where spectators lined the bank up the hill into the woods. The ambulance squad came and parked pointing out, ready for anything, but even though Fletcher Brock went over the safety bales by the first bridge in a classic 180° flip one year, and Roger Tryon battered the haybank more than once, still no one got hurt.



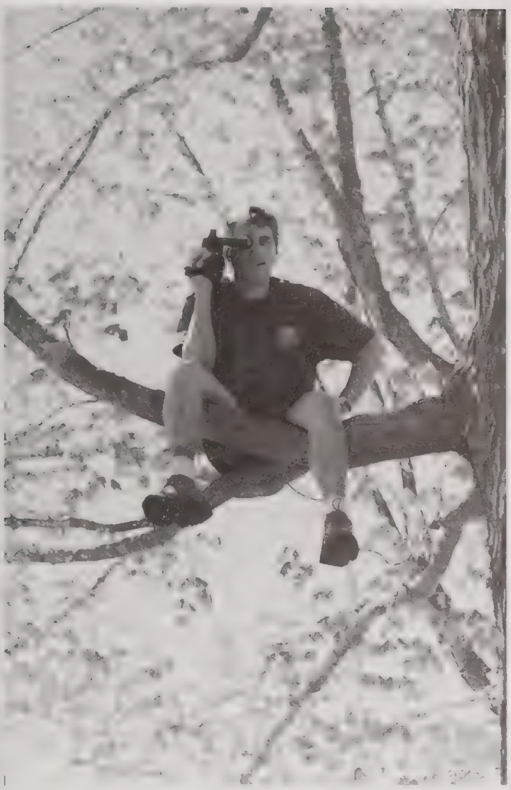
Jay Amidon goes up for two on a Sunda
morning in Greene Park

Bill Russell won the Sixth Annual, setting a new course record at 1:04.5. He always raced the same vehicle, four wheels on a frame of ash, tuned a little better every time. On a good run his car would slide across the turn with a light, springy grip that sent him rocketing across the finish line.

Lanny Lanoue, a long-term member of the Beartown team, won on his three-wheeler in 1981 and 1982. The race in 1981 came to a dead tie between Lanny and Bob Stevens Jr. at 0:59.15. They ran it off, and Lanny won at 1:04.5—not his best time, but the winning time nonetheless. The following year he was first to win with a time under one minute, 0:56.65. At this stage times were recorded electronically by the same instruments used in downhill ski races.

The Ninth Annual was won in 0:55.94 by Dan Andrus on a two-wheeled vehicle with the driver riding on his belly, fast and low.

In 1985 Bill Russell won again, the steadfast veteran in his only car, the vintage four-wheeler. He covered half-mile of rocky dirt road in 0:55.466, an all-time record that was not to be surpassed. After ten good years, the great gravity car race was over.



MAGGIE LEONARD

Jim Thomas, godfather of Monterey Hockey. Memorial Day 1997.

P. MURKETT

Baseball talk, Greene Park on a Sunday. Left to right: Larry Burke, Bob Thieriot, Al Silverstein, Peter Vallianos, Michael Thieriot (left, back to camera), Frank Gioia (right, back to camera).

TOM ROSENTHAL

Karl Lipsky on his way up the ice in a relay race, February 17, 1996. On that day the improved town skating rink in the firehouse pavilion was dedicated, after residents raised more than forty thousand dollars and volunteered hundreds of hours of labor. The rink is the scene of the annual Monterey Cup hockey tournament, as well as a winter sports festival.

HAPPY 150TH ANNIVERSARY

MONTEREY

FROM

"THE HOTTEST NUMBER IN TOWN"

LiptonEnergy

443-9191
458 SOUTH ST. PITTSFIELD,MA 01201
1-800-479-4432

HEATING OIL - GASOLINE - DIESEL FUELS - 24 HR BURNER SERVICE

Hartsville Design
Architectural Woodwork

Historic Millwork
Moldings Windows Doors
Staircases

Custom Cabinetry
Kitchen and Baths
Fine Furniture

Kevin Regan
Phone/Fax 413-528-1202

Old Grange Hall RT 57 Hartsville, Ma
Box 86 HC 65 Gt. Barrington, Ma 01230

Open the door to your new dream home.

When contemplating building a new home or commercial structure, consult with M. D. Amstead & Associates, Inc., located in Monterey on Main Road. They can assist with everything from initial planning and design through complete construction. These professionals specialize in custom homes, commercial building and complete remodeling and renovations with pride and first quality workmanship.

They offer a complete turnkey service so that when your project is ready, you can walk in and enjoy the dream home or business you've always envisioned. This reliable company has experience in all phases of construction. M. D. Amstead & Associates, Inc. will work closely with you to assure your satisfaction. Construction excellence through quality workmanship and pride in their work are their guiding standards, and the principle behind their success. You can rest assured knowing you have placed this experienced builder in charge. M. D. Amstead & Associates, Inc. invites you to contact them at 528-5873 to set up an appointment to discuss your particular needs and budget requirements.

For professionalism, efficiency and construction excellence, contact M. D. Amstead & Associates, Inc. The next door you open may be to the new home you've always dreamed about.

M.D. AMSTEAD
& ASSOCIATES INC.
GENERAL CONTRACTOR
NEW CONSTRUCTION • RENOVATIONS

10 Years Of Quality Building

413-528-5873

Martin's RESTAURANT

Breakfast Served All Day
Lunch from 11:30 a.m.

Happy Birthday Monterey!

49 Railroad Street, Great Barrington, MA
(413) 528-5455

BUILDERS OF FINE COUNTRY HOMES

Highly experienced at securing all permits for land and building.

• Land/Site Acquisition • Site Planning
• Home Plans & Designs • First Rate Construction & Workmanship

Consulting Services Available

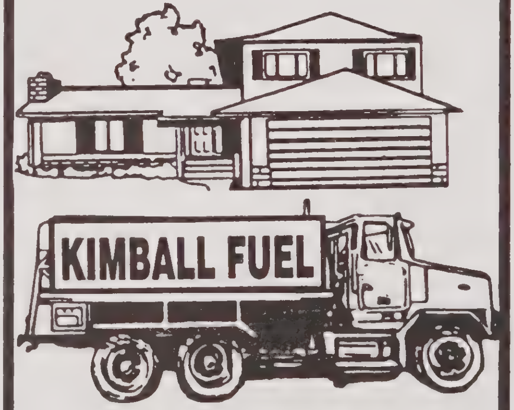
528-6650

KNOX TRAIL

KNOX TRAIL CO. • HOMEBUILDERS
267 Stockbridge Rd. • Gt. Barrington

KIMBALL FUEL

JAMES E. KIMBALL JR., INC.



528-1410
1-800-640-1410
34 Rosseter Street
Great Barrington

DAN ANDRUS
MASTER LIC. NO.
15186 A

FULLY INSURED

ANDRUS ELECTRIC

MAIN ROAD
MONTEREY, MA. 01245

PHONE & FAX
413-528-5444

GENERATORS
&
ALTERNATIVE ENERGY

RESIDENTIAL & COMMERCIAL
WIRING
PHONE-CABLE TV

"The best little Camp in the Berkshires"

Celebrating 75 Years of Quality Camping

Day & Sleepover Programs

Over 25 activities on land & water.
Arts & Drama Program
Tennis, Judo, Gymnastics
Waterskiing, Swimming,
Sailing, Kayaking, Team Sports
Overnight Camping
Special Trips to Berkshire
attractions and much more!
Horseback Riding

Beautiful Lakefront Campus
Safe, structured, family environment
Continuous ownership for over
30 years
Boys & Girls 6-15 yrs
Elective program
Mature well trained staff
NCA Member

Camp Half Moon

P.O. Box 188, Great Barrington, MA 01230
Tel: (413) 528-0940 Fax: (413) 528-0941
Video & Brochure on Request

Monterey
Ch

TOM ROSENTHAL

Chapter Seven

FROM THE LAND

FARMING IN MONTEREY

by

Richard Tryon

Edited by Ian Ross Jenkins

Richard Tryon was born in Monterey in 1924. His father was Delmor J. Tryon, whose dairy farm was in the village on Tyringham Road behind the church. In 1948 Richard married Barbara Jost, and they bought Harmon Elms Farm on New Marlborough Road from Philando Harmon. They renovated the farmhouse and renamed it Lowland Farm, moving into their new home in the spring of 1949. The Tryons raised dairy cattle and the companion crops, hay and silage corn. At the peak of the farm's operation they were milking fifty cows twice a day (1000 pounds of milk daily), and had a few beef cattle. In the late 1980s they sold the herd. They also raised five children (Cynthia, Linda, Richard, Roger and Elizabeth), and Barbara taught school for twenty years. Their son Roger remains on the farm, and will work it in the future.

In the mid 1950s Richard joined the Massachusetts Farm Bureau, which is the statewide component of the major national farmers' organization, the Farm Bureau. In the mid 1970s Richard became more active in the administrative operation of the Bureau, first working on the county level and then statewide. In the late 1970s he was elected Second Vice President of the Massachusetts Farm Bureau. He later served as First Vice President, and between 1991 and 1995 he was President of the Bureau. In this capacity he participated in the national operations and policy functions.

Richard also served on the Monterey Select Board for eleven years. He was on the town's first Conservation Commission, and its first Finance Committee. He served on the school committee of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District for six years, and was its chairman for two years.

In May of 1997 Ian Jenkins interviewed Richard Tryon to obtain an oral history of farming in Monterey. The interview was conducted at Lowland Farm. Ian later transcribed the tapes, which formed the basis of this article.

This house [the home of Richard and Barbara Tryon on Lowland Farm] was built in 1786. At that time most of this area I would assume was wooded. As time progressed more land was opened. The farms were primarily subsistence farms, but they might have a few eggs and potatoes to sell. In those days they had large families and consumed pretty much what they produced. Progressively more land was opened up. By 1850 there was a great deal of stripping of the forests to make coke [charcoal]. It was delivered up to the Richmond furnaces where they made steel. This practically denuded this area but for very high areas which were inaccessible. This was excellent grazing on the cut-off areas for sheep. At that time it turned us into a sheep industry. One Englishman who arrived here in the Southern Berkshires during this period commented that if he didn't know different he would think he was back in England. The farmers would turn the sheep loose on the cut-off areas, and they were good foragers, especially on the new shoots coming up from the hardwoods. They didn't put dairy cattle up on these cut-off areas because the sheep were better grazers than dairy cows who would have probably starved. I presume the sheep could be left out at night as long as there weren't any predators. They didn't have any coyotes at that time so I guess the sheep were left out, but I'm not sure. More important, there wasn't a market around

Tarsi Dunlop, daughter of Susan Sellew and Wayne Dunlop of Rawson Brook Farm, New Marlborough Road. The goat is Angel, one of Tiny's four daughters born in the spring of 1997. The 17,000 pounds of fresh goat cheese produced annually on Rawson Brook Farm is sold from the cooler in the milking room, at the Monterey General Store, throughout Berkshire County, and in northeastern urban markets.

From a postcard titled "Green Pastures, Monterey, Mass." Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

here for the milk or cheese at that time. Boston was a big wool market. If you sheared your sheep, it didn't matter if you sent your wool off today or next week, or if it took a week to get there: it was still good. It wasn't like trying to get out a perishable product.

Production of iron ceased at the Richmond furnaces around 1850, so the wooded land started to regenerate. I'm not sure of the date, but the Erie Canal was open and started bringing iron from Minnesota [The Erie Canal was completed in 1825, but initially transported mostly grains from Ohio and Indiana. Movement of iron from the Upper Midwest started around 1855, when Great Lakes transportation was better developed.] Also with the Erie Canal open, it was now less expensive to bring in wool from Ohio. It was also easier to raise sheep there than here in the Berkshires. I'm conjecturing on this, but the sheep business went by the wayside, and the dairy cow started to take over here. Also, you started to have larger markets here with better transportation. I can just barely remember, when I was a kid, the last ones to have a flock of sheep were the Enoes over here. They had a little farm which Peter and Susan LePrevost owns now [corner of Route 23 and Fairview Road].

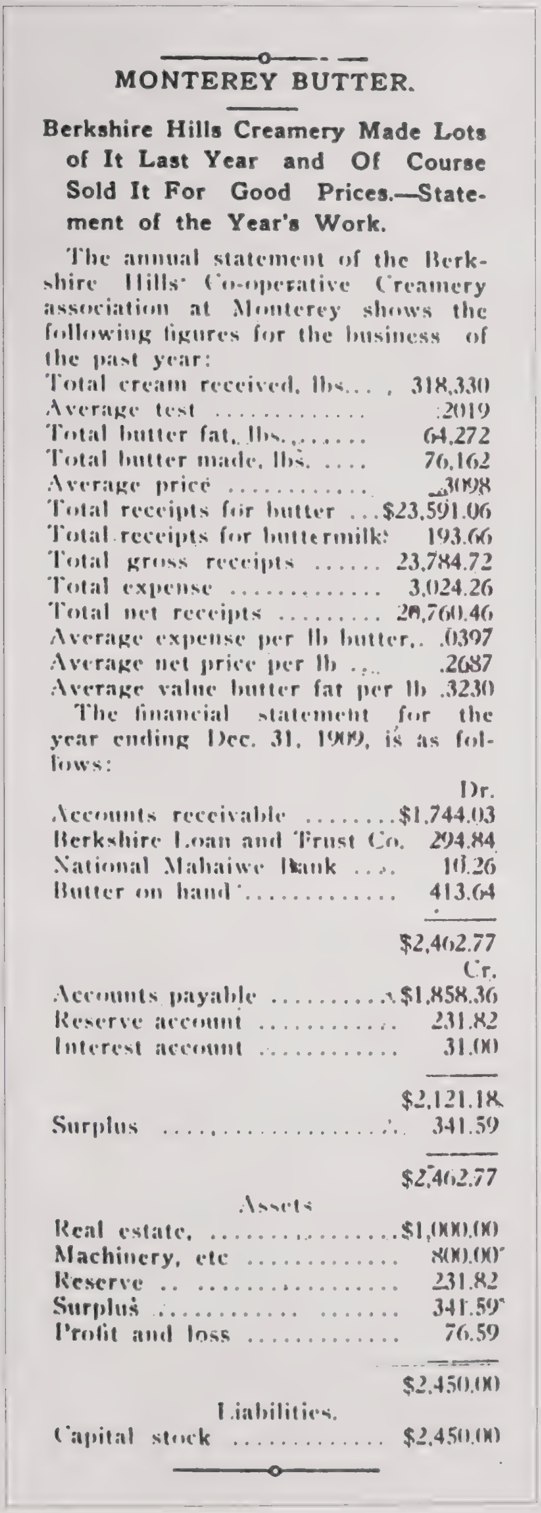
Now remember, when you went into the dairy industry you really went into the cheese and butter business. Cheese and butter weren't that perishable. They were processed, taken to the market and stored, but you can't do that with the whole milk: it has to go directly to the customer. Transportation and perishability are the key. The farmer would separate the milk on the farm, then the hauler would pick up the cream. There is less volume to transport with just the cream. The cream would be taken to town, where they would make the butter. There was a creamery here in town where Walsh's auto shop is today on the corner of Route 23 and New Marlborough Road. On the farm after the milk was separated, what was left over, the skim milk, was fed to the pigs or thrown out. It was cheaper to skim the milk for cream, and feed pigs the skim than to take the whole milk to market. There was no real market for whole milk, as many people kept a cow or two, although some of the farmers had a local route and delivered some whole milk. Again, it was a transportation thing. You have to cool the milk down to 38-40° within an hour or so, keep it cool, and then get the milk to market in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. When I was a kid we cooled the milk in an icebox, with ice we harvested in the winter. In the morning we took the milk to the steps of the General Store, where Heath, who had the stage, would pick it up along with the mail and take it into Barrington. Philando Harmon, who owned this farm before me, told me one year a ton of cheese came off his farm. I presume the farmer had a quota for how much cream he could ship to the co-op, and especially in the spring when they all had extra cream, they made the extra cream into cheese here on the farm. One of the sheds out back here on the farm was a cheese room. Transportation was the main thing in many of the changes of farming, which led to changing markets, profit margins, and demands for different products.

When they took the sheep out, the forests started to come back. This would be in the second half of the nineteenth century. The chestnut blight was around 1918 so they must have had hardwood forests by then. The forests must have been doing well. I remember guys telling me in the 1940s that if the blight hadn't come along they would have had a very marketable crop by then. Tree farming is not a way to make a living. The farmer did it on the side. He worked the land, paid his taxes, and so on. He would have some trees out on the land he wasn't using for crops or pasture. As time went by, when he was short on cash, and had some timber someone wanted to buy, he sold it and got a chunk of money to buy some piece of machinery, or make a payment. It was like a savings account. The way you used the land, was you picked the easiest land to work for your crops, and then the land with more stones or harder to get at up the hill was used for pasture, and then what you couldn't get at or use was for trees. As I've been told, by the early 1900s, with the sheep gone, the land probably looked pretty much like today, although the forested areas would have a mix of growth, with more immature growth than today. Also back in those days, before tractors, if you had a good field with only few acres up back, it might be worthwhile to go back up there with a hand plow, a horse and team. It might be profitable to go out there and work that field. Nowadays it's not worthwhile to work such a little field, so they have grown over. Back then you probably had a little more open land than you do now.

What makes a field profitable now with tractors is not only the size of the field, but how it's laid out, and its accessibility. If someone wants me to work a small field on the other side of town, by the time you move your equipment, work the field and come back it might not be profitable. Other things that make a field not worthwhile is if it's wet, or inaccessible, like a bad road. Also a big thing is how it is laid out. If it's so irregular that you can't work in it, like if it's got a big jutty, or if the walls come in and you can't work around them, you say forget it. My nicest fields are three to four times long as they are wide. When I have a straight windrow [mowed and raked hay before baling] when I'm baling hay, and I'm not jogging around, and the bales aren't kicking out of the wagon, you can go straight down the row and make a load of hay in no time—as long as you don't fall asleep on the tractor. Farming with my father in his time, with horses, and we weren't turning over as much land as we are today, the shape of the field was not as important as today. In those days if we put in two acres of field corn that was a big deal. When I quit farming we were putting in forty acres of silage corn a year.

Topsoil is usually six to nine inches deep, but here in Monterey, it's usually around six. The topsoil has all the organic matter that holds the moisture. That is why we plow on the contour of the land [parallel to the horizon] to hold the soil from washing away. On one of my fields which has a rise I leave wide strip of grass on the steep part to hold the soil. We get on the average forty inches of rain here, so water is not as big a problem for hay as elsewhere. You have to work with the soil, fertilize and lime, to make sure it will remain productive.

Clipped from *The Berkshire Courier* in January of 1910. See page 64 (Chapter Four) for a photograph of the Creamery and a description by Wallace Tryon of its operation. As dairy farming waned in this century, the Creamery went out of business.



MONTEREY BUTTER.

Berkshire Hills Creamery Made Lots of It Last Year and Of Course Sold It For Good Prices.—Statement of the Year's Work.

The annual statement of the Berkshire Hills' Co-operative Creamery association at Monterey shows the following figures for the business of the past year:

Total cream received, lbs...	318,330
Average test	.2019
Total butter fat, lbs.	64,272
Total butter made, lbs.	76,162
Average price	.3098
Total receipts for butter	$23,591.06
Total receipts for buttermilk	193.66
Total gross receipts	23,784.72
Total expense	3,024.26
Total net receipts	20,760.46
Average expense per lb butter	.0397
Average net price per lb	.2687
Average value butter fat per lb	.3230

The financial statement for the year ending Dec. 31, 1909, is as follows:

	Dr.
Accounts receivable	$1,744.03
Berkshire Loan and Trust Co.	294.84
National Mahaiwe Bank	10.26
Butter on hand	413.64
	$2,462.77

	Cr.
Accounts payable	$1,858.36
Reserve account	231.82
Interest account	31.00
	$2,121.18
Surplus	341.59
	$2,462.77

Assets	
Real estate,	$1,000.00
Machinery, etc	800.00
Reserve	231.82
Surplus	341.59
Profit and loss	76.59
	$2,450.00

Liabilities.	
Capital stock	$2,450.00

The biggest problem facing the farmer now and in the future is regulations. The government writes regulations, one regulation to blanket everything and not everyone fits under it. They try to apply what fits the city of Worcester to fit Monterey. Take the wetlands: first of all there is no clear definition of what is a wetlands. The Army Corps of Engineers has one way of thinking, the environmental people have another. If you strictly enforced the rules most of the farms in the Housatonic Valley are marginally wetlands. It's never really been tested, and because the Army Corps considers 1986 as the cut-off date, the lands that were farmed before then are grandfathered in, but you don't know what is going to happen in the future.

The biggest problem regulation is the Endangered Species Act. If the wildlife people come in here and find some turtle or animal on your land that is endangered, and say your land is where it roams, or uses your land in its ecosystem, then your land is tied up. You might not be able to sell it or use it in a different way. In some areas there is local pressure to get rid of the farm. They don't want a farm there, people who come up from the city, they like the country because it's rural and beautiful, but they don't want a smell, or think that there are flies from the farm. They get on the local planning board or the board of health and put pressure on the farmers with local regulations. The board of health is the real stumper because they don't usually have a grandfather clause, and create all kinds of problems. With the Farm Bureau, about sixty percent of the dues go to lobbying to look after the political problems. Without the Farm Bureau we wouldn't have 61 or 61A [Massachusetts regulations protecting farmland] and farming would be wiped out.

On the economic things, most farmers are a conservative lot and are not up for many kinds of changes. Those are the family farms that are going to die out. The fellow who is willing to be innovative, changes his markets a little bit, his family farm is here to stay. The fellows who have not been able to adapt, and also many of then are not good businessmen, keep doing the same things over and over again. Sometimes they just plant ten more acres because the guy down the road did and made some extra money. They have not gone out to find out where the markets are, they're also going to go under. When we got out of the dairy business we started doing other types of farming with the land, and we're doing better now than when we were milking cows. That's the biggest problem facing the small and family farms, learning to adapt to changes in markets, and then doing other types of farming. There are many different types of farming, not just dairy and grain crops, like nursery farms and so on. Those fellows out in Ohio and Missouri you see in the papers, with the big farms and a lot of equipment, with one type of crop and far away from markets, with transportation costs, are feeling the pinch. I believe that here in New England the family farms, close to markets, can make it. This is why the governmental regulations are such a problem, they can

P. MURKETT

Fred and Chandler Chapman's wind generator is now visible from Lowland Farm.

Frank Twing moved this house (pictured here mid-1920s) from one logging job to the next, living in the woods. Noel Hart's farmhouse on Blue Hill Road is just visible behind the trailer. The barns on the opposite side of the road here are now the home of Horsesense at Kinallen Farm, a horseback riding school under the direction of Cathy Drumm. Courtesy Eleanor Hart Kimberley.

ELEANOR KIMBERLEY

prevent you from adapting or being innovative. If your land use gets frozen, or tied up by regulations, you can't do different things with your land. You can't sell it, or adapt to changes in the market, then farming and the family farm will die off. Just look at how farming has changed and adapted here in Monterey over the years.

You have to be a good marketer. You take Susie Sellew down here [Rawson Brook Farm]. She's a good marketer. She researched the markets a few years ago, put in the goats, worked hard, did some advertising and now she is selling all the cheese she can make and getting top dollar for her cheese. She bought that small farm down there, that probably hasn't been in operation since the nineteen hundreds, and then it had just been a little subsistence farm [George Shultis' farm on New Marlborough Road]. She brought it back to life. With the Farm Bureau our membership is going up, we know that there are as many farms in Massachusetts as there were twenty or thirty years ago, but the fact is there is not as much acreage now in farms as before.

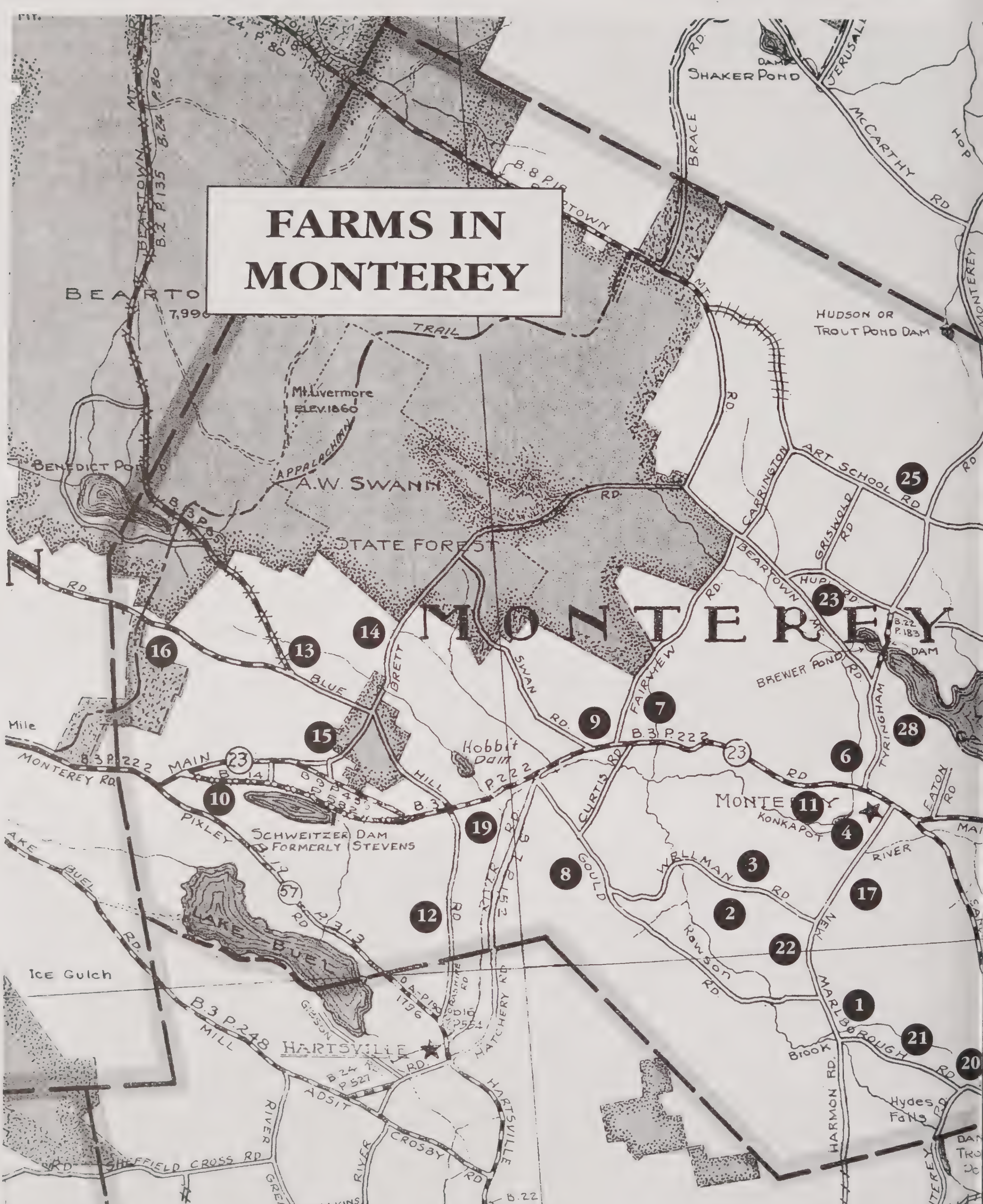
CLEMENS KALISHER

Richard D. Tryon of Lowland Farm today.
Courtesy Barbara Tryon.

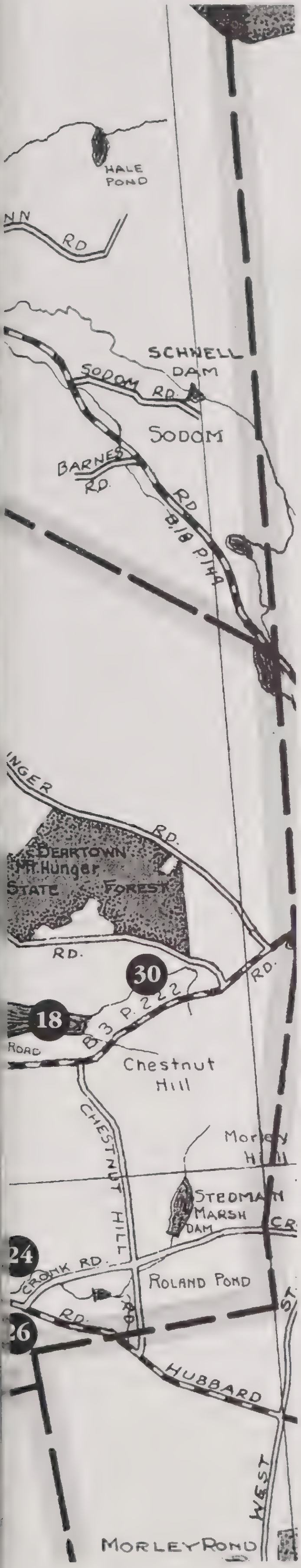
WAYNE DUNLOP

Roger Tryon of Lowland Farm.
Memorial Day 1997.

FARMS IN MONTEREY


SHAKER POND
BRACE RD.
McCARTHY RD
HOP
HUDSON OR TROUT POND DAM
MT. WASHINGTON
BEARTOWN
Mt. Livermore ELEV. 1860
APPALACHIAN TRAIL
A.W. SWANN STATE FOREST
BENEDICT POND
ART SCHOOL RD
CARRINGTON RD
GRISWOLD RD
BEARTOWN MT. RD.
HUPI RD
MONTEREY
BREWER POND
DAM
TYRINGHAM RD.
BLUE HILL RD.
BRETT
SWAN RD.
FAIRVIEW RD
CURTIS RD
MAIN RD
MONTEREY RD.
Mile
23
57
Hobbit Dam
SCHWEITZER DAM FORMERLY STEVENS
PIXLEY
LAKE BUEL RD.
LAKE BUEL
GOULD RD
WELLMAN RD
KONKAPOT RIVER
ROWSON RD
EATON RD
NEW MARLBOROUGH RD.
HARMON RD.
BROOK
Hydes Falls
Ice Gulch
MILL RD
HARTSVILLE
HATCHERY RD
GIBSON
ADSIT
CROSBY RD
HARTSVILLE RD
SHEFFIELD CROSS RD
GREAT RIVER
CALKINS
1
2
3
4
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
19
20
21
22
23
25
28

Based on a map by Harry W. Heaphy, County Engineer at Lee, Mass., January,1937. Revised E.F.G. 19



Farms and farm ownership have changed during the twentieth century in Monterey. Richard and Barbara Tryon, with the help of Marion Thomson, have identified twenty-eight different agricultural sites in town this century. They use the Farm Bureau definition: a farm is an agricultural property which produces food or fiber. The farms have been divided into three groups: those producing at the turn of the century which ceased production about the time of World War I (numbers 20-29); those that remained in production through the 1930s and after World War II (numbered 1-19); and the new farm numbered 30. Note that the George Shultis Farm (number 21) ceased production early in this century, but has recently been returned to production. For those farms listed as productive until World War I, and those listed in the thirties-to-present group, the name of the farm and/or its pre-war owner is given, followed by the name of the farm and/or its current owner, as well as the products now farmed (in parentheses). Farms on which the land was dispersed to several owners after production ceased have been listed as "dispersed." Some Monterey land has been maintained in production over the years, often through a lease arrangement, but is not considered to be part of an established farm. This land has not been included.

Farms Producing through 1930s to Present

1. Harmon Elms Farm, Philando Harmon (Lowland Farm, Richard, Barbara, and Roger Tryon: hay, maple syrup, beef cattle, berries, Christmas trees)
2. Clarence Wellman Farm (Turkeybush, Lewis and Joyce Scheffey: hay)
3. Justamere Farm, Elizabeth Drehe (Tall Pines Farm, N. Robert Thieriot: vegetables)
4. Brookmead Farm, Mrs. Henry Ware Eaton (Brookmead Farm, Eric and Alice Roper, and Mark Paul: beef cattle, pigs, donkeys, geese, poultry)
5. Marion Thomson Farm (The Thomson family has held this farm continuously since the eighteenth century, and is connected by marriage to the family of Captain John Brewer. Farm animals and products today include cows, pigs, poultry, hay)
6. Delmor J. Tryon Farm (Land dispersed)
7. Arthur Barnum Farm (Wayne Burkhart: hay, beef cattle)
8. Gould Farm (Dairy products, hay, vegetables, maple syrup, silage corn)
9. Enoe Farm, Amy, Charles, and Herbert Enoe (Susan and Peter LePrevost)
10. Gardner Stevens Farm (Rick and Deborah Mielke)
11. Elery Heath Farm (Paul Bynack)
12. Woodburn Farm, Beatrice and Sheldon Fenn (Land trust ownership, farmed by Gould Farm: hay, beef cattle)
13. Noel Hart Farm (Tom and Maureen Haugh: hay, horses)
14. George Brett Farm (William Bell: hay)
15. Wiliam Brett Farm (Lyman Thomson: hay, horses)
16. Willliam Buckingham Hall Farm (Steven Malawista: hay)
17. Andrew Hall Farm (Peter Schulze)
18. George Keyes Farm (Dispersed)
19. Charlie Kimberley Farm (Dennis Orsi)

Farms Producing in 1900, Inactive after World War I

20. Silas Hyde (J. K. Hyde)
21. George Shultis Farm (Rawson Brook Farm, Susan Sellew and Wayne Dunlop: goats, cheese)
22. John Hyde Farm (Robert and Sally Emmel)
23. H. B. Smith Farms (Diana Deacon and Walter Ritter)
24. Frank Twing Farm (Allan Rowland)
25. Pearson Farm (Dispersed)
26. Bill Hall Farm (John Grubbs)
27. Wallace Hall Farm (Dispersed)
28. Rock Ridge (Dispersed.)

Newly Established Farm

30. Hunger Mountain Farm (Bonner McAllester and Joe Baker: goats, horses, milk, vegetables, fruits, maple syrup)

GOULD FARM:

A COMMUNITY WITHIN A COMMUNITY

by

Kim Hines

On the bench outside the General Store one late-summer afternoon, I waited for the folks on our swimming trip to grab cigs and sodas. Over by the bulletin board two men were discussing, with some reproach and some mirth, "last night's false alarm. The third false fire alarm at Gould Farm this year." My ears perked up at the mention of my home, the Farm. It struck me that I knew the men's faces well, their names not at all.

They spoke of Gould Farm in a knowing way, and probably remembered from experience both false alarms and real fires of the last, say, forty years. They seemed to know the lay of our farmland and our buildings. Then I heard, "It's surprising, with all those people and little cottages, that fires don't happen there more often," said with a regard that was a pleasant surprise. The statement also made me realize they could use Gould Farm names I don't even know, and recall Farm incidents I've never heard about. It's easy to think I know it all, absorbed with this place twenty-four hours a day; it's startling to be reminded that I don't even come close.

Gould Farm is a community within a community. Some of us live here for a year or two without ever knowing a single Monterey resident outside our 600-acre haven. Others enjoy very rich interpersonal lives, melding acquaintances from both worlds into one. Most of us fall between the extremes, feeling our way through the duality of our situation, enmeshed in our Gould Farm roles while knowing that it's healthy to lead a life immediately beyond it, too.

Gould Farm is an intentional community dedicated to providing a family-like atmosphere within which all members find respite and draw strength. Here staff and "Guests"—who have been diagnosed with mental illnesses such as schizophrenia, bi-polar disease, and major depression—together manage a hundred acres of farmland and gardens, grow and prepare healthy foods for three square meals every day, maintain buildings and yards, take care of a barnyard of animals, and cuddle armfuls of children. To live at Gould Farm is to participate in an ongoing, century-long experiment in reciprocity. Mrs. Agnes Gould once explained that Gould Farm is "a place where people usually come because they are in trouble, and where they are drawn into a life in which, almost immediately, they find themselves ministering to someone else. Coming as beneficiaries, they promptly become benefactors and the remedy for their maladies is found in self-forgetting service." (W. McKee, p. 88)

Gould Farmers are adopted into a family of over one hundred people who know each other more intimately than neighbors or co-workers usually do. Newcomers acquire a rich, somewhat odd, heritage of affined relatives with a rainbow of names and connections and backgrounds. As community members we forego the autonomy and privacy so highly valued in today's society for consensus-building and open-door policies. Many of us have replaced isolation with full-fledged community membership. That we do this in the isolated town of Monterey actually makes a lot of sense. As Bill McKee wrote (W. McKee, p. 96):

> The "limitations" of place have helped over time to set the character of Gould Farm. The aesthetics of its setting accord with its ideals of social harmony, while the woods remain wild enough to help satisfy that other self, the moods of resistance to group living when the inner wildness must find relief and composure. Whatever its wider activities and ambitions, now or in the past, Gould Farm belongs to a landscape.

Will and a group of boys during harvest. Photographer and date unknown. Courtesy Gould Farm.

William J. Gould was the visionary who founded Gould Farm. Young Will Gould was called to be more than just a farmer: he leaned toward the ministry, and was deeply committed to the liberal Protestant ideal of "the Kingdom of God on Earth," which he felt could best be accomplished in a rural setting. Mary Gould, his mother, encouraged her only son to couple his dream with reality and preach the gospel from the fields. (W. McKee, p. 14) Will Gould incorporated this advice into his own brand of social work, which he practiced throughout his life, most notably here in the fields and hills of Monterey. Over time, Will Gould's work would come to be known and respected by notable professionals in the burgeoning mental health field, including Dr. Richard Cabot, who founded hospital social work in the United States.

During the early part of this century, the Christian social reform movement gathered strength, as did a new American view of the family as primary arbiter of social stability and worthy values. Combining action and idea, Will and Agnes Gould began a series of family-like homes for society's down and out. They started in 1910 with a "gathering of people in [their] home"—including homeless and emotionally disturbed individuals—in Delanson, New York. (W. McKee, p. 23) After relocating seven times in five years, the Goulds finally settled in Monterey, accompanied by a core group of friends and relatives, establishing what would become Gould Farm.

Industrialism, mass production, and life in populous modern cities can separate people from the good results of their work, but Will Gould recognized that work is a significant determinant of self esteem and identity. In treating clients as members of his extended family, he expected each Guest—whether an alcoholic, a homeless person, a refugee from war, or a person suffering from severe depression or other mental illness—to contribute directly to the Farm's common good, and to experience the communal benefits of his or her contribution every day. In a 1921 *New York Times* article Will Gould's expressed intentions were paraphrased as follows: "What people needed, especially people who were unhappy and depressed, was to have the country interpreted to them by showing them where they fitted into the scheme of things." (W. McKee, p. 39)

Will Gould with the Goodyear family relatives, left to right:

Front row	Aunt Julia (Unknown) Aunt Clara
Standing	(Unknown) Miss Caroline Will Gould Agnes Gould Miss Eleanor

Date and photographer unknown. Courtesy Gould Farm.

Will Gould had no illusions that ethical and spiritual standards were higher in the country—he was well aware of small town limitations—but he believed that the possibility at least of wholesome, healthy, God-centered lives was more easily and naturally to be realized under country conditions. (R. McKee, p. 17)This eventually led Will Gould and other social workers to the Berkshires—a region simultaneously discovered by affluent city dwellers as a nice place to get away from it all.

It was not easy getting to Monterey. It is said that a local person told Will that the whole estate was infested with rattlesnakes. (The critters have long been known to inhabit the rocky, south-facing cliffs deep in the Gould Farm woods; fear of snakes was one of Will's few recorded weaknesses.) It was a distressing story, but Will eventually got over it. Another story claims that the real estate agent was desperate to sell the dilapidated farm, and offered a villager fifty dollars to help by stretching the truth. Upon meeting Will, the story goes, the Montereyan refused the deal, telling the agent, "I won't lie to that man for any fifty dollars!" (R. McKee, p. 39)

Despite its rough beginning (followed by a bitter Berkshire winter), Gould Farm has had strong relationships with many Monterey residents from its inception. Agnes Gould recalled these first acquaintances (R. McKee, p. 40):

> In these hard months and although our nearest neighbor was a mile away, we continually experienced the kindness of the Monterey people. Julius Miner was the first to call on us. He and his twin brother, Lester, ran the general store where we went when we had to use a telephone. He rode his horse over from the village, reassured us about the rattlesnakes and made us feel welcome.

It is evident, from every historical account about him, that Will Gould lived the life of a good neighbor, and then he took it one step further. By being a good neighbor, Will Gould helped assimilate new people to Monterey; people who benefitted from a healthier atmosphere; people who, to a large extent, had become unwanted and unwelcome in their own neighborhoods. The town of Monterey was challenged to practice tolerance of people with disabilities many years before it became trendy. The "not-in-my-backyard" mentality experienced by many psychiatric care programs is just not found here today. Our neighbors become Board members and (even better) close friends. For nearly eighty-five years, Monterey has subsumed Gould Farmers with a good deal of plain ol' understanding.

> One of the Farm's immediate neighbors, Mr. Arthur Barnum, has spoken of his interest as he, himself unnoticed, would watch Will Gould working with a group of city men in a field close by. The men's awkwardness and incompetence must have irked anyone trained as a farmer, Mr. Barnum remarked; but somehow, with a word of quiet guidance from time to time, things would work out, to the obvious satisfaction of all concerned. (R. McKee, p. 45)

P. MURKETT

Gould Farm vegetable gardens, 1994.

Some Gould Farmers have become Montereyans. Ed Ashworth was a childhood Guest of the Farm whose popularity as manager of the Roadside Store earned him a position on the Select Board, and then a State Rep's seat in Boston. Bill McKee, who grew up on Gould Farm and is now a member of the Board, recalled the attentiveness of Mrs. Gould (she succeeded her husband in running the Farm after his death in 1925) to good relations with Monterey:

> On Sunday mornings, my father, Sidney McKee, usually led religious services at Gould Farm. My younger sister Janet and I usually attended them. At one point, when I must have been eleven or twelve (around 1940), my mother, Rose McKee, and father, and probably Mrs. Gould too, were worried

> about the Farm's lack of regular connections with the village. They proposed that instead of attending the services at the Farm, Janet and I would go to the Monterey church on Sundays. I don't know how long it lasted, but Janet and I would walk down to the main road in our church clothes and hitch a ride with the Barnum family—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnum, their daughter Mrs. Bea Phillips, and her son Peter. When we got to church, the Barnums sat toward the back of the church on the left, and Janet and I sat in the back row on the right.
>
> We weren't always the exemplary representatives we should have been. Janet remembers sneezing all through the services because of the dust, and, as I remember it, on at least one occasion we were shamefully seized with unstoppable giggles at the minister who had reached an age for retirement. Perhaps that was why we were then promoted to the choir, where Mrs. Miner, the organist and choir director, could keep an eye on us. It certainly wasn't for our singing.

WANE DUNLOP

Harriet Phillips, a Gould Farm elder. Memorial Day 1997.

Today, being a good neighbor remains one of the primary like skills we all work to strengthen every day at Gould Farm. For those Gould Farmers who arrived here displaced from their original communities due to the misunderstood symptoms of their illnesses, learning or relearning to be a good neighbor is perhaps one of the most important skills they can develop, applicable at work, at home and in the neighborhood.

One way Gould Farm continues to engender relations with Monterey is through the farming community. One of the Farm's dearest neighbors, Sheldon Fenn, shared a lifetime of experience with the Farm. His tireless commitment to our community was rooted in the same spirit of neighborliness that was practiced by Will Gould decades before. Shel embodied the Gould Farm concept that people with mental illness need more than health professionals in their lives—they need employers, neighbors and friends who are willing to take the time to understand.

Probably our most visible attempt to serve the neighboring community is the Roadside Store and Cafe, where Guests and staff work with the public every day. It is more than just a quaint place specializing in bigger-than-life pancakes; Roadside Store is an opportunity to build community beyond our 600 acres, and to practice living with mental illness in the "real world." It's a place where staff member, Guest, and customer form a triad in civil economics while enjoying a good cup of coffee.

As many as twenty percent of people in this country will experience mental illness in their lifetime in some form or another. (NAMHC, vii) In an era of managed care and rising health care costs, no longer is mental illness something we can remand to the back of locked wards, nor to the backs of our minds. Nor is it enough simply to build more Gould Farms; our goal is not to teach people to live at Gould Farm forever, but to help them apply healthy life skills in communities of their choice. We are grateful to Monterey for providing us with a level practice field and the opportunity to learn by doing.

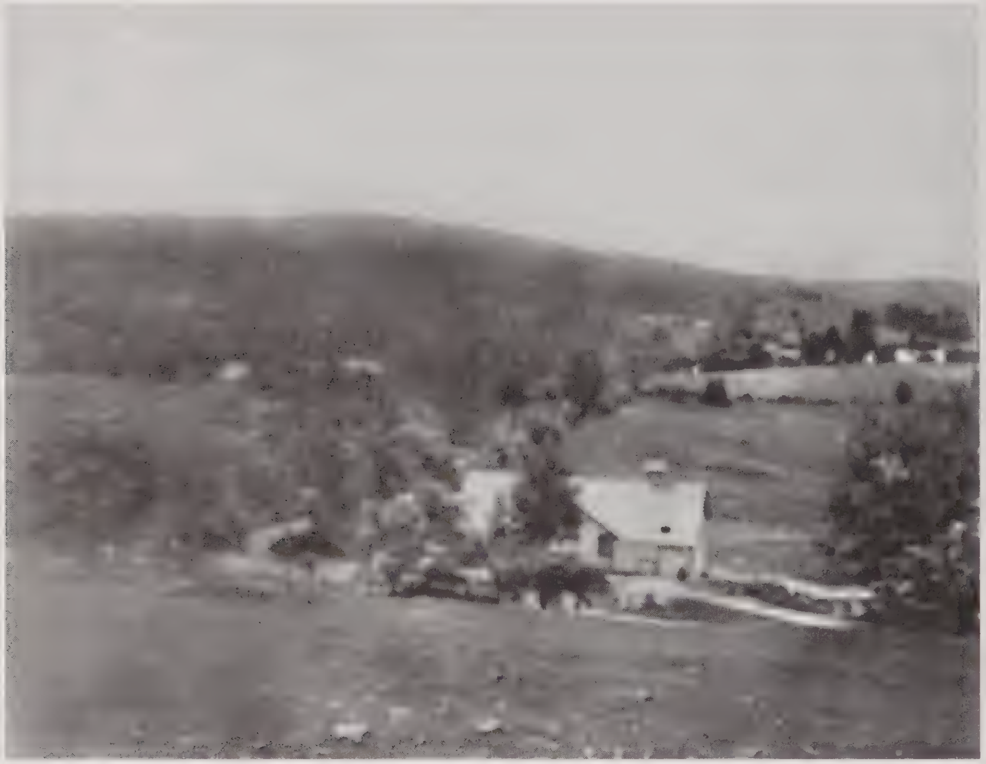
Left to right: Will Gould with his neighbors Katherine and Clarence Wellman, about 1918. (Mr. Wellman is driving.)
Photographer unknown.
Courtesy Gould Farm.

References

McKee, Rose L., *"Brother Will" and the Founding of Gould Farm*. William J. Gould Associates, Inc., Great Barrington, Massachusetts, 1963.

McKee, William J., *Gould Farm, A Life of Sharing*. William J. Gould Associates, Inc., Monterey, Massachusetts, 1994.

National Advisory Mental Health Council, *Mental Illness in America: A Series of Public Hearings, A Report to the Congress of the United States.* December 1991.

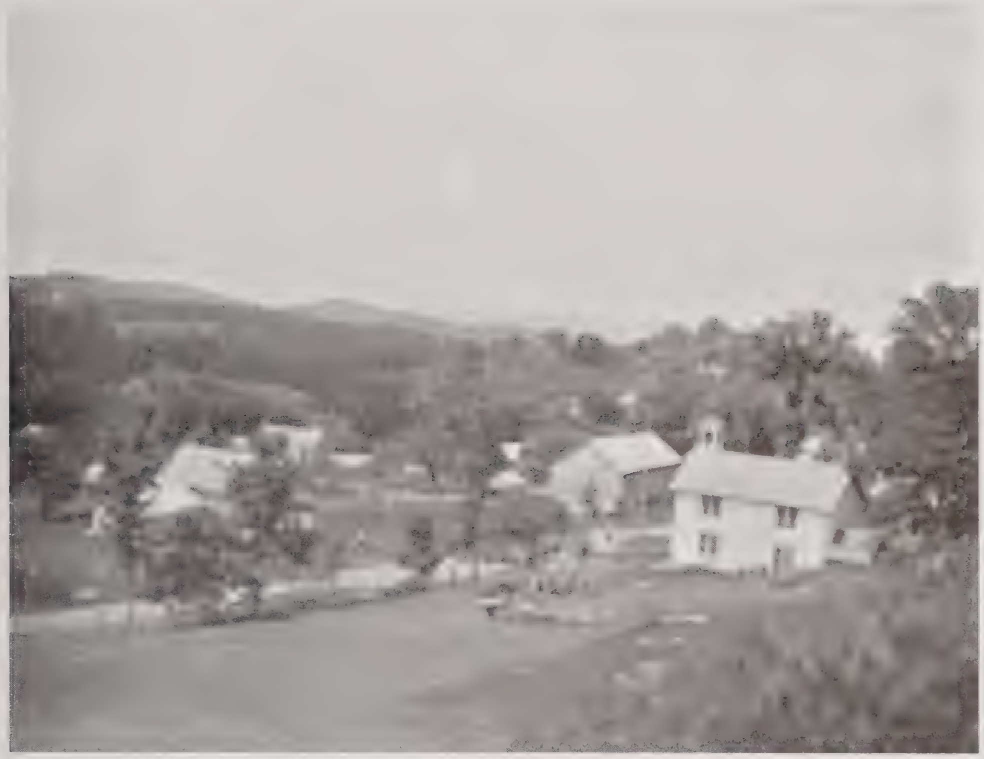


Above and facing page: Two views of Monterey from about 1900, photographer unknown. Above, looking south from the hill above the Center School. The Berkshire Hills Cooperative Creamery is in the foreground, with New Marlborough Road leading south from Main Road just east of the Creamery. Walsh's Auto Repair stands on the site of the Creamery today. Courtesy June Tryon.

DOWD MEADOW

This never happened before:
Visitors from outer space.
Two vultures, like great black turkeys
Tilted their glider wings, sailed down
From their effortless wheeling.
To land in Dowd meadow.
We interrupted their obsequies,
Afraid of what we would find.
There were the small bones, the colony
Of new insect life, that once was "our" muskrat,
Tracing silver lines across the still pond,
Down by Dowd meadow.

— David McAllester



A second view from the same vantage point, looking southwest. The Center School is in the foreground, and just beyond it a barn (now gone) that was just east of Brookbend Inn. The building in the background, center left, may have been one of the mill buildings that once lined the Konkapot River downstream from the General Store. The vista was open in the decades after charcoal production led to widespread deforestation. Courtesy June Tryon.

WILD TURKEY ABORIGINES

Suddenly there they are,
Coming over the rise
At the end of the meadow.
Cloaked in feathered magnificence,
They advance on our house,
Then veer off, owing no man
Their time or direction,
Their coming or their going.

— David McAllester

MONTEREY GRANGE NO. 291

by

Delight Wing Dodyk

Monterey Grange No. 291 is an active force enhancing community life in Monterey, and has been for most of the twentieth century. It was organized in November of 1910, and formally received its charter on January 1, 1911, from the national and state Granges, and was finally incorporated in January, 1914. The Monterey Grange is one of hundreds of local chapters of the national Grange movement. The Grange, also known as the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, is a nationwide fraternal order with its roots in rural farming areas. It arose after the Civil War, in 1867, when agriculture in many areas of the country was in turmoil, and farmers were struggling.

Early Grangers believed that by organizing into a fraternity, farmers would have the means to promote efficient farming techniques and establish cooperative schemes that would aid individual farmers and enhance rural life. Highly political, the early Grange movement was spurred by the opposition of farmers in the Midwest to the exploitative tactics of the early railroad owners. Grange ideas spread rapidly to other areas of the country as hundreds of local Granges were organized to address economic and political issues that affected farming communities. The supreme mission of the Grange was "to uplift and benefit the rural town."

The first Grange in Massachusetts was formed in Greenfield in 1873, and by the end of that year the Massachusetts State Grange was organized with fifteen local Granges. The taxation of farmland was a major concern to early Massachusetts Grangers. Another interest was the organization of cooperative stores and the planting of roadside trees.

Monterey was among the earliest towns in Massachusetts to form a Grange when Grange No. 84 was organized in town on February 19, 1875. The country was in a severe depression at the time, and the Grange movement grew rapidly as farmers struggled to cope with the crisis. In 1875 alone, one hundred Granges were formed in Massachusetts. This early Monterey organization could not be sustained, however, and became dormant by 1882.

From the earliest days of the Grange, men and women alike have been a part of its membership, and benefitted from the opportunities it afforded for solidarity and organizational leadership. Unlike many other fraternal organizations in the nineteenth century, local Granges recognized the partnership roles of men and women in farming communities. Granges had to demonstrate substantial participation by female members to be chartered, and women had full voting rights with access to office and leadership positions in the assemblies. The early Granges frequently joined with other groups to press legislatures to give women equal legal rights. In 1885, the Massachusetts Grange established two women's committees, one on household economy and one on home entertainments and amusements, designed to enhance the home so "children will have no longing after city life and pleasure."

When a permanent Monterey Grange was organized in 1910, the town's population was declining and local farmers may have been feeling the need to encourage and preserve the development of the town. Since that time the Monterey Grange has provided not only fellowship and support for its members but also a broad range of community service and enrichment activities. Through the dedication and hard work of its membership, it has endured longer than many Granges in Berkshire County. It has been recognized numerous times for community service, receiving first place in the Massachusetts Grange community service contest in 1957, and a certificate of recognition for community work from the national Grange as recently as 1994.

When Monterey Grange No. 291 was organized in 1910, J. Gardner Stevens was chosen first Master; he was succeeded in 1912 by Andrew J. Hall. An initial question the Grangers had to contend with was where to hold their meetings. At first, they met at the Center Schoolhouse (and for years after that, the Grange provided and served ice cream at the school graduation). In 1914 the Grange purchased land on the main road from Heath and Barnum to build their own building. After meeting temporarily at Arthur S. Barnum's house (which became the Brookbend Inn, and later apartments), and the church basement, they were able to move into their new Grange Hall in January of 1918. Volunteers had cleared the land and two mortgages were taken with the Great Barrington Savings Bank for the building and its furnishings. The building was dedicated on January 21, 1920.

Over the years the Monterey Grange Hall has been the location for various village activities. Dramatic presentations and square dances were long held at the Grange; the 4-H Club, the P.T.A., and the agricultural extension service have all met in the Hall; visiting nurse clinics take place there. In March, 1988, the Grange rescued the town of Monterey from its own unwillingness to build a town hall in a one-dollar transaction that deeded the building to the town for that purpose (with the understanding that the Grange may meet there indefinitely).

During World War II, Grange activities dropped off somewhat as membership fell, but at the end of the war, activity increased and improvements were made to the hall. Postwar community service included support for the work of the March of Dimes, the Muscular Dystrophy Foundation, the Red Cross, and other charities. The Youth Committee became especially active working with other Granges in the area, and the Grange sponsored a Boy Scout Troop. Monterey Grangers participated in the Barrington Fair from 1955 to 1991, winning numerous blue ribbons. More recently they have exhibited at the Blandford Fair. The Monterey Grange has been known among Granges for its entertainment and has been called on frequently to participate in Grange events elsewhere. Several members have served on state Grange committees.

Present-day Grange members are working to improve the quality of life in Monterey and southern Berkshire County. They supply home-baked cookies for the coffee hour at the Veterans' Hospital, support Blood Bank drives, provide "cheer boxes" for shut-ins, and raise funds for South Berkshire Transportation for the Elderly. They are welcomed in many area parades, and regularly mount a display on their work in the Monterey Post Office during Grange Week. The Grange presents an award annually to a non-Grange member who is active in community service in Monterey.

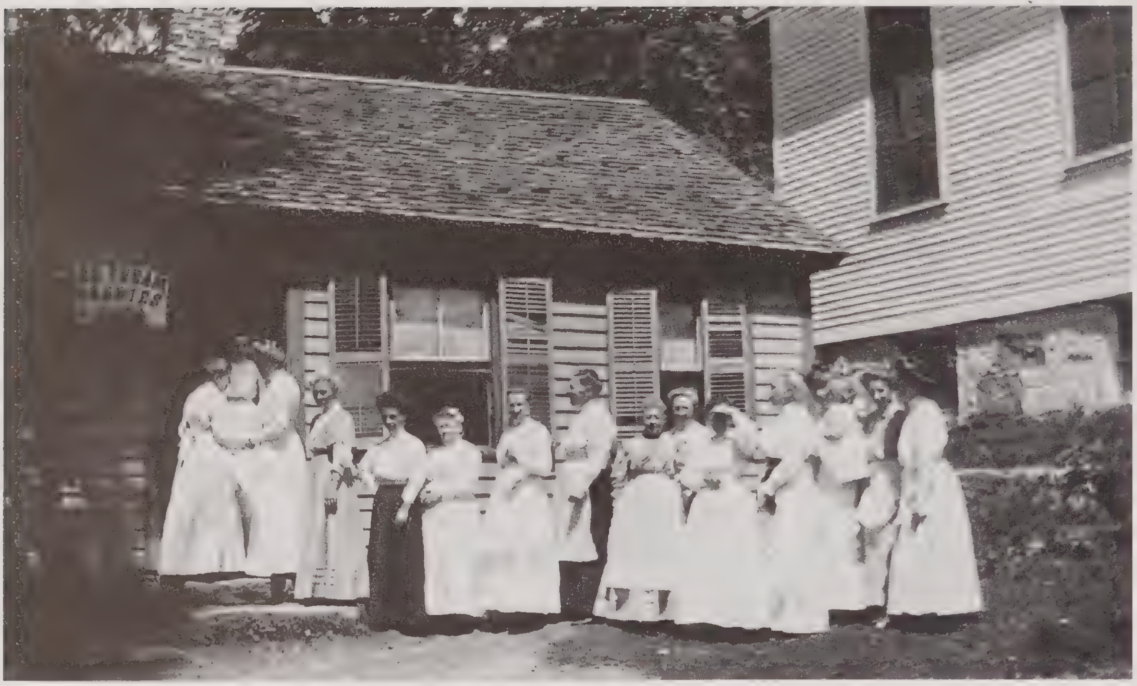
Many of today's Monterey Grangers were introduced to Grange membership by their parents. Involved since childhood, the members' long tenure reflects the family focus of the Grange. Eleanor (Hart) Kimberley, for example, whose photographs of Monterey are well-known, has been a Grange member since 1924; she is the daughter of Noel Hart, who was Master of the Grange in 1925. Alice Thompson Shaffer, a member since 1946, joined the Grange as a teenager because her parents were deeply involved in the organization; her father, Eben Thompson, was Master in 1935 and her mother was Pianist. Alice Shaffer recalls the Grange square dances and youth activities that were important to her as a girl. Mary Wallace, who regularly reports Grange news for the *Monterey News*, has been a member since 1938, and has been in charge of entertainment for the Grange since 1950. She remembers that when she joined, Sheldon Fenn was an active Granger.

Monterey Grange members note that their numbers have been shrinking since World War II. People are mobile as never before, and many work out of town. TV and other entertainments take time that was once spent organizing and joining in local events. According to current Master Tolitha (Tillie) Butler, Monterey Grange No. 291 has survived as other neighboring Granges in Otis, Hartsville, Sandisfield, Great Barrington, and Lee have disbanded; some of their members have chosen to affiliate with Monterey. The Grange here continues to hold a special place in the lives of its members, and to enrich the broader community in ways that benefit all townspeople.

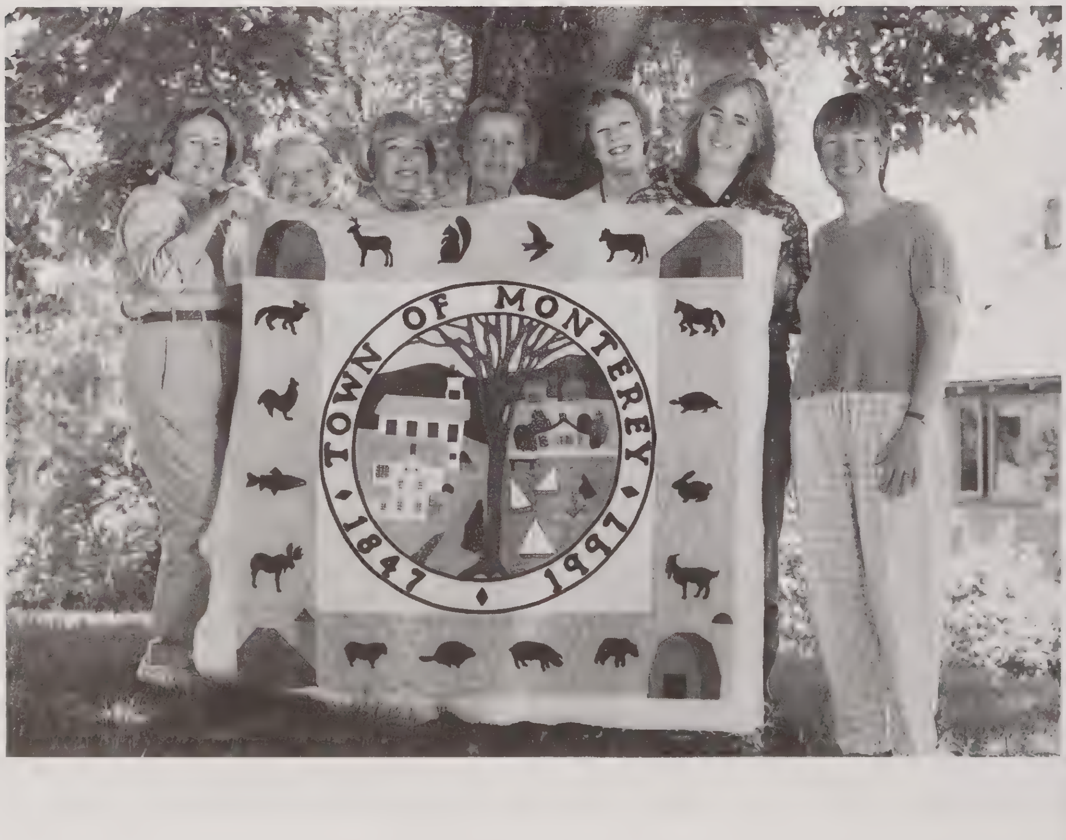
SAVE THE FAMILY FARM

Anne Vickerman, Alice Shaffer, and Tolitha Butler,
Monterey Grange No. 291. Memorial Day 1997.

TOM ROSENTHAL



Monterey Ladies' Aid in front of Tryon's Tea Rooom in 1906. In the doorway, Mrs. Bert Tryon; at the left, Mrs. Lenore (?) Carrington; left to right in the long line, Mrs. Andrew Hall, Mrs. John Gregory, Mrs. John Dooly, Mrs. John Hyde, Miss Mary Stedman; Nina Tryon is holding the baby. Others unidentified. Photographer unknown. Courtesy June Tryon.



Monterey quilters for the sesquicentennial celebration (left to right): Barbara Tryon, Shirley Olds, Carole Zarlin, Jan Emmonds, Pamela Johnson, Kathy Bracken, MaryKate Jordan. Quilter not pictured, Anita Carroll Weldon.

MAGGIE LEONARD

ZONED

by

Maggie Leonard

The history of the Monterey Planning Board may or may not conjure visions of intrigue, yet that was the atmosphere surrounding the inception of zoning in Monterey. It's a history replete with anonymous leaflets circulated in town, underhanded machinations at the state house, and hotly contested elections decided by a hair's breadth. Here is what happened when some persistently progressive citizens tried to change the status quo for what they believed was the common good.

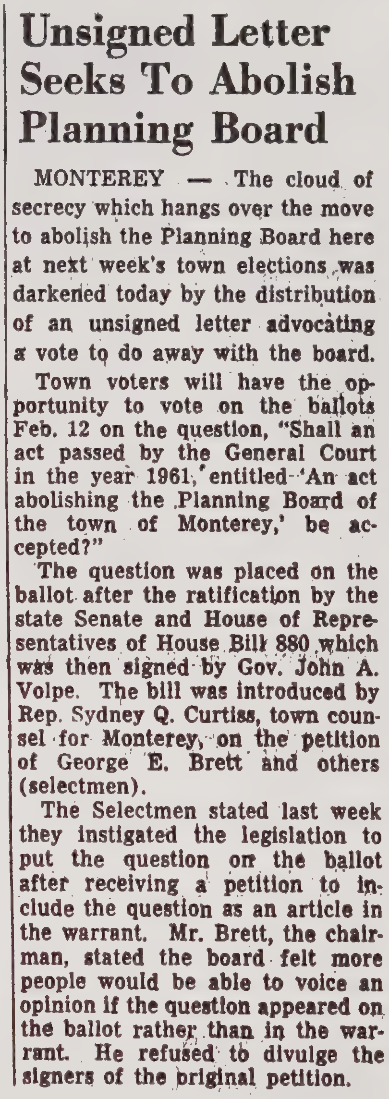
At the Annual Town Meeting on February 11, 1957, a young couple asked Monterey voters to create a planning board. Barbara and Richard Tryon proposed that the Select Board be authorized to act as a planning board that year, and that a new five-member board be named the following year. The three Select Board members, William E. Pekrul, George E. Brett, and Harold M. Greene, were skeptical of the need. As reported in *The Berkshire Eagle* (February 12, 1957), Mr. Pekrul was doubtful that the town would grow so much as to require any planning. The Tryons argued that Monterey might well experience sudden growth, and pointed out that a planning board could investigate many other projects, such as zoning, a new town hall, and clearing scenic vistas. After some discussion the Tryons' motion was defeated—and then revived again at the end of the meeting when the catch-all article that ends the warrant came before the voters. Dick Tryon asked again that the town consider implementing some mechanism for planning. This time his motion simply authorized the Select Board to act as a planning board, without reference to establishing a separate entity. Voters passed this modified proposal.

The Select Board subsequently appointed a zoning committee to draft a bylaw proposal and bring it before the town. Members of this pioneer committee were Dean Amidon, George Brett, William Button, Jan Lanoue, Helen Shaw, James Stevens, Barbara Tryon, and Edith Wilson. The committee worked for three months, and drew up a seven-page document that outlined the creation of districts (residential/agricultural, lake, and business) as well as the rules and regulations governing land use, building use, and construction in those districts. This document was not very different from our current zoning bylaws. The Select Board may have taken the matter under advisement, but it seems they did little else, since the proposal was not considered at the 1957 Annual Town Meeting.

When the Select Board failed to act on these proposals, the zoning committee appointed by the Select Board realized they needed more clout to make any changes in Monterey. One item on the warrant for the 1958 Annual Town Meeting was an article to establish a five-member planning board. It passed, but the Select Board had not submitted the warrant for review by Town Counsel (then Sidney Q. Curtiss of Sheffield), and the article was subsequently declared illegal by the state Attorney General. The following year (1959) a similar article won the approval of voters *and* the Attorney General. Town Moderator William Mielke appointed five people to the new Monterey Planning Board: Edith Wilson for a five-year term; Raymond Ensign, four years; Barbara Tryon, three years; Dean Amidon, two years; and Harold Greene, one year.

The first year the Planning Board concentrated its efforts on a comprehensive study of the town's development over the previous fifteen years; maps were drawn and statistics gathered in order to give an accurate picture of the population growth and increase in buildings. The following year the Board went to work on a protective bylaw proposal to be included on the warrant for the Annual Town Meeting in February of 1961. During the summer they held open meetings for discussion of the bylaw proposal. Had it passed, this protective bylaw would have been a giant step for planning in Monterey, but on February 1, 1961, an anonymous seven-page letter was circulated among the townspeople warning that if the proposed protective bylaw were passed it would spell the end of personal property rights and free enterprise in Monterey. The author(s) of the letter predicted that the town would go broke because no one would ever want to move to Monterey, and the town would lose its tax base. The Planning Board responded: "This is a reply to the unsigned leaflet against zoning which has been circulated throughout the town. Although no unsigned statement merits an answer, the Planning Board feels its responsibility to the voters to correct mis-statements in this leaflet and to clarify the facts about zoning." In the two-page reply that followed, the Board rebutted each charge made by the anonymous critic. The first page featured headings such as "Zoning Will Not Increase Taxes," "Zoning Will Increase The Town's Income," "Zoning Will Increase Property Values," and "Zoning Alone Can Save Monterey's Greatest Asset—The Lakes." (Underlined words were on the original document.) These headings were followed by short paragraphs that explained and supported each statement. The second page of the reply was titled "Zoning By-Law Facts," and explained that zoning bylaws could be amended just like any other bylaws, and that the zoning bylaws would be administered and enforced by the Board of Selectmen (not the Planning Board). The Planning Board reminded voters that they had fulfilled the town's directive to "prepare and present a zoning bylaw for vote at the next annual town meeting," and closed by asking citizens to vote in favor of the proposed bylaw. However, at the Annual Town Meeting on February 13, 1961, the Protective Bylaw was defeated 118 to 88.

The Planning Board went back to the drawing board. However, instead of working to modify their bylaw proposal, they found themselves fighting for the board's life. On January 18, 1962, members were surprised to learn (through the grapevine) of House Bill 880, a secret initiative to place a question on the ballot at the Monterey Annual Town Meeting asking voters whether they approved abolishing the Planning Board. Members wrote a letter and made several phone calls to the state house. Norman Pothier, Director of Planning for the Massachusetts Department of Commerce, informed them that House Bill 880 was to have a hearing on January 30 conducted by the Committee on Towns. After making further inquiries, they realized that it was a done deal: the bill had been "accelerated", and had passed the House on January 18 and 19, and the Senate on January 23 and 24—without a hearing. It was signed by Governor Volpe January 31, 1962. The reason give for the "expedition" was that the bill was not considered controversial, and that the ballot question had to be ready in time for the Annual Town Meeting. The Select Board refused to reveal who had presented the petition for the ballot question. Mistrust and anger escalated when the Select Board's Clerk, Della A. Tryon, stated that she had not seen it, and had no record of such a petition being presented at any meeting of the Select Board. An editorial in *The Berkshire Eagle* (February 10, 1962) characterized the whole situation as "...fantastic and disgraceful that people who live together and know each other as well as do the people in any town this size..."



Unsigned Letter Seeks To Abolish Planning Board

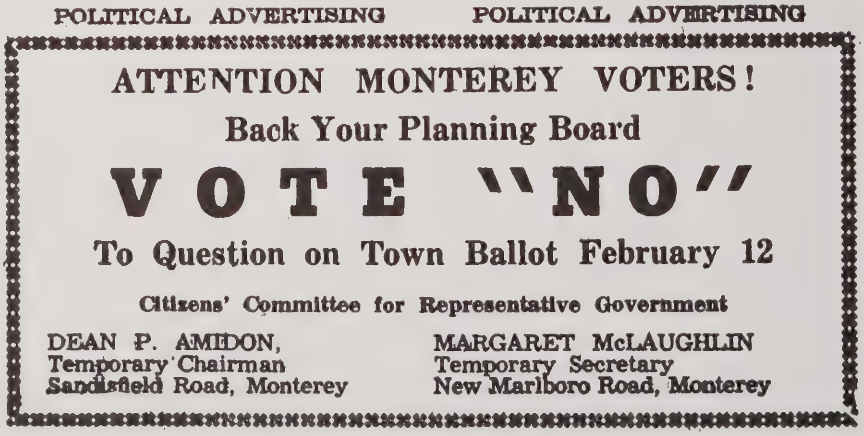
MONTEREY — The cloud of secrecy which hangs over the move to abolish the Planning Board here at next week's town elections was darkened today by the distribution of an unsigned letter advocating a vote to do away with the board.

Town voters will have the opportunity to vote on the ballots Feb. 12 on the question, "Shall an act passed by the General Court in the year 1961, entitled 'An act abolishing the Planning Board of the town of Monterey,' be accepted?"

The question was placed on the ballot after the ratification by the state Senate and House of Representatives of House Bill 880 which was then signed by Gov. John A. Volpe. The bill was introduced by Rep. Sydney Q. Curtiss, town counsel for Monterey, on the petition of George E. Brett and others (selectmen).

The Selectmen stated last week they instigated the legislation to put the question on the ballot after receiving a petition to include the question as an article in the warrant. Mr. Brett, the chairman, stated the board felt more people would be able to voice an opinion if the question appeared on the ballot rather than in the warrant. He refused to divulge the signers of the original petition.

The article above appeared in *The Berkshire Eagle* on February 5, 1962. The advertisement below was published in *The Berkshire Courier* on February 8, 1962. Courtesy Barbara Tryon.



POLITICAL ADVERTISING POLITICAL ADVERTISING

ATTENTION MONTEREY VOTERS!

Back Your Planning Board

VOTE "NO"

To Question on Town Ballot February 12

Citizens' Committee for Representative Government

DEAN P. AMIDON,
Temporary Chairman
Sandisfield Road, Monterey

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN
Temporary Secretary
New Marlboro Road, Monterey

should use such tactics in Town government. Two days before the Annual Town Meeting another unsigned attack on the Planning Board was circulated around town. The Planning Board survived that year by a margin of three votes, 105 to 102. Not exactly a mandate.

After that, the record shows that the Planning Board went back to work, but in a different way. The Board prepared a questionnaire which was sent to all residents asking for feedback on the creation of districts, lot size requirements, and other questions pertaining to zoning. Several years later (1966) the Board adopted, without change, the Subdivision Control Laws, a set of rules and regulations proposed by the state Department of Commerce governing road construction, water supply, and sewage disposal in subdivisions. These rules had already been adopted in Sheffield, New Marlboro, Egremont, West Stockbridge, and Richmond.

In November and December of 1966 the Planning Board set out once again to get a protective bylaw passed. It would establish a minimum lot size of one acre in most areas of town, and allow for quarter-acre lots in the lake-shore and business districts. An *Eagle* editorial (November 10, 1966) read in part; "... because the sentiment of the townspeople, for one reason or another, leans toward the developer, anything more restrictive ... wouldn't stand a snowball's chance on a hot griddle. Consequently, in the apparent belief that half a loaf is better than none, the Planning Board has taken the path of least resistance—which is still expected to offer plenty of resistance in its own right." Headlines in the period leading up to the vote read "Monterey Residents Clash on Zoning," and "Businessmen Deny Zoning Opinions," and (over an editorial) "The Need for Zoning." Finally, on December 10, 1966, Monterey residents adopted a zoning bylaw by vote of 120 in favor, 110 opposed. An editorial in *The Berkshire Courier* (December 15, 1966) stated, "Much to the surprise of many—and the relief of many more—Monterey voters have passed a zoning ordinance, and a pretty fair one at that."

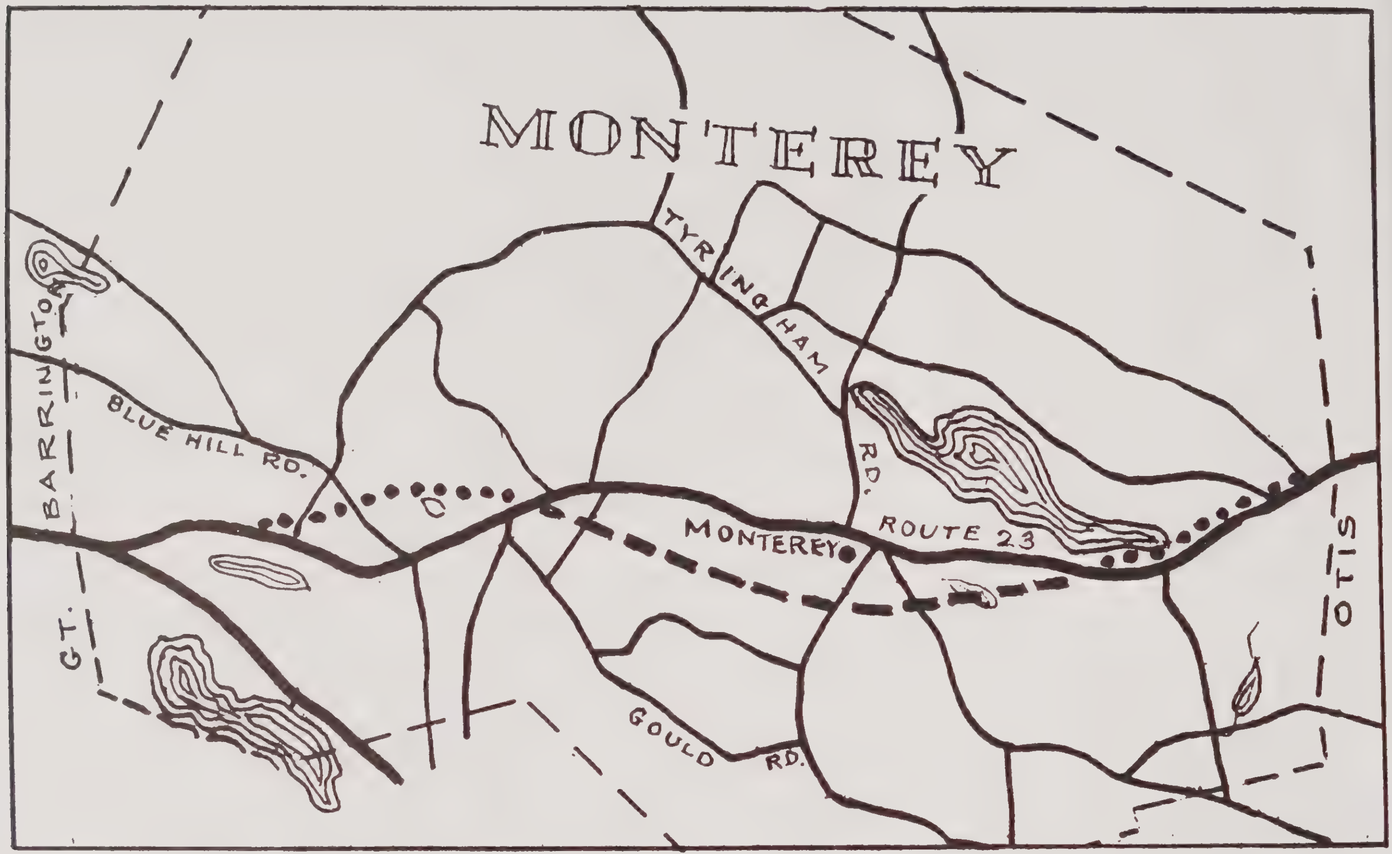
Since its inception, the Monterey Zoning Bylaw has been revised every few years; however, most of the original document remains in place, which testifies to the excellent work of the initial planners. Some Planning Board initiatives create controversy, while other pass without comment. Regardless of the politics of any given episode, planning for growth and development in a democratic manner would not have been possible here without the persistence of those who took steps to create and sustain the first Monterey Planning Board, and the follow-up efforts of that Board to provide the town with its Zoning Bylaw.

Harry Gustafson, Monterey Assessor, in front of Town Hall. Memorial Day 1997.

MONTEREY TOWN HALL
GRANGE
291
GRANGE

WAYNE DUNLOP

Route 23 Reconstruction Through Monterey To Bypass Most of Present Highway



Proposed relocation of Route 23 through Monterey from Great Barrington east to Otis is shown in two phases. Heavy line is current route, dotted lines the first phase and dashed line final stage, which will bypass the center of Monterey. The state Department of Public works hopes to start first phase during 1969.

MONTEREY — The state Department of Public Works (DPW) will construct a bypass of the present Route 23 in Monterey that will run approximately 1,700 feet south of the village center.

Subject to Change

The bypass was one of two proposed by the state at a hearing in Monterey Feb. 15, and is the alternative the majority of those at the meeting indicated they preferred. The other bypass would have passed approximately 1,100 feet closer to the village.

District projects engineer for DPW, Kenneth D. Negus, has stressed that plans, although formal at this time, are subject to change. He also stated that he did not expect construction to begin on the bypass for at least a year.

. The bypass is the second section of a 7½-mile stretch, extending from just inside the Great Barrington line east to the Otis town line, which is to be improved or constructed along Route 23.

The first section, consisting of the Great Barrington and Otis ends of Route 23, will be constructed first. Negus said he hoped that actual construction will begin within a year but cited personnel shortages within the DPW as a possible holdup.

Second Section

The two end segments were surveyed by air in December 1967 and the DPW recently received detailed design plans on the scale of 40 feet to the inch on these segments.

The 3½-mile second section will be surveyed from the air later this fall. It will begin east of Gould Road and run south of the present route before rejoining it just west of Chestnut Hill Road.

Negus said he believed public opinion proved the major factor in the state's choice of the two bypasses. Both bypasses are approximately equal in length and Negus' stated that any cost difference would be negligible.

Negus also said that since the DPW is still in the planning stage, he doubted if the state had contacted property owners on the proposed right-of-way concerning land purchase.

The new road will have two 12-foot traveling lanes and two 8-foot shoulders for a total width of 40 paved feet. This is the same width as Route 23, leading from the town line toward Great Barrington. The present width of Route 23 through Monterey is approximately 20 paved feet.

This clipping from *The Berkshire Eagle* of August 21, 1968, shows that construction of a new road through Monterey, bypassing parts of Route 23, was once a plan taken for granted. As the start of the proposed project drew nearer, it became a cause of controversy that lasted for several years. The new road was never built.

STATE FORESTS IN MONTEREY

BEARTOWN
AND ARTHUR WARTON SWANN

STATE FORESTS

by

Ian Ross Jenkins

The high point of Monterey and south-central Berkshire County is Mount Wilcox, with an elevation of 2,155 feet. It is located in Beartown State Forest, and the famous Appalachian Trail, which runs from Maine to Georgia, passes through the forest. The Trail crosses Route 23 just west of the Monterey town line, running northeast into the state forest. It provides access to the peak by a side trail. From Mount Wilcox there is a fine view of western Massachusetts, northwestern Connecticut, the Catskill Mountains in New York, and on a clear day some say Vermont mountaintops are in view.

The Arthur W. Swann State Forest (1,037 acres) abuts the southeastern boundary of the larger Beartown State Forest (9,018 acres), and is completely located within Monterey. Approximately half of Beartown's acreage is in Great Barrington, and a small part is in Tyringham. Thus a total of more than 10,000 acres of state forest in Monterey and adjacent towns is open to wildlife, logging, and visitors. The main entrance to the forest, which most people refer to simply as Beartown, is via Blue Hill Road in Monterey, which leads you past meadows and up into the woods and Benedict Pond. The different histories of the two forests have become intertwined.

P. MURKETT

The Arthur W. Swann Forest was established in 1918 when Susan Swann (Arthur's widow) sold 978 acres to the Commonwealth for $1 as a memorial to her late husband to be "used and maintained as a State Forest and for the protection of animals, birds and fishes." This became the core acreage of the forest. The old and well-established Swann family of Stockbridge traces their tree back to the American Revolution. Arthur and his brother John used to spend long periods of time hiking, hunting, and exploring near the Old Town Center of Monterey, especially on the Spencer Jones farm, also known as the Thomas Minor homestead.

Over two hundred acres of Swann Forest were used as an experimental forest. Much of this land, along with the entire south county area, had been denuded of trees to make charcoal for the Richmond Iron Works in the nineteenth century. The chestnut blight had also devastated that crop of hardwoods. An intensive tree-planting effort was undertaken, mainly with white and red pine, over the acreage that became the forest. In the early 1930s, under the direction of forester Earle Stafford, the experimental lot was established. Over thirty-five different species not indigenous to Berkshire County were planted to test their viability here. Altitude and climate were considered when placing the trees. Conifers from Japan and China, spruces from Switzerland, firs from Germany, and pines from Scandinavia were planted. In one unique program, Norway spruce were planted each month of the year to see how planting season might affect success and growth rates. Also, the size of the planting lots was varied to see how this might effect growth rates. Earle Stafford and his successors kept careful records on the trees. The forest was also stocked with many animal species, including wild turkeys.

Beartown State Forest was established when the Commonwealth purchased the first block of about 5,000 acres in 1921. The State paid lumberman Warren H. Davis $23,283 for the acreage, and granted him harvesting rights to timber seven inches in diameter at the butt, and all the chestnuts for eight years. Subsequently, various adjoining parcels of land were added, bringing Beartown to its present size. As in Swann Forest, much of the land had been clear-cut over the years, and was used for grazing sheep and other livestock. It is said that sheep grazed to the top of Mount Wilcox; stone walls and charcoal-burning domes you can still find in the forest attest to this history. A major reforestation program was initiated in Beartown, again mostly white and red pine.

The major turning point for Beartown occurred in 1933 when a Civilian Conservation Corps camp was established there. The CCC was a New Deal program of the Roosevelt Administration, designed to provide employment in the depths of the Great Depression. CCC camps were established all over the country, and essentially built the infrastructure we have today in most of our major federal, and state parks and forests. Remnants of the camp in the north-central part of Beartown can still be found.

The CCC cleared some areas, salvaged what was left of the chestnuts, built roads, planted trees, and established hiking trails. A major project was to build the dam which created Benedict Pond. Technically it is a pond and not a lake because it has no river or major stream as a source of water. Benedict Pond is tucked high in the hills beneath Livermore Peak, which has an elevation of 1,863 feet. When the dam was finished thirty-six acres of maple swamp became a beautiful gem for swimming, fishing, and boats without motors. There is a beach for launching canoes along with a picnic area and toilet facilities. Surrounding the pond are hiking trails and wonderful cross country skiing trails of varying degrees of difficulty. The Appalachian Trail also passes through, to Georgia or Maine, depending on whether you are going north or south. There are several lean-to shelters for overnight hikers along the Trail.

This writer has skied the Appalachian Trail in Beartown regularly in the winter. Alone, deep in the forest, cutting fresh tracks in snow to mid-calf, the Trail marked with blazes, the cracking of icy trees swaying with the wind, and the soft sound of snow under skis is one more thing I can share with you about our Monterey forests.

References

The article published here draws on one written by Bernard A. Drew, an edited version of which was published in *The Berkshire Eagle* on October 5, 1996, under the column heading "Our Berkshires."
Mr. Drew had conversations with Hank Foster, Arthur Warton Schwartz, and Conrad Ohman (State Forester of Monterey), and consulted the following sources:

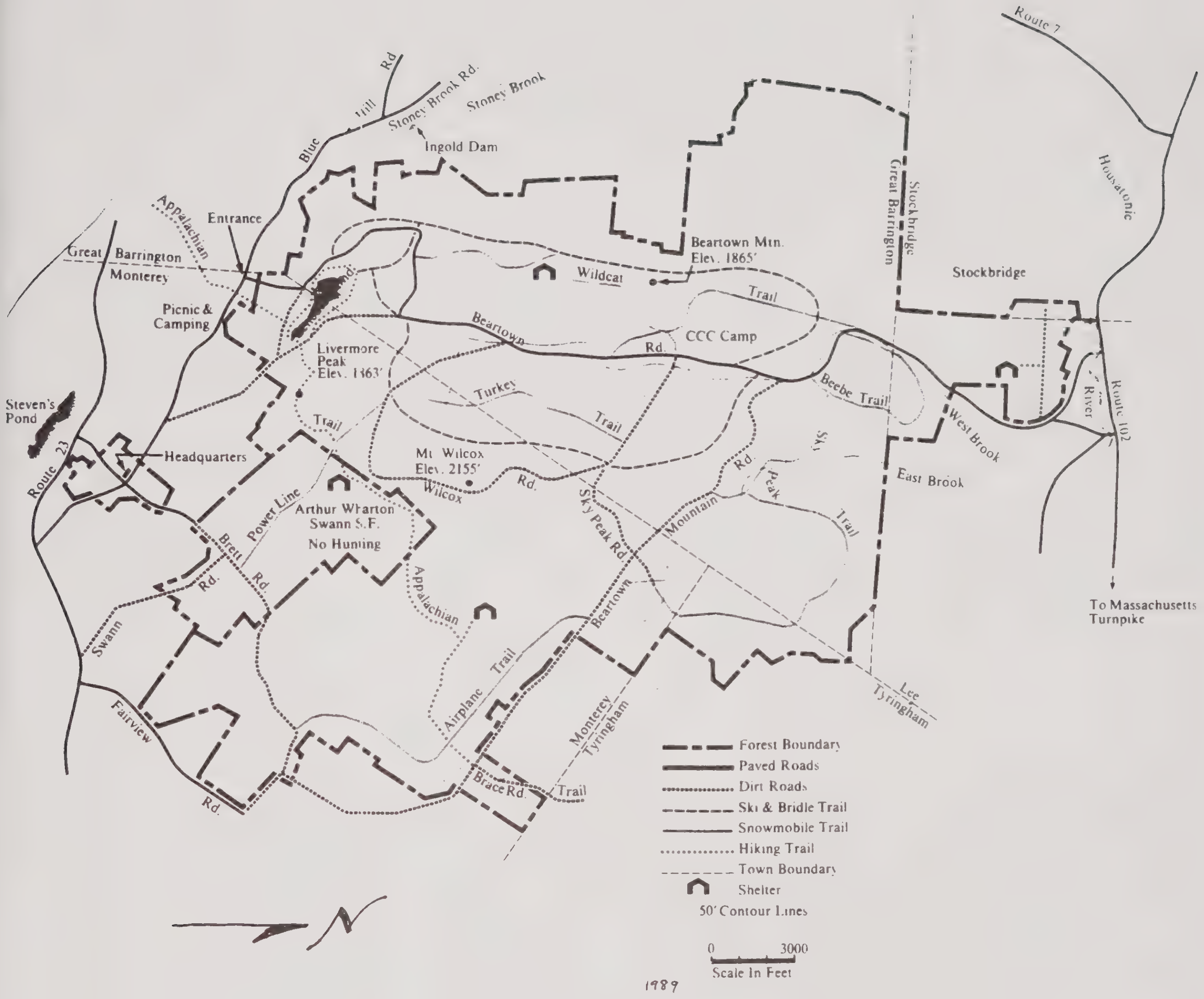
"Death of Dr. Arthur W. Swann," *Berkshire Evening Eagle*, May 29, 1914.

"Gave Monument Mountain Reserve," *The Berkshire Courier*, March 12, 1925.

"State Forest at Monterey," *The Berkshire Courier*, June 10, 1920.

"Swann Forest, Monterey, Is Experimental Tract," *Springfield Republican*, February 25, 1933.

"To Massachusetts—A Gift of Quietude in Time of War," *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 1, 1918.


Route 7
Blue Hill Rd
Stoney Brook Rd.
Stoney Brook
Ingold Dam
Appalachian
Entrance
Great Barrington
Monterey
Picnic & Camping
Beartown Mtn. Elev. 1865'
Wildcat
Trail
CCC Camp
Beartown Rd.
Livermore Peak Elev. 1863'
Turkey Trail
Steven's Pond
Route 23
Headquarters
Trail
Mt Wilcox Elev. 2155'
Wilcox Rd.
Beebe Trail
Sky Peak Rd.
Mountain Rd.
Peak Trail
Sky
Power Line
Arthur Wharton Swann S.F.
No Hunting
Brett Rd.
Swann Rd.
Appalachian
Beartown
Airplane Trail
Fairview Rd.
Brace Rd.
Trail
Monterey Tyringham
Lee Tyringham
Stockbridge Great Barrington
Stockbridge
Housatonic River
Route 102
West Brook
East Brook
To Massachusetts Turnpike
Forest Boundary
Paved Roads
Dirt Roads
Ski & Bridle Trail
Snowmobile Trail
Hiking Trail
Town Boundary
Shelter
50' Contour Lines
0 3000
Scale In Feet
N
1989

Trails map published by the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Management Division of Forests and Parks. (Note that the north arrow on this map points to the right.)

WOODBURN BOY

by Mark Makuc

When I was eight my mother decided I was spending too much time reading the books Newman Abercrombie used to pick out for me from the Monterey Library. She dropped me off at Woodburn Farm under the care of Mr. Fenn, who quickly told me that if I were to work there I would have to call him Shel and his wife Bea. Woodburn Farm played an important part in the lives of many people over the years; it was hardly a typical farm in the number of people who passed through its fields and woods.

Shel and Bea were not native to Monterey. Shel's father's family came from Otis, and Bea's family was in Southfield when Shel met her. The Fenn family moved to Monterey in the 1920s, and in 1931 his father bought Woodburn Farm. Shel was nineteen and still in high school, where he excelled in academics and set a Berkshire County record for the mile. After several other land purchases the farm totalled around 300 acres. Shel often talked of the hundreds of bushels of potatoes and barrels of cider they had in the basement during the Depression. For his high school graduation Shel's father traded a side of beef for a suit for Shel. Though he considered college, he had no choice but to stay on the family farm. He wrote away for pamphlets on many different topics in agriculture in order to improve the farm. Many agricultural practices we take for granted were not widely used when Shel taught them to himself.

Shel also said that for all the produce everyone had in the country there was little cash. He worked on the road in nearby Otis State Forest and other projects like that. The wage was fifty cents an hour—about what he paid me in the 1970s to work on the farm. He told of how Monterey refused to sell its portion of Route 23 to the state, which would have hired outsiders to fix it up. Instead, Selectman Ellery Heath hired local people, to keep cash in Monterey.

Shel took part in the transition from farming with horses to tractors, and spoke of it with awe. In the same breath he would mention that he saw the rise of Lenin and the breakdown of Communism.

THE ADV
HAROLD
PURPLE
CRAYON

TOM ROSENTHAL

Mari Makuc and her niece Gabriella wear posters of their favorite books in recognition of the Monterey Public Library. Memorial Day 1997.

Based on his experience with draft animals, Shel concluded that since Barnum Flat would have been frozen in winter, and since a road existed in the 1770s on or near present Route 23 to service the houses, mills, and even taverns near the present center, General Knox would have been foolish to take all those cannon over Mt. Hunger on the post road. In 1976 Shel proudly welcomed the re-enactment of Knox's march along Route 23 in a full-length fur coat on behalf of the town.

Shel also started farming trees, his greatest love, in the 1930s. He planted thousands of trees over the years. He also learned from experience how improved logging practices could better manage his farm's biggest renewable resource. He worked with foresters to show that investing in a harvestable forest would yield a better return than a savings account. He was very proud that his tree farm was ranked fifty-ninth in the state, and in the 1950s he was recognized by the state for his early efforts. The 1995 tornado was a setback, as was a freak windstorm that levelled a particularly nice section of his forest a few years earlier. Shel did not dwell on the loss, but tried to clean up the mess and look ahead to what could be done to ensure recovery.

Soon after Shel and Bea were married in 1938 they had a son named Terry. A few years later Terry died of a birth defect and they had no more children. Fortunately for Bea and Shel there were a couple of generations of young people in town to help with the dairy farm. The Woodburn Boys, as we came to be called, were even more fortunate to have Bea and Shel. Peter Brown was the first one, and over the next forty years or so many more passed through the barn doors in the morning and came out at night smelling of manure. The work was hard, but the play made up for it. The monetary reward was small, but the intangibles surpassed any shortfall. We were treated to songs, poetry, history, and the best Saturday lunches in town. We were privileged to witness the example of two people who led moral lives, who demonstrated civic responsibility by serving the town in multiple capacities, and who lived their convictions. We made hay, milked, cleaned the calf pens, split firewood, fenced, and two mornings a week we collected the garbage over on Lake Buel, and were allowed to take home whatever junk we could sneak past our parents. In 1977 when Shel had surgery and was forced to sell his herd, my brother felt compelled to buy one of the cows at the auction and continue in the spirit of the farm. Shel kept a small herd of beef cattle, and as carefully as ever recorded the dates of calvings.

Shel considered himself a conservationist, insisting that his land be used, as is evident in the trust that he set up. Shel and Bea had no close relatives to take over the farm, and were concerned about the future. When Bea passed away in 1986 Shel kept going because he still did not have a plan to save the farm for posterity. Massachusetts had Agricultural Preservation Restrictions (whereby the Commonwealth bought development rights to farms, ensuring that land would stay in agriculture, and providing farmers with the cash to avoid selling to developers), but Shel had difficulty getting into the program because the state was not satisfied with his plan to keep the farm going, and because the woodland percentage of his farm was quite high. I remember asking State Senator Peter Webber to apply political pressure, but that was not enough. The state required the community to support the project by raising ten percent of the $250,000 selling price. The Monterey Preservation Land Trust rose to the occasion and raised the money within weeks. In 1988 the farm entered the APR program with sufficient money to take proper care of the farm, and the trust was finalized in 1990.

With that accomplished Shel set out to enjoy his retirement. He could be found on his porch in the late afternoons and early evenings discussing politics, current events, and local history with visitors. Shel was an avid reader, and always kept a dictionary at his side. He was never embarrassed to admit a lack of knowledge. He had helped out Gould Farm in the 1960s, and now they returned the favor. He could not have been happier to hear and see their tractors working his land. He was at peace knowing that Woodburn Farm will always be farmed. Whenever someone had come to him with a problem, he always told them to go for a walk in the woods to make sense of things. He was especially happy that those woods will always be there.

SUSAN PLAGEMAN

The ceiling of my church is a perfect blue sky,
with puffy white clouds, lazily drifting by.
It is decorated with many shades of green,
and blossoms on every tree and bush,
each wanting to be recognized for its beauty
and its fragrance.
Music is furnished by the innumerable number of
birds and insects that seem to be orchestrating
just for me.
Inspiration is found by watching rich brown earth
roll off the moldboard of my plow.
Dedication is, with help, making two blades of
grass grow where only one grows now.

— Shel Fenn

Sheldon E. Fenn
1908 - 1997

WOODBURN FARM

An Oral History by Sheldon Fenn

Edited by Ian Ross Jenkins

In 1978 Sheldon Fenn recorded the story of his life on Woodburn Farm, with the help of Maryellen and Paul O'Brien of Sheffield. The tapes total more than three hours in length. The content is wide-ranging, with many personal stories, rememberances, poems, and discussions of farming techniques interspersed. Ellen Pearson, editor of the Monterey News *when Shel recorded his story, preserved the tapes in her archive of local history. In 1997 Ian Jenkins transcribed and edited all the material into this article.*

This is a story of Woodburn Farm. My father bought the farm in December, 1931. He bought the land, buildings, cattle, and farm tools such as they were. I was still in high school. Early records show the farm was owned in the early 1800s by one Cornish Hitchcock who lived on Route 57 in the town of Monterey and got his mail in Hartsville. When we arrived at the farm we found painted on a board in the barn the words Woodburn Farm. The letters were painted in gray and outlined in blue.

Early in 1932 my father signed a contract with the Dairyman's League Cooperative to sell our milk. On February 14, 1932 we sent our first milk to the plant in Great Barrington. I took the milk in, in the morning when I went to school, and brought the grain back at night. When June rolled around, I graduated from high school and still didn't know what I wanted to do. It was the time of the Great Depression and a dollar bill looked as big as the moon and just as easy to get. After some thought and talk with my father, I decided to stay on the farm for a while, and help pay off the mortgage instead of adding to it. At about that time some officials in the government—county, state, and federal—started to take notice of the family farm to see what they could do about it. Bulletins were available from Massachusetts State College and all you had to do was write for them. Well I wrote for bulletins on animal husbandry, agronomy, forestry, and even community social life. Studying these bulletins, and working with the land, the cattle, and the trees, I got the only education that was available at that time.

In 1935 I was elected to the Board of Assessors in Monterey. You might ask, "What does this have to do with Woodburn Farm?" But I'd been thinking, as Mr. Wilson said, what is good for the country is good for General Motors. I was thinking that what was good for Monterey was good for Woodburn Farm, in that all the pieces in the town made up the Town of Monterey. About that time the word conservation was becoming used a great deal, and not with just cleaning up your plate, or making do with what you had, but also natural resources. I'm glad to say I took to this kind of thing very early.

In 1936 visions of matrimony were going through my head and I decided to stay on the farm. My father bought the rest of the Doncaster farm that adjoined our farm and there was more work.

I remember one afternoon when I was working in the lower end of this field, I was watching some crows. The wind was blowing very hard from the northwest, and the crows were fighting their way up to the upper pasture against the wind. When they got up there they just sailed down on the wind, down over the buildings and out of sight. Shortly thereafter, they fought their way back up again and then sailed back down. They did this all afternoon. It was fascinating to watch them and it reminded me of children sliding down hill in the wintertime.

Working on the west side of the field was a great deal of pleasure for me. It was all closed in so you couldn't see a building anywhere. All you could see was the trees and flowers, their blossoms, and hear the murmurs of the insects and birds. Especially in the spring, when new life was coming back, it was so peaceful it was almost like being in church.

Trees and Timber

In 1936 when we bought the Doncaster land it was necessary to sell some of the timber for the down payment on the land. At that time white pine was only worth five dollars on the stump—five dollars for a thousand board feet. My father practically begged a friend to buy the timber and cut it, but since white pine was such a drug on the market at that time, he only cut the butt logs, he left the others, and therefore the rest went to waste. And I knew right there that that was not the way to sell timber. In 1943 it was necessary to cut some more timber to make a payment, but it was a completely different thing. The war was on and they really cleaned out that property. I realized this, also, wasn't the way to sell timber. I finally got in touch with the Department of Natural Resources, and the forestry department. They told me the way to sell timber. Each tree should be marked and identified, and then add up the board feet, and sold as a batch to the highest bidder. We have been doing that since then.

Since this pasture lot had been stripped so clean [1943] I thought it necessary to replant, especially in the hilly spots and leave the low land for grazing. I sent to the University of Massachusetts for red pine, since it was the fastest-growing, and between 1944 and 1946 we set out over six thousand trees here, and then over a thousand a year until I ran out of room to put them. By planting the trees we were helping the big ones that grew over because it helped to hold moisture in the soil.

In 1955 I was recognized by the American Tree Farm system for my work I had

The first Woodburn Boy, Peter Brown (third from left, wearing glasses), with his sons (left to right) Stephen, David, and Peter, Jr., about 1970. Courtesy Peter Brown.

Shel Fenn in the 1920s. Photographer uncertain. Courtesy Eleanor Hart Kimberley.

been doing on my tree lot. A tree lot is at least three acres where the owner has been doing work for at least three consecutive years. A certified Tree Farm, I don't know a fixed definition, but it seems to be: privately held land where the owner has promised to perpetuate wood, water, wildlife, and some recreation. A requirement for a certificate for a tree lot is pruning along with planting. Now we started pruning. In the places where it was not profitable to have grass or corn, we planted the trees. That is why on the three hundred acres we now have about a hundred acres of pasture, a hundred acres of crop land and about a hundred acres of trees.

For timber I can go back to my great grandfather, Charles J. Carter, who lived in Otis and had saw mills. He was also a partner in a furniture manufacturing business, which was the biggest business in Otis at that time. I'm talking about 1850, along there. He later sold his partnership in the factory, and just dealt in lumber until his death in 1896. My grandfather was a schoolteacher in Otis, but he also dealt in wood too.

My father was also interested in the woods, but from the teaming side. He took logs from of the woods, and took lumber from Otis. When we went into the woods my father taught me a great deal about woods and their uses. Also, Charlie Kimberley, he had a shop with various pieces of wood hanging up. He used ash for rakes and rake teeth. He used white oak for sled runners, all of these were lying around in his shop. Axe handles were usually hickory and sometimes oak, but usually hickory, but he would hang these up so the air could get all around them. If they were leaning against the wall they would warp as they dried. He had ox yokes. Charlie Kimberley is the man with the straw hat, moustache, and always chewed tobacco. In the parade celebration, when our town was one hundred years old, he is driving oxen. He made that ox yoke and trained those oxen. With all this background from my ancestors it is easy to see why I took to the woods.

When I was younger I always loved the woods. When I had a problem I would always walk in the woods, 'cause it was very quiet and I got a great deal of peace of mind. When the young people come to me with a problem that's on their minds, I tell them to go for a walk in the woods. Just walk along, start to look at things—look at a flower, look at a bird, find a tree, just sit down under it and think. Look around you, see the beauty there.

I tell the people this and it works.

Trees are a renewable resource. It takes common sense to manage this resource, it takes about sixty years for a tree to grow to be a marketable product. Those of us who farm trees have the knowledge we are providing for the future.

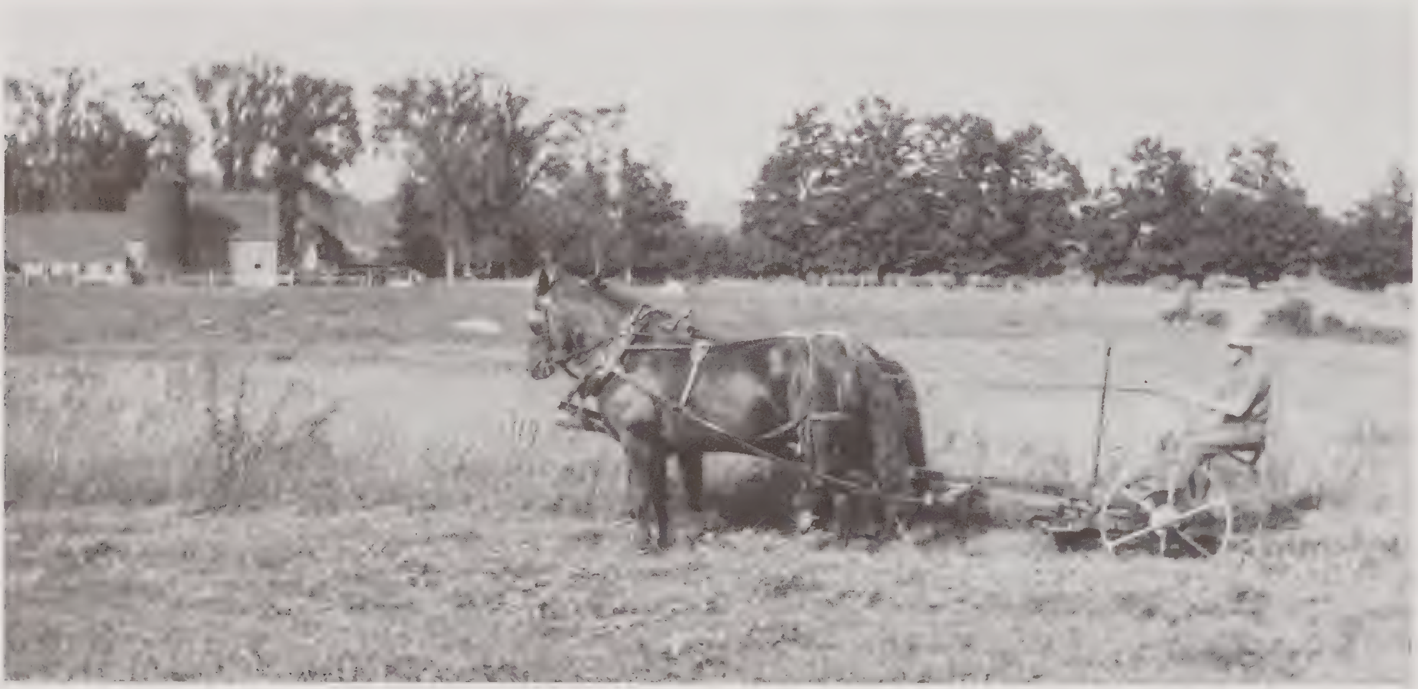
Rocks, Horses, and Tractors

In 1941 big changes occurred here on the farm. Fred and Bill, who had been working here, Bill went into the Marines, and a little later Fred was drafted into the Army. That left me alone here on the farm. That was the end of the hired man and also the end of the horses to do the work. The work had to be done faster so we had to go into motor power. We needed a tractor, and little quarter-horsepower motors started doing the work of the hired man.

Horses were too slow to do the work, so they had to make way for the tractors. Now I know you bring the tractor in, put it under the shed, turn off the key and then you're done until you want to use it again. But with horses you have to put them in the barn, feed them, water them, give them a good bedding, clean the harnesses, and get up in the middle of the night and lead them around the dooryard if they had colic. But it wasn't the same; I never saw a tractor pick up its ear when you called its name.

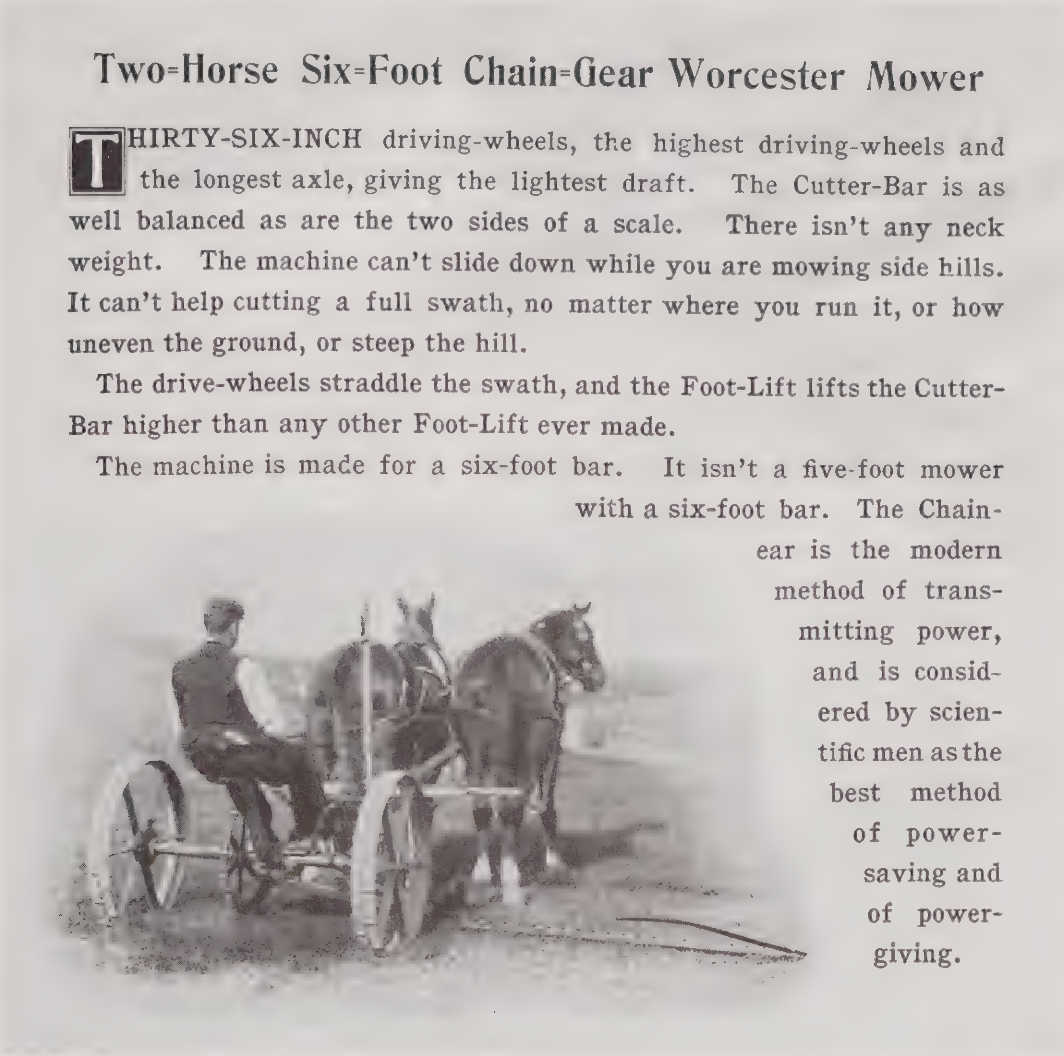
When we unloaded hay up at the old Doncaster barn we used one of the old horses, named Molly, to draw off the hay. Pete Brown was a little kid then and he liked to drive her, or pretend to drive her, so he would. When he got through unloading the hay he always asked if he could ride her down to the barn. I always was telling him No, and one day he didn't ask me. When we were through and I was cleaning up around the truck, I heard old Molly going down the road, just as fast as she could go. The only thing I could think of was she would go right into her stall when she got down to her home barn. The doorway was just high enough for the hames [the curved supports, usually wooden, alongside a draft horse collar] to clear, when she got in. I only prayed that Pete would put his head down when she went into the stall or he wouldn't have any. I hurried down to the home barn as fast as I could, Mrs. Brown was there and she looked kind of white, and Bea had come down, and Pete stood there and he looked whiter than anybody else, and he still had his head so I knew he had ducked when old Molly went into her stall. Peter Brown lives next door to me now, and he's raised a family, but I can't think of another time he didn't do what I told him to do.

As I said before, my father was a horseman, and the day that I told him we would have to buy a tractor he didn't understand it. He said, How are you going to work a tractor around a stone? I told him we would have to move the stones and move some stone walls. We did that, but he never believed it. He always thought that the future could never be as good as the past. So we moved the stones and buried the stone walls. It really bothered me when we buried the stone walls because these were a monument to the work that our forefathers had done. They



ELEANOR HART KIMBERLEY

Noel Hart mowing with "Bud" and "Blossom," 1923. The Hart farm was on Blue Hill Road. Present owners are Tom and Maureen Haugh. Courtesy Eleanor Hart Kimberley.



Two-Horse Six-Foot Chain-Gear Worcester Mower

THIRTY-SIX-INCH driving-wheels, the highest driving-wheels and the longest axle, giving the lightest draft. The Cutter-Bar is as well balanced as are the two sides of a scale. There isn't any neck weight. The machine can't slide down while you are mowing side hills. It can't help cutting a full swath, no matter where you run it, or how uneven the ground, or steep the hill.

The drive-wheels straddle the swath, and the Foot-Lift lifts the Cutter-Bar higher than any other Foot-Lift ever made.

The machine is made for a six-foot bar. It isn't a five-foot mower with a six-foot bar. The Chain-ear is the modern method of transmitting power, and is considered by scientific men as the best method of power-saving and of power-giving.

From a brochure for the Worcester Buckeye Mower produced by The Richardson Manufacturing Company of Worcester, Mass., and sold in Monterey by M. S. Bidwell, Agent. Courtesy June Tryon.

were a monument to the stones they had cleared from the fields and the fences they had made piling them one on top of the other. They represented the sweat and toil that they used to accomplish this. It had to be done, so we dug a ditch and buried some of the stone walls. It seemed like a kind of sacrilege to destroy these monuments. It had to be done so we could get a longer furrow and plow with the hill instead of up and down it. Stone walls were one of the things that helped save the New England farms, because they stopped the runoff from the field.

Slowly the big farm horses disappeared in Monterey never to be seen again and the pigs were costing more to get ready for market than they could be sold for, so we stopped raising pigs.

Soil

When the boulders had been cleared off the land, the stone walls buried, there was a great deal of subsoil on the fields. That had to be made into topsoil. Fertilizer [and] lime had to be plowed in to build up the topsoil, we had to build up the land to a pH of 4 or 5—that indicates the amount of sweetness or alkaline in the soil. The less the number the sweeter is the soil. This had to be done by applying a great deal of lime. About this time the federal government, still having in mind the plight of the family farm, was offering quantities of lime for the asking to anyone who wanted to build up their soil. We applied for it and put on a great quantity. What had to be kept in mind is it had to be plowed, and this took a number of years. Each year the soil was better for it. Any farmers who limed their fields still do it even if they have to pay for it.

In 1956 Clarence Carr from Gould Farm came down and asked me if I would help them build up their soil. The land up there had been farmed so long without putting any fertilizer, lime, and manure back into the soil that it was mostly depleted. When you stop to think of it, when you pull a carrot out of the ground, it's full of minerals and other things. This carrot got those minerals from the ground, and if you do this continually without putting minerals back into the soil, you are going to deplete the soil. I was glad of this opportunity because I thought this would be another challenge, so I started to plow the field. I had an agreement with Gould Farm that I would pay for half of the fertilizer, lime, and seed to build the fields back up. Gradually the fields started to produce better crops, and so one day Bea said, "You know one day the fields are so green, Gould Farm is going to want the fields back." In 1966 the Farm changed their plans and had their own farmer, so I came back, and even though I had left Gould Farm, I was satisfied that I had accomplished something for them. Some of those fields over there are being mowed from grasses that I planted over ten years ago.

In the fall of 1966 we purchased the meadow south of route 23 on the Barnum Flats. This field had been a challenge to me for some time. I had fairly good success in bringing the field at Gould Farm across the river back to better production. The hay crop there was beautiful, but this field proved to be more of a challenge than I had anticipated. There is a flood plain in the southeast corner of the field that is covered with water. The Konkapot runs over with flood in the spring. The extra water that the female hurricanes bring, and the buildup from the dams the beavers build [increase the water]. The problem of ditching was discouraging when I found from the temporary survey of the soil conservation service that there was only about a foot drop from Route 23 to the Konkapot river. The topsoil is about a foot deep, and under the topsoil there is a clay base which is an excellent seal for the bottom of a pond. So you can see it takes some time for the topsoil to dry out. Whenever I plow, which is almost for the past fifty years, I always look over my shoulder to see the kind of dirt I am turning up. When I plowed this field, I became more and more convinced that this field [had been] covered with a body of water. Being conscious of what is happening at Lake Garfield and Lake Buel, I honestly believe that this same type of process took place here many years ago, with the clay base and the beaver working the stream. In the autumn the leaves from the trees on the hillside would cover the pond, and the current would drift them to the shore, where [they were] composted by the topsoil and nutrients brought down from the hillsides by the streams and the rainfall. This humus and vegetation would build up until it was higher than the stream and became a swamp, and then continue to build up until it was a meadow covered with one foot of topsoil.

This summer [1978] the town is doing construction work on the flat to drain the water from the north side of the road by way of a ditch, parallel with the road. This will keep the water from coming under the road on top of the clay. This will benefit not only the road but benefit our field south of the road.

Other ponds in our area that are also located in hollows scooped out by the glacier, are also destined to grow old and die like us, and can only be kept alive by artificial means.

We used a crop rotation practice on the farm. We planted two years for corn. I needed fifteen acres of corn so I would find fields that would add up to fifteen acres, which would produce about fifteen ton of corn and fill our two silos. Enough [was] left over so we could feed the cows ground corn while we were harvesting. We planted the corn for two years and then seeded them down. Oats as a cover crop and then seed them down with whatever was applicable for the type of soil that was on that field, alfalfa for the alfalfa fields, and clover and Timothy for the other fields. I used Timothy mixed with my alfalfa rather than orchard or broom grass. These seemed to mature a little ahead of time. After seeding them down, with the oats as a cover crop meaning it would shade out the seedling from the hot summer sun, these oats were taken off for hay or grazing. Grazing was best for me 'cause...curing the oats was hard for me and if they were not cured properly they would mold when they were baled. Then it stayed in grasses, fertilized well of course, for about five years. Then these fields were turned over again for corn. This is called crop rotation which my father didn't have in mind when he first started the farm.

Woodburn Boys

Any story of Woodburn Farm would not be complete without telling about the Woodburn Boys. In August, 1950, I bought my father's share of the business and farm equipment. I needed part-time help in the summer for haying and garbage pick-up. I started the garbage route around Lake Buel in 1935 and had taken pretty much care of it myself 'til then. At this time with the added responsibilities I needed more help. The first place I looked was next door. Peter Brown had been following me around ever since he could walk, and now he was big enough to be of some use to me. Peter came looking for a job with a friend, and since they were good friends they made a good team together for that summer. As the years went by, boys left for other jobs that demanded more of their capabilities, and where they could get more money. Other boys came to replace them. Along the line they were referred to as Woodburn Boys by themselves, the people they met around the lake, and the people in the town. I'm not going to try and name them all 'cause I might forget one, and I don't want to do that. There have been quite a few, since we've been doing this for twenty-eight years. However, Bea does have a charm bracelet with the first name or nickname and last initial. At the present time there are more than forty names on her bracelet.

Left to right: Grace Burke, Dorothy Wells, Howard Wells, Hulda Westberg, Roland Tite, Richard Dyer-Bennett, Dean Amidon, Sheldon Fenn. Photographer and date uncertain. Courtesy Kathy Wasiuk.

The boys learned many, many things here on the farm that they couldn't have learned anywhere else. They saw calves born in a clean atmosphere of wonder and understanding, they learned how to gain the respect and friendship of our customers around the lake, and they learned how to perform what could be an unpleasant job with a friendly smile and a pleasant Good-morning to all.

We used to have a pig lot, about three acres, far enough away from the house, shaded with a little brook running through it. One day I was mowing over at Gould Farm when Bea came to tell someone had told her one of the pigs were out. I was just about getting started mowing, it was getting late and the boys were going to do the milking. I had to come home, and I was disgusted I had to get a pig. Well I came back and there was Ricky Mielke sat down on the lawn holding the pig by its hind leg just about squealing its head off. I threw the pig in the pick-up, and went down to the pig lot and threw the pig in, and then I counted them, and I had one extra—it wasn't my pig at all! The next day I found it belonged to my neighbor across the brook and he was happy to have it and I was happy to get rid of it.

Now I have to tell you about the Playboy bunnies, I've been talking about the Woodburn Boys but these were girls. One morning I came down to the barn and there were Playboy bunnies stenciled to the back of the truck and several barn doors, and later the boys told me there were even some on the rocks down on the pasture. Later I found that some of the girls who frequented the farm had done this to see what we would think of it.

P. MURKETT

One of the jobs that Woodburn boys had was cleaning calf pens—not a pleasant smell when they have been running in there all winter and they have to be cleaned out in the spring. It was a high-smelling occupation, and they would work at it and complain to some extent. I would tell them it was good for the sinuses. Later we had a lot of tapes, now I don't know if the loud tapes dulled their senses, but they seemed to enjoy it when loud tapes were playing. Some of the other jobs after the haying and the garbage each morning, and milking, was odd jobs like painting.

Saturday lunches was a very popular thing here on the farm. Bea was working, so during the day we would get lunch for ourselves. On Saturday Bea would get us a special lunch. Some of the boys who had been here in previous years would drop around for lunch and to talk to the boys who were working here to find out what was going on. From some of the stories that I heard at the lunch table I learned what had been going on during the week, and some of them I didn't even know what was happening. Many of the customers used to ask about the boys, what they were doing, and sometimes they would ask Bea if the boys were in college now. Bea used to wonder if some thought all these boys were hers.

Things keep coming back to me about the Woodburn boys. One summer the Brown boys had a tree house halfway between our house and their place. And Pete spent about all summer there. His family thought he was helping me at the farm and I thought he was home, but he was spending his time half-way between. This was the first I'd ever heard of a half-way house. I was a little bit amused when I saw them using their father's varnished oak flooring for the house, but later when I found out they were using some of my good lumber it wasn't quite as funny. I had noticed that the lumber pile in the orchard, one of the piles was a little light-colored on top, and wasn't as weather-stained as the other, so I realized that the lumber was going somewhere. I found out later that one of the boys would come down to talk with me while I was milking, and the other conspirator would be spiriting lumber over the top of the hill onto his place. So I had a talk with Bobby and we came to an understanding that he owed me a little work.

Another thing I remember was when David went off to find a cow that we thought was going to have a calf. He didn't find the cow, but he came home with a bouquet of flowers for his mother. And Mike Mielke always gave Bea the first fish he caught, he did that from the very beginning and he's still doing it today ...and then of course there was always Bea's cookie jar that was always on the counter, she used to fill with Oreos at least once a day, and even now when some of the boys are grown and have families of their own, they always come back and help themselves to cookies, they still take them apart and eat the half with the frosting on first. I never figured out why they do this.

In the beginning Bea and I didn't set out to do anything unusual, or anything special, it just happened that way. If we have enriched these young people's lives, and some say that we have, they surely have enriched ours, and we shall always be grateful for the love and understanding that we shared together. I've tried to tell the story of Woodburn Farm as I know it, in the time of the Fenn family, and the part it played in the history of the town of Monterey.

Harvest

Another change is taking place here at the farm, we are going the way of all family farms. We moved from horses and manpower to gasoline and electric-powered equipment, changed the size and landscape of the fields, but we cannot meet the new change. The milking cows were sold last August. The herd was too small, and the land and my health would not justify expansion. Now the order of the day is bigger volume with smaller unit profit, and that cannot be done here. We have a few animals roaming the pasture, a good crop of hay to cut, and some trees to be marked and woodland to be harvested this fall. We can still watch the seedlings grow to saplings, and then to pole, and then to immature, and then to mature timber, to be harvested for the many uses of mankind. It is still a beautiful place to take a walk, and the best part is we don't have to be home in time for milking.

The leaves that danced upon the trees
All summer are leaving.
They came with the bloom of spring,
and gave our lives more meaning.

Birds found nesting there,
Wee animals found solace there,
Now, the embrace of the wind
Is taking them away.

How like the leaves are we.
We are born, have lived,
Then carried away by the wind,
And hope to be remembered.

ACCORD
ENGINEERING & SURVEYING

Over **25 years**
experience in Berkshire County.

ROBERT G. BROWN, PRESIDENT
The only Licensed Civil Engineer in Berkshire County
who is **ALSO** a Registered Land Surveyor.

A leader in Berkshire County because we always deliver professional integrity at the right price... not short-term satisfaction for the bottom dollar.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO CUT CORNERS ON YOUR FUTURE?

- Environmental Consulting
- Wetland Permitting
- Property Surveys
- Subdivisions & Road Design
- Dam & Pond Consulting
- Percolation Tests
- Private and Public Water & Sewer Design
- Septic System Design
- Title 5 Septic Inspections

GREAT BARRINGTON
(413) 528-8999

DESIGNER OF MONTEREY'S LAKE GARFIELD DAM - 1973

J. Paul Arienti
Judith A. Arienti

Arienti Monument Co.
10 Quarry Street
Great Barrington, MA 01230

413-528-0859

Harland B.
FOSTER

15 Bridge Street, Great Barrington, MA 01230
(413) 528-2100 • 528-0564

The OTHER BROTHER DARRYL'S TOO! Inc.
OCEAN DELIGHTS

(413) 528-8088
528-8405
Fax-9978

Quality Wholesale Seafood - "Still Floppin" Freshness

760 South Main St.
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

Billing:
Box 624, Rte. 8
Otis, MA 01253

The OTHER BROTHER DARRYL'S
OCEAN DELIGHTS

Box 624, Rte. 8
Otis, MA 01253

Quality Wholesale Seafood - "Still Floppin" Freshness

(413) 269-4235,36
Darryl (Dee) Sawin

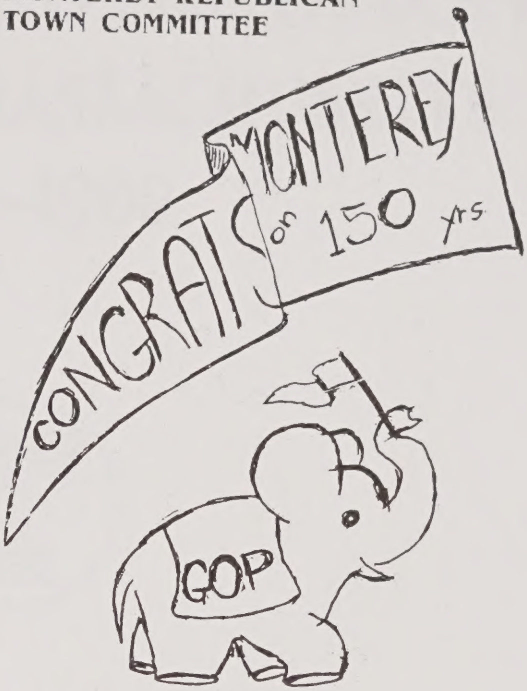
1 • 800 • 6FLOPIN

FAX: 269-7486
Laurie Lee Sawin

CONGRATULATIONS
TOWN OF MONTEREY
150 Years Young

Richard & Barbara Tryon
Lowland Farm
90 Continuous Years
of Farming in Monterey

MONTEREY REPUBLICAN
TOWN COMMITTEE



DR. JERROLD RAAB
Dentist

All phases
of dentistry

528 - 6520

Route 23 Monterey

Congratulations

to the

TOWN OF
MONTEREY

on your

150th Anniversary

~

SHOPPERS' GUIDE INC.

35 Bridge Street, P.O. Box 89, Great Barrington, MA 01230
(413) 528-0095 • (413) 528-9094

Serving the Advertisers of the
Tri-State Area Since 1968.

The lady that boy is giving a hug to is Miss Nina (pronounced *nine-ah*) Tryon, of Monterey. John B. Hull, Inc. has been keeping her home warm with steady deliveries of fuel and good service for around 83 years. How do you get the right to keep customers for this long? Well, warmth that doesn't quit, for one thing. Or, if it does, having somebody good there to fix it quickly. We deliver lots of oil these days, but home-warming is the specialty, as it has been since 1856. In the 126 years, we've learned how to handle just about every kind of heating system there is. That helps. So Nina, thanks. And the same to all our other customers, old and new. We'll keep trying to keep you.

John B. Hull Inc.

THE HOME-WARMING PEOPLE AROUND HERE.
World Headquarters: 100 Main Street, Great Barrington.
Tel.: (413) 528-2800. In Connecticut: (860) 824-5421

JOIN US IN SUPPORTING YOUR LOCAL D.A.R.E. PROGRAM.

This ad, from a well-known, we hope, local advertising campaign, first appeared fifteen years ago. We were most honored then to have recorded for posterity an employee appearing with one of our favorite ladies of all time, (pronounced) Nine-ah. As the ad states, hers was one of the many Monterey homes we have warmed in our 141-year existence. Happy 150th, Monterey.

TRYON CONSTRUCTION
MONTEREY, MASSACHUSETTS
528-4900

TRYON

Tis the people
that make the place.

TOWN OF MONTEREY · INCORPORATED · 1847 · MASSACHUSETTS

BENCHMARK · REAL ESTATE ·

Established 1847

Established 1979

For personal, professional real estate services, always call Benchmark.

At your service, 7 days a week.

Nancy Kalodner, CRS, GRI, BROKER

413-528-9595
www.berkshirehomebuyers.com/benchmark